



Hampshire
COUNTY COUNCIL

County Library

*Local
Studies*
COLLECTION

CLASS NO.: 914.227

TITLE NO.: P006439926

C.L.81(5/94).

NEW MILTON LIBRARY

Tel: 6136



Hampshire
COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARY

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

Spydors = Ref 611

WITHDRAWN

For use in the

library only

914.227

MONCRIEFF

C002020348



This book is due for return on or before the last date shown above: it may, subject to the book not being reserved by another reader, be renewed by personal application, post, or telephone, quoting this date and details of the book.

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

County Library



100%

recycled paper



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_KV-350-935

53



J. De Burmatte

BLACK'S GUIDE
TO
HAMPSHIRE

BLACK'S GUIDE
TO
HAMPSHIRE

BOURNEMOUTH, NEW FOREST, WINCHESTER,
SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH, ETC.

EDITED BY
A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF

THIRTEENTH EDITION

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1897

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

WITHDRAWN

0064399 26

002020 348

PREFACE

THIS Guide, now entirely recast, is planned on our principle of proceeding from the general to the particular, and consulting the good of the greatest number of visitors. The places likeliest to be sought out are brought into most prominence, while of others we have tried to say as much as our limits will allow. The arrangement may at first seem not quite clear; but it will be found to have a basis of practical method, and any difficulty can be met by reference to the Index. We have divided the county into six sections, where, for the most part, the various points will be found grouped round the centre from which they are commonly visited. The Bournemouth section stands first, because this is the place of chief resort for strangers in Hampshire, leaving out of consideration the Isle of Wight, treated apart in an independent volume of our series.

The hotels are roughly placed in order of rank and expensiveness. The letters attached to some of them will be no mystery for members of the Cyclists' Touring Club, and may give a useful hint to other

readers, as this important organisation can be trusted for securing itself comfortable quarters. *H. Q.* implies one of the hotels connected with it on the higher scale of charges. *Q.* promises a lower scale, answering rather to the country inn that nowadays seems too much ashamed of this honest name. *C.* denotes a Cyclists' Hotel on some special contract (according to the new system of the Club), and may often be taken as sign of a half-way house between the homely inn and the first-class hotel. We have also given a large list of the Boarding-Houses that flourish so much at places like Bournemouth and Southsea, with some indication of their position; but, as is our rule, we decline the responsibility of recommendation.

On the railway communications of the county we have been particular when dealing with the lines which, commonly, we take as the backbone of our descriptions. Nearly all these lines belong to the London and South-Western Company, with *Waterloo* as their main London station.

INTRODUCTION

THE County of Southampton or Hampshire, exclusive of the Isle of Wight, comprises an area of 1,938,764 acres, or 1467 square miles. With the exception of the streams, which, for a few miles on the north and north-east, divide it from Berks and Surrey, and the waters of the English Channel on the south, its limits are not defined by natural features. Speaking roughly, it is a rectangle, measuring about 40 miles from north to south, and about 38 miles from east to west.

The population amounts to a little over 690,000, a considerable part of which belongs to the large towns on the coast. In general, the county is thinly populated, having a poor soil that lends itself rather to the picturesque than to rich agriculture. Boldly contrasted aspects are offered by the chalk and the sand formations that almost divide Hampshire between them.

The northern half of the county is crossed by the chalk ranges that, entering it from Surrey and Sussex, here approach one another and trend to the north-west. The north-east corner is occupied by the London clay and Bracklesham and Bagshot sands, these formations being also largely developed in the south-west, where the New Forest is wholly on the Tertiary beds. This rough outline of the geology of the county gives an indication of its physical features and scenery. The chalk district is marked by the usual rounded hills, and these rise almost to the maximum height of that

formation in Butser Hill, 888 feet, near Petersfield ; Sidon Hill, 887 feet, near Highclere, and Walbury Camp, 974 feet, which is just upon the Berkshire border.

The downs are for the most part bare ; but at some points they shelter beautiful woodlands, especially in the neighbourhood of Petersfield and Selborne, where the timbered hillsides called "hangers" are a fine feature. At the south-east, Portsdown Hill shows another elevation of the chalk ; but the south-west side is given up to sandy woods and heaths, except in the rich river valleys that diversify both chalk and sand. The New Forest is the great feature of the south-west district ; and the lover of wild heaths, fine timber, and deep sequestered glades, will there find ample scope to ramble without getting far off good roads.

The rivers, or rather streams, of Hampshire are unimportant, save from an angler's point of view. The largest is the Avon, which for some miles keeps just within the south-west border, and enters the sea in conjunction with the Stour at Christchurch. The Anton, or Test, and the Itchen, which both rise in the chalk district south-west of Basingstoke, empty themselves into Southampton water. The Hamble River and the Meon fall into the sea a little farther east. On the north side, the Blackwater, the Loddon, the Wey, and other tributaries find their way to the Thames. The rest of the streams are little more than brooks, among which may be mentioned the Lymington or Beaulieu river that drains a great part of the New Forest. The chalk rivers are famous for their trout ; and at some places day tickets can be had ; but such choice waters as those of the Anton are jealously preserved.

From Southampton to the borders of Dorsetshire, the mild climate of the coast has made it almost one continuous line of growing sea-side resorts, among which Bournemouth takes the lead. Southsea, at the farther corner of the county, is also a frequented watering-place, with satellites of its own. The sheltered waters of the

Solent and of the Southampton estuary invite the yachtsman. Southampton and Portsmouth are interesting as centres of naval life and commercial industry. Winchester, the county town, is a gem among English historic cities. All over the county are scattered fine parks and lordly mansions, to which, in many cases, access is liberally given. Besides these famous spots, we have been careful to indicate nooks and corners of less renown, where the lover of rustic English scenery would find himself in clover.

The antiquities of the county, especially Roman ones, are numerous, chief among them the remains of the Roman city of Silchester. Of the earlier inhabitants we have the entrenchments of Beacon and Ladle Hills, near Kingsclere; Bury Hill, near Andover; Quarley and Danebury, near the Wiltshire border; Old Winchester Hill, midway between Petersfield and Bishops Waltham, and many others. Of ecclesiastical buildings there are a noble Cathedral at Winchester, the grand conventual Churches of Romsey, St. Cross, Christchurch, Beaulieu, not to mention more than a dozen Norman churches, and the Saxon work of Corhampton and Headbourne Worthy. The beautiful Early English ruins of Netley Abbey must also be noted. Of old houses there are Norman ones at Southampton, Christchurch, and Warnford; and of later work, the remains at Titchfield are of much interest. The Vine (near Basingstoke), unlike Titchfield, is still inhabited, and of the same date, early sixteenth century.

The history of the county takes us back to the earliest days of English story, when Hampshire formed part of the kingdom of Wessex. Its legal designation is still the "County of Southampton"; and Mr. Freeman suggests that the shire took its name from Southampton rather than from Winchester, because, perhaps, the latter city, by some special prerogative, may have been excluded from forming part of the general territory. Down to the year 1265 Winchester ranked along with Westminster as one of the capitals of Norman England; but in that year

it was sacked by the younger De Montfort, and a little later on, under Edward I., it ceased to be a royal residence. The rise of Portsmouth as the first naval arsenal, from the reign of Henry VIII. downwards, has in a measure connected once more the history of the shire intimately with that of the country at large ; but few stirring events have occurred within its borders. During the Civil War Winchester was a bone of contention, and the pertinacious loyalty of the defenders of Basing House is not forgotten ; but Hants has happily had little share in supplying the "drum and trumpet" to modern English annals, while it has turned out its fair quota of bold sailors and soldiers. The large ports have brought into it a considerable admixture of strange blood ; but outside of their bounds, the Saxon stock is deeply rooted ; and if this county be not ranked among the richest or fairest divisions of England, it is at least a very well-charactered one, both physically and morally, full of interest, and by no means ill off for charms in a style of its own, towards the appreciation of which it is our aim to help the reader.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BOURNEMOUTH	1
Bournemouth; East and West	7
Christchurch	17
Southbourne-on-Sea	24
Parkstone	26
Excursions from Bournemouth	29
THE NEW FOREST	39
Lyndhurst	47
The Forest Borders	56
Lymington and the Coast	66
WINCHESTER AND CENTRAL HANTS	73
London to Winchester	73
Aldershot	74
Alton	79
Winchester	86
Environs of Winchester	103
Winchester to Southampton	107
SOUTHAMPTON	110
The Environs of Southampton	122
Southampton to Portsmouth	127

	PAGE
PORTSMOUTH AND EASTERN HANTS	131
London to Portsmouth	131
Petersfield	134
Portsmouth	140
Excursions from Portsmouth	154
 NORTHERN HANTS	 160
Farnborough	160
The Blackwater and the Loddon	164
Reading to Basingstoke, by Silchester	168
Basingstoke	172
Whitchurch and Andover	175

MAPS AND PLANS

General Map of Hampshire in pocket at end of volume.

SECTIONAL MAPS OF COUNTY

1. Neighbourhood of Bournemouth	<i>Facing page</i>	16
2. Neighbourhood of New Forest and South- ampton	„	48
3. Winchester and Central Hants	„	86
4. Portsmouth to Southampton	„	130
Railway Map, London to Southampton	„	74

PLANS

Plan of Bournemouth	„	2
Plan of Winchester	„	85
Ground Plan of Winchester Cathedral	„	93
Plan of Southampton	„	110
Plan of Portsmouth	„	140

DISTRICT SKETCH MAPS

Freshwater District	„	73
Environs of Ryde	„	154
Environs of Cowes	„	156

BOURNEMOUTH

Railway : Bournemouth has two main stations, the *East* and the *West*, arrived at from London in this order. From the latter the London and South-Western trains go out westward ; and the Somerset and Dorset trains come in here from the Midlands. The suburban station, *Pokesdown*, serves some part of Boscombe, but quicker trains do not stop here. Since the making of a direct loop by Brockenhurst, the journey from London has been reduced to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the case of the quickest express, which leaves Waterloo, 2.15. One can also take the old route branching at *Ringwood* on the London and South-Western line to Weymouth, then joining the loop at Christchurch. Passengers from the west leave the London and South-Western main line at *Templecombe Junction*. Hence, by the Somerset and Dorset line to Bath, there is excellent through communication with the Midland system. The journey from Liverpool and Birmingham may also be made through Reading and Basingstoke.

Cabs : The fares here are, on paper, much the same as at other places—1s. a mile, 3s. an hour, and so forth ; but in practice there are complaints of the charges made, and the number of cabs usually standing about idle would seem to show that the proprietors stand in their own light.

Omnibuses : Large and well-horsed vehicles run through the main thoroughfare every ten minutes or so from Westbourne to Boscombe, and there are smaller omnibuses plying less frequently to outlying suburbs.

Hotels : *Royal Bath, Royal Exeter, Mont Dore, Grand (C.), Metropole, Highcliffe, Stewart's, Commercial, Central, Bellevue and Pier, Pembroke (C.), London, Lansdowne, South-Western.* Temperance Hotels : *Granville, Branksome (C.), Dalkeith, Midland (C.),* etc.

Boscombe : *Chine, Burlington, Tankerville, Salisbury.*

For other hotels in the vicinity, see *Southbourne, Christchurch, Parkstone, Poole.*

Boarding-Houses : *Bourne Hall, The Mansion, Osborne, Priory, Dunedin, Continental, Meyrick Mansions, Burlington, Solent Cliffs, Clifton Hall, Southcliffe, and Seabourne,* etc.

These are in a central situation, several of them hardly to be distinguished from high-class hotels, as also some of the following :—

East Cliff: *Imperial, Queen, Priory Mansions, Alexandra, Tintagel, Chine Towers, St. Elmo; White Hall, Merrivale Hall, etc.*

Boscombe: *Chine Hall, Linden Hall, Engadine, Blenheim Tower, Boscombe, Chine, Pier View, Spa, etc.*

West Cliff: *Weston Hall, Durley Dean Mansion, Durley House, Durley Hall, Langton Hall, Glenfinnan, Boscobel Tower, Gainsborough, Grange, Khrisna, Eversley, Homebush, Devon Towers, The Hawthorns, Glenroy Hall, Richmond Hall, Saxonsbury, Grosvenor, The Paragon, Sydney House, Tralee, Southlea, The Wyche, Norris Hall, Collingwood, Ben Wyvis, etc.*

The *West Cliff Hydropathic* is a large pension with baths. *Caversham*, not far from the West Station, is a smaller such establishment.

Even this long list is very far from exhaustive, every second house on some parts of the West Cliff appearing to offer board as well as lodging, so we can only apologise if any names are left out or misplaced. The boarding-house system is very popular at Bournemouth, a fact which, as also the number of superior Temperance Hotels here, may be related to the strictness of licensing regulations. The boarding charges in most cases range from £2:2s. or less, to £4:4s. a week, according to the season and the style of the house.

In its situation and salient aspects, Bournemouth seems unique among English watering-places. It lies in the south-western corner of Hampshire, looking due south, along the shores of a gently curving bay, shut in on the east by Hengistbury Head, on the west by the spit at the mouth of Poole Harbour; then beyond, on either hand, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight and the long stretch of the Isle of Purbeck make a further enclosure. At the east end of the inner bay, Southbourne is as yet separated from Bournemouth by a break on the sea front, though their inland quarters are fast running together; in the other direction it spreads into Dorsetshire, almost taking in the village of Parkstone, which might be called a suburb of Poole. A deep hollow in the centre, the "Evergreen Valley," bed of the little stream that gives its name, divides the place into two main quarters, the East and the West Cliff, which, with their neighbours and dependencies, extend on a line of about seven miles, where only a few gaps remain to be filled up by houses.

There must be men still alive who can remember when this resort was nothing more than a hamlet of

BOURNEMOUTH

Scale of $\frac{1}{2}$ a Mile

Christchurch,—a tavern and a few cottages at the mouth of the Bourne,—better known to smugglers and wild-fowl shooters than to doctors. Early in the century, Mr. Tregonwell, one of the local landowners, built himself a villa where is now the Exeter Hotel, at the end of the West Cliff. Twenty-five years later his neighbour, Sir George Tapps, took to laying out his property on the East Cliff for the accommodation of strangers, and built the Bath Hotel, granting it a monopoly on the estate, which is the reason that several large pensions on this side cannot rank themselves as licensed hotels. This family, which improved its name successively from Tapps to Gervis, and from Gervis to Meyrick, has found its fortunes also much improved by such prudent speculation, owing not a little also to another ancestor, who had the whim of planting his property with fir-trees, and was much laughed at for such love of idle amenities; but this crop turned out a valuable one when land here came to be sold at a guinea a foot. The doctors discovered Bournemouth; fashion took it up; then all through our generation it has been growing with extraordinary rapidity. Forty years ago it became independent under Commissioners; in 1890 it attained its ambition of being incorporated as a borough, with a mayor, a mace, and a debt to give it full dignity. It has now a population not much short of 50,000, and attracts more strangers than any other town in the county. Its recent development has perhaps been pushed on a little too fast, to judge by the number of empty houses; but new ones are still springing up on all hands.

“Like a fairy palace, suddenly created by the stroke of a wand, and allowed to get a little dusty,” is Mr. Thomas Hardy’s account of the place, which figures as “Sandbourne” in *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*; and he evidently judges it a little impertinent in rearing itself so near a waste, where, till our time, “every irregularity of soil was prehistoric, every channel an undisturbed British trackway, not a sod having been turned there since the day of the Cæsars.”

"The town may be described," wrote the late Sir Frederick Pollock in 1866, "as a resolvable nebula or cluster of villas, each in its own garden. There are no streets, rows, terraces, squares, crescents, or other form of continuous bricks and mortar. All the houses are on a good scale — calculated for Dives, or his wife and daughters, if afflicted with weak lungs. A few crumbs of health are tossed to Lazarus, who is represented by twenty or thirty patients in a convalescent hospital called the Sanatorium. But for genteel Phthisis, with a large family and a limited income, there is no provision." This description still holds good upon the whole, though in the outskirts there have been springing up many rows of cheaper houses. The central part of Bournemouth still largely consists of mansions and villas standing in their own grounds, many of them that would elsewhere rank as country seats; and perhaps no English town of equal size covers a larger extent of ground. These expensive residences for the most part usurp the line of sea front and the sides of the central valley, the less pretentious suburbs spreading inland being given up to the working-classes, banished thus to a distance of two or three miles from their employment. Troops of bicycles coming and going, morning and evening, will guide us here to huge aggregations of brick, which do as well to keep themselves in the background.

"Beautiful Bournemouth" prides itself not a little on this display of luxurious elegance. But to some tastes it may seem to have defeated its own object. For want of contrast, one grows tired of unrelieved gentility, even as the monotonous setting of moorlands and funereal pines becomes at times a little oppressive to the eye. Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who lived for some years at "Skerry-more" on the West Cliff, takes an apologetic tone as to his surroundings.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;

And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.

Already his description is out of date. The "ragged moor" is covered with trim red brick villas. And even the pines, which still cluster more thickly on the East Cliff, are giving way to more building, till it seems as if Bournemouth might kill off the goose that laid its golden eggs. Whatever may be said of this evergreen vegetation, no one will find fault with its sameness in the heart of winter, where the environing pine groves serve at once to break the force of the wind and to give the air that balsamic quality which is the strong point of Bournemouth as a health resort. Then the long straggling shape of the town seldom obliges one to go far for the dark copses and open heaths which form its characteristic background; and nothing can surpass the green luxuriance of the central valley.

The climate is notably mild and equable, tempered from extremes of heat and cold, with a large share of winter sunshine, and an average rainfall of under 30 inches, which cannot be called high for the south coast. Its advantages it owes not so much to sheltering hills, as to the dry sandy soil and the protecting pines, that help to counteract the relaxing effects of the southerly winds to which it lies open. The feeble invalid finds no want of stretches of level ground on which exercise may be taken under cover of the pines. In the choice of his residence, much depends upon situation. The central valley is of course the most sheltered part. The East Cliff comes next, which the best private houses seem to affect. The West Cliff, more open and exposed to sea winds, is considered to have rather brisker air; and here are most of the houses which have their chief harvest of visitors in the summer season. Some of the suburbs and dependencies boast more and less warmth or bracingness. But Bournemouth, taken as a whole, has the defects of its qualities, and those who live here all the year round, complain of

"slackness" as the fault of the climate, which proves so restorative, or at least soothing, in diseases of the throat and chest, as also in certain nervous cases.

Bournemouth has thus recommended itself as a site for many charitable and other medical institutions ; in no other town perhaps is the now familiar dress of a nurse so frequently seen. Besides the *Royal Victoria Hospital* near the West Station, and the *Boscombe Cottage Hospital* at the other end, there may be mentioned the *Sanatorium*, a convalescent hospital for patients suffering from chest disease, who are admitted on a small weekly payment by recommendation from a governor ; the *Firs Home* for incurable cases ; the *Herbert Home*, for convalescents, in connection with Salisbury Infirmary ; the *Hahnemann Convalescent Home*, whose name supplies a hint as to its nature ; and *St. Mary's Home* for ladies of limited means, who are assisted in meeting the expense of a sojourn here. *Inverness House* is a paying home for nurses and patients ; *Inglewood*, a high-class private hospital for surgical and other cases ; *R'Asta*, a house for the treatment of neurosthenic sufferers. Pine baths and inhalations are a specialty of the *Mount Dore Hotel*, so called after the famous Auvergne baths, which it copies in various appliances as well as offering others borrowed from the great German Spas. This is by no means a charitable establishment ; and, like the other luxurious leading hotels, cannot be recommended to those of limited means.

Taken generally, this is not an expensive resort, since it has two seasons in which to make hay. In winter come the invalids for a long stay. In summer the place is more invaded by pleasure seekers, especially from the Midland counties. Bournemouth has an intimate relation with Birmingham, not so much perhaps because there is a B in both, as by reason of the excellent train service connecting them, the journey being done in five hours.

It is in summer of course that the amusements of the place are in full swing, its great resource being the capital land and sea trips to be taken here. Boating and bathing are safe ; sea fishing and fowling are good, the latter,

especially, in the neighbouring estuaries. The sea never goes far back, there being practically four tides a day through the reverberation of the water in this landlocked bay. The sand above high-water mark is rather heavy, and the shore will be voted tame by swimmers, who, however, can get a morning plunge from the end of the pier. At several points along the front, bathing is allowed with or without machines, under elaborate regulations which may be studied *in loco*, and do not seem to be always obeyed. Gradual as the ordinary slope is, there happen shiftings of sandbanks, through which cases of drowning have not been unknown.

In winter the amusements are naturally of a more staid type, becoming a place where one meets so many pale faces and feeble forms; and then it is that lively young people are apt to call Bournemouth dull, yet there will be no want of public gatherings, music, lectures, theatrical and other performances.

Since Bournemouth has two main stations, both a little out of the way, in tracing an outline of its geography, we will here depart from our usual rule of starting from the railway, and take rather as a base the Pier, standing out in front of the hollow that separates the East and West Cliffs, so that it may be reckoned the centre of this long-shaped town.

The *Pier* is an iron one, nearly 1000 feet long, which, with shelters, seats, and landing-stages, serves as a starting-place for steamers and a bathing-place in the morning, besides making an airy promenade all day, much frequented when the band plays here. From the end there is a good view of the whole sea front of sand cliffs edged by houses and pines. (Admission, 2d.; day-ticket, 3d.) Season tickets (£1 : 1s.) are given for the pier, and for all the usual steamboat trips (£2 : 2s.).

On the west side of the Pier is the *Club*; on the east side a popular Refreshment-Room, these being almost the only buildings trusted on the sands below the Cliff. Farther back on the east side will be found a branch

post-office at one of the chief Libraries, and the *Baths*, including a good swimming bath. The *Bath Hotel*, notable for its collection of artistic treasures, is a little way up the hill to the right ; the *Exeter Hotel* in a similar position to the left.

Behind the opening at the Pier begin the grounds of the *Evergreen Valley*, slanting through the heart of the place along the back of the West Cliff. The lower and broadest stretch of this park is very prettily laid out with lawns, flower-beds, groves, and shrubberies, through which flows the tamed and trimmed *Bourne* that gives the place its name. The chief feature is the *Invalids' Walk*, a noble pine avenue on the east side.

On the west side, a little way up the ascent, are hidden away the buildings and grounds of the *Winter Gardens*, a miniature Crystal Palace, which plays a leading part in Bournemouth amusements. The music here is of a high order, especially in the afternoons. The evening performances are usually more popular. Smoking is allowed in the gallery, where gaiters and knickerbockers are accepted as correct full dress for gentlemen ; below is a temperance refreshment and reading-room. (Admission 6d., except on special occasions, and to the classical concerts on Monday and Thursday afternoons, 1s. Six months' season ticket, 10s. 6d.)

On the east side, above the upper corner of the park, stands upon an eminence *St. Peter's*, the principal church of Bournemouth, a decorated building with a handsome spire, one of the finest works of the late Mr. Street, which may almost be considered as a memorial to the author of the *Christian Year*, who worshipped here in his last days, and died at Bournemouth, March 1866.

The interior of the church, nearly all whose windows are filled with stained glass, is very rich, especially the choir, which has a magnificent reredos and sedilia and much beautiful carving in alabaster. Of other features the pulpit and the frescoes at the east end of the nave deserve examination. A window at the north-west corner of the church is to the memory of the late Mr. Bennett, who, for many years vicar of the parish, was the prime mover in the erection of the church.

The subjects of the east window of the choir are as follows :—The tracery portrays the Lamb of God adored by angels. The five lights, from left to right, are—

1. The Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem, David's Victory over Goliath.
2. The Betrayal, Cain and Abel. 3. The Crucifixion, The Brazen Serpent.
4. The Descent from the Cross, The Grief of Naomi. 5. The Holy Sepulchre, Joseph in the Pit.

The east window of the south aisle is to the memory of Keble, whose portrait appears in the lower part of the 4th light. Its subject is the *Te Deum*.

The *Churchyard* of St. Peter's is one of the loveliest in England, and one of the saddest, thickly set as it is with white crosses recording so many young lives that ended there. The general character of these memorials will be a hint as to school of churchmanship to which St. Peter's belongs, yet here are buried Mary Woolstonecraft Shelley and her heterodox father and mother, though the monument of the poet himself was refused a place. To show that Bournemouth has not been a preserve of High Church doctrine, it may be mentioned that the *Cemetery*, a mile inland, contains the graves of Dean M'Neile of Ripon; Mr. J. N. Darby, founder of the Plymouth Brethren; and the first Earl Cairns, who had a house at Bournemouth.

The two other fine spires which will be seen at the head of this open space, on the left and right hand, are those respectively of a Presbyterian and a Congregational Church. Behind the latter is *St. Stephen's*, an as yet unfinished church, erected to the memory of the Rev. A. M. Bennett. More to the right, on *Richmond Hill*, rises the graceful spire of a Wesleyan Church, above which is the Jesuit *Oratory of the Sacred Heart*.

Below St. Peter's is the *General Post-Office*, at an opening into the main thoroughfare, *Christchurch Road*, which may be entered from the park side through the *Arcade*. Hereabouts will be found many of the chief shops. Up the street, on the other side of *Christchurch Road*, is the *Theatre Royal*, to which one may also pass through a second *Arcade* on that side, where used to be the Town Hall, replaced, as a room for concerts and other gatherings, by the *Shaftesbury Hall*, near the Post-Office. Turning downwards, we come almost at once into the *Square*,—no regular square indeed, but a central meeting of ways, interrupting the pleasure-grounds,—which may be taken as the Charing

Cross of Bournemouth, the knot of its communications, and the rendezvous of excursion vehicles.

Above the Square, the grounds of the Bourne Valley wind upward through bowery and thickly-built heights for a mile or more farther, till it ends in a punch-bowl hollow rimmed by the line connecting the East and West stations. Some way up are Tennis Courts, beyond which, on the left side, *Queen's Road* (the second carriage road crossing the valley) would lead to the West Station. On the right, near the bottom, stand the *Mount Dore Hotel* and the *Sanitorium*, by which, to the right, a way goes up to the new *Meyrick Park* and Golf Links.

On the West Cliff we turn our backs for the present to follow the long Christchurch road, which makes the backbone of the eastern division, communicating on the right, by pine-shaded avenues, with the walk along the cliff front. This chief street is the route of the omnibuses running from Westbourne to Boscombe, the fares being by penny stages, which feeble folk learn to make account of in undertaking its ups and downs.

Passing the Arcade, which is a main halting-place of the omnibuses, then the long red block known as *Dalkeith Buildings*, with the *Free Library* at its farther end, we find the curved thoroughfare rising to where, on the left, opens a patch of sloping common, known as *Dean Park*, above which is the circular *Cricket-Ground* among a maze of pleasant residences, enclosed between the *Wimborne Road* and *Lansdowne Road*. To the right of this opening, in Fir Vale hollow, lies the *Grand Hotel*.

On the left of the main road is next passed *Trinity Church*, a severe red building with a campanile tower. Another ascent now brings us up to *Lansdowne*, a crescent where half a dozen ways meet. The first on the left is the *Lansdowne Road* curving round into the *Wimborne Road*. The next, running off straight and broad north-eastwards, is the *Holdenhurst Road*, which in a few minutes would lead us by the *East Station* on its left. At its corner the *Hotel Metropole* forms a wedge, on the other side of

which the main road runs on, and at right angles to it *Meyrick Road* strikes straight down to the cliff. At the corner of the latter stands the *Imperial*, which counts among the chief hostelries, though, owing to the peculiarity of the licensing arrangements here, it cannot openly assume the title of hotel. Beside it, forming an acute angle with the main thoroughfare, the *Bath Road* slants back to the Pier. Here, then, is the key to all the chief positions of East Bournemouth.

Going on farther, we find the main road changed from a street of shops to a suburban avenue, bordered by villas. A straight stretch of over half a mile brings us to the dip, in which, on the right, slope down to the sea the gardens of *Boscombe Chine*. Some way up to the left, at the end of Francis Road, not far from the station, another bit of public gardens is laid out in the head of this hollow. Then the road rises again to become the chief street of **Boscombe**, which, though part of the borough of Bournemouth, shows a tendency to assume a certain independent character, as in the case of Hastings and St. Leonards. We now pass through half a mile of shops to the *Arcade* and *Grand Theatre*, on the left, by which Boscombe would proclaim this independence. The Arcade has a small stage, an organ, and other attractions.

Here the omnibuses make such a long stop that the Arcade may be called practically their terminus, though most of them go on for over another half-mile to *Pokesdown* (formerly *Boscombe*) Station, whence the road continues to Christchurch. We are now in the suburb of *Pokesdown*, which falls away from the high standard of Bournemouth gentility; but its name is more romantic than it looks, being derived from *Puck*—"The Fairy Down." Since we passed the Chine indeed, the side streets on the left have been going off socially, while those on the right still make some effort at villadom. But soon on this side comes the Shelley estate, cutting off Boscombe from *Southbourne*, two miles farther along, which must be treated as a place apart.

Let us turn down, then, to the sea by *Boscombe Chine*, a

deep hollow laid out as public gardens—the Evergreen Valley on a smaller scale. Looking into it from above stand the chief hotels and boarding-houses of Boscombe, which many visitors pronounce the best part of Bournemouth. At the foot of the gardens is a spring of chalybeate water, which gave the place its full title of Boscombe Spa; but we fancy that the virtues of this well are not much put to the test. Below, Boscombe has a pier of its own. Beyond, the broken heights are enclosed in the Shelley property of Boscombe Manor, but one can walk along the shore for some mile or so, regaining the cliff about half-way to Southbourne.

We now return to our starting-place, either along the beach, or by the cliff walk above, not available for driving. At more than one point steps will be found communicating between these two levels. A much vexed question here is the making of an undercliff esplanade, by which visitors would be able to drive along the front, otherwise than in Bath chairs and donkey carriages; but this doubtful improvement would destroy a characteristic feature, not to take into consideration the risk of its being roughly handled by Father Neptune.

Less than a mile and a half brings us thus to the Pier, from which we begin the exploration of the West Cliff, taking the front of it as the more interesting side. The chief feature of this wing of Bournemouth is the *Poole Road*, that goes out as *Commercial Road*, mounting steeply from the Square in continuation of the Christchurch road, then runs on straight and level between villas and gardens, past the *West Station* to Westbourne and Branksome, which are to this end what Boscombe and Pokesdown are to the other. Between the Poole road and the Cliff are innumerable curving rows of red-brick houses, most of them painfully new as yet, still spreading over that not now “naked moor,” where Mr. R. L. Stevenson had his “naked house.”

Beyond the Pier, the first face of this quarter distinguishes itself as the *South Cliff*, in front of which we

mount the steep cliff walk, where donkey carriages and Bath chairs are the only privileged vehicles, past the Coastguard Station and the Highcliffe Hotel, a tall block of buildings that makes a landmark for all that side of the bay. The houses now stand back a little, making room for a belt of stunted pines and a terrace of airy moorland, known as *The Maze*, by which we soon reach the first of the chines that are the boast of the West Cliff—not counting one or two small openings turned to account for stairways from the beach. The crumbling edges here give a hint of how these hollows may be formed under the action of water ; but at most points the sandy face of the cliff is so soft and broken that a fall would not be so perilous as over chalk rocks, unless one came down in the way of an avalanche. Accidents are not unknown from children digging caves and being buried in the loose sand.

The *Durley Dean Chine*, marking what, till lately, was the end of Bournemouth, is a huge hollow of sand, dappled with patches of heath and fringed on its farther bank with bristling pines. This has been laid out with shelters and zigzag walks, and from the head a carriage road runs down to the shore. At one point or other invalids can here find shelter from most winds.

One may now walk along the beach, as the shortest way to the next chine ; but the loose sand makes heavy going. Or one may mount to the stretch of broken moorland beyond, and cut across it by tracks, passing over or round the *Middle Chine*, which has been left in unsophisticated roughness. The easiest way onwards is to pass from the head of Durley Chine by the road at the back of this moor to the head of *Alum Chine*. This is the largest of all, being nearly a mile long, with a pretty branch, the *Boundary Chine*, thrown out about half-way down on the west side, to the edge of Dorset. Alum is said to have been worked here, as at Alum Bay of the Isle of Wight, whose tinted sands are recalled by the cliffs at the mouth of this chine, where will be found a refreshment-room and an encampment of bathing machines.

Some half-mile farther along the shore opens Branksome Chine, by far the prettiest of the series. Behind and on the west side of Alum Chine has been growing up the new quarter of **Westbourne**, a small town of rather cheaper houses, not so much favoured by visitors as by permanent residents. Beyond it, a private property is designated as the site of a large hotel, to be known, we understand, as the "Westminster." Then come the grounds of *Branksome Tower*; and though new roads are fast being opened up through the thick pine woods, it seems hardly yet possible to hold straight on from the top of one chine to the other. If not by the shore, Branksome Chine had better be reached by taking the Poole road as far as the *County Gates*, where the omnibuses start, and turning down the park-like *Avenue* on the left, from which, bearing to the right, we soon drop into the hollow as yet filled with pines. The changes going on here make indications a little difficult; but the stranger will easily recognise *All Saints' Church*, a spick-and-span edifice with an apse, that marks the head of Branksome Chine. Just beyond the church a path to the left goes down into the ravine that may be followed on either side, the driving road keeping too much out of sight among the trees.

Branksome Chine differs from the others in being richly clad with pines and evergreens. The stream winding down it feeds a chain of somewhat stagnant lakelets or pools, that add to the picturesqueness of the hollow at the expense of its salubrity. In the depth of winter this makes a sheltered retreat, where one seems to cheat the season; in summer, its sequestered nooks rejoice in fragrant shade; and altogether this is such a scene as tempts a guide-book editor into poetry and his readers into a picnic—but let them keep away from the unfragrant ponds. By the shore one can still walk some couple of miles to the edge of Poole Harbour, passing two or three smaller chines, and the modern ruin of a look-out tower on the cliff. From Branksome Chine, roads go on westwards to the *Canford Cliffs* and *Parkstone*,

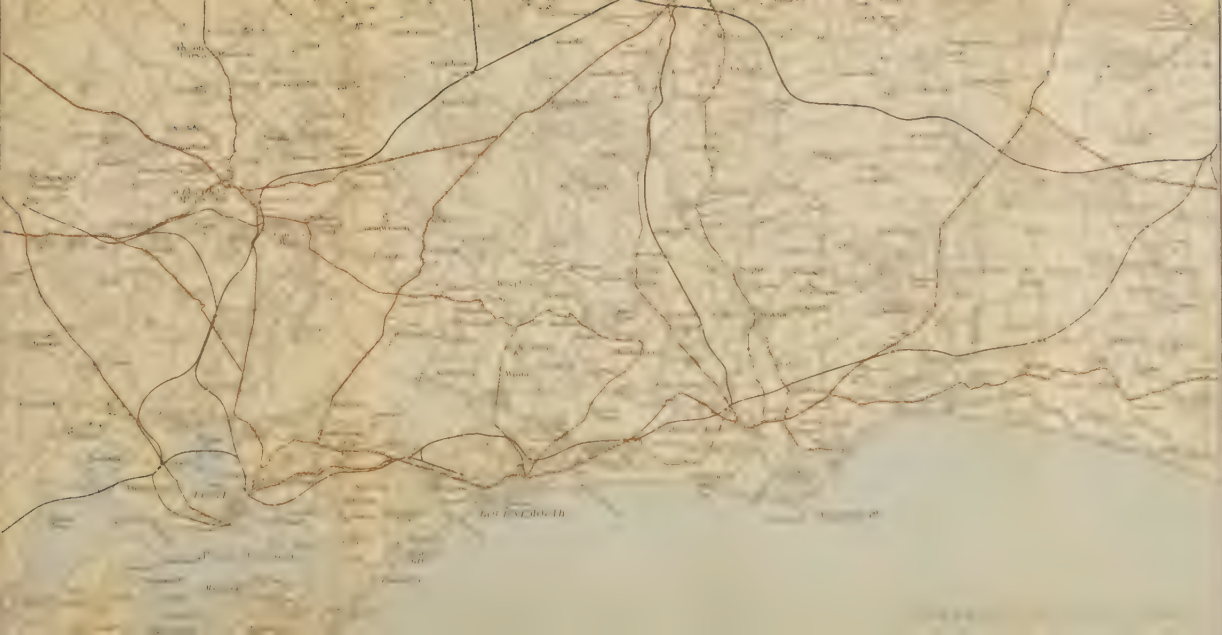
but these Dorsetshire appendages of Bournemouth must, like Southbourne, be treated independently. A break in the long line of dwellings is made by the roads of Branksome, through which let us turn up to gain the Poole Road, and by it return to the heart of the town. Beyond the *County Gates* this straight road becomes the main street of Westbourne, which has here an *Arcade* of its own ; then, keeping near the edge of the Evergreen Valley, we pass the new Hospital on the right, the West Station (down a turn to the left at *Bourne Hall*) ; and beyond the Church of *St. Michael*—notable for its coloured glass, its elaborate pulpit, and other fine ornaments—this highway drops down by the *Triangle* to come into the Square as *Commercial Road*.

At the back of the Square, by *Richmond Hill*, past the Central Hotel, the *Wimborne Road* mounts up to form the chief inland artery of the town. Under a mile of straight going brings us to *St. Augustine's Church*, where the *Lansdowne Road* falls in, and we bend to the left past the *Cemetery*, on our right, then beside the *Talbot Woods*, on the left, to gain the large and growing village of **Winton** running into that of **Moordown** beyond, which supply homes to many Bournemouth families turned out of choicer nests by the cuckoo-like visitors. From Richmond Hill an omnibus runs every hour or half-hour on the couple of miles' journey to Winton. The road turning off to the left at the entrance to this spreading suburb leads in a few minutes to the **Talbot Village**, a model working-class colony, with a church whose square tower makes a landmark over pines and moors. South from this church, bearing to the right to get round an oasis of enclosed meadow-land, then taking heed of the red flag that may mark the rifle-range in use, one can get down to the head of the Evergreen Valley. The dark *Talbot Woods* are freely open to visitors, the only impediment being the railway cutting that runs through them, to be crossed at more than one point, then, holding to the right, one comes down into the

Evergreen Valley, or, more towards the left, on the new park.

The *Meyrick Park* and Golf Links now make one of the amenities of Bournemouth, rather bare and raw as yet, but fringed at the top by the sweep of the Talbot Woods. It lies to the west of the Wimborne road, and may be reached in a few minutes from the Evergreen Valley by turning up a path beside the Sanatorium. The new drive runs through to the Wimborne road near the Cemetery. At the entrance is a public Pavilion with refreshment-room and other convenience ; the further Pavilion belongs to the Golf Club. Tickets must be taken from the Superintendent (6d. a game ; 9d. a caddie). The course is an 18-hole one, not very well off for natural hazards, and rather boggy in places after wet weather. Fair greens have been laid out among the heights and hollows, but some of the holes seem too short. The Bournemouth Golf Club still keeps up its old ground near Brockenhurst station.

Before we go on to the neighbouring places of note, one round of some 8 or 9 miles may be suggested that would give an idea of the country behind Bournemouth, and of its inland suburbs. Go right out through Winton and Moordown by the Wimborne Road, till beyond the houses it drops down a hill giving a fine view of the valley of the Stour, as far as the tower of Christchurch on the right. Below, one may either take the Wimborne-Christchurch road bending at once to the right till it reaches the crossing of the Holdenhurst road, that would bring one in by the East Station, or may make a farther sweep by the river bank through *Throop* and *Holdenhurst*, where we have a change of scenery to an agricultural valley with weathered cottages and thatched roofs, refreshing to the eye after the pine heaths and new red brick of Bournemouth. At Holdenhurst, where carriages must turn, the pedestrian may add 3 or 4 miles to his tramp by taking a muddy lane from the church to the river, crossing it by the ferry (1d.), then holding down by the



road that follows the farther bank, turning always to the right, till he recrosses by Iford Bridge, from which the road on the left is the Christchurch road to Boscombe, or on the right the Christchurch-Wimborne road leads him into the Holdenhurst road (guide-post) for Bournemouth. Had he kept on the farther side of the Stour, some mile or so more would have brought him to Christchurch Station.

CHRISTCHURCH

Hotels : *King's Arms, White Hart* (H.Q.), etc.

This is the municipal mother of Bournemouth, and in the capacity of a parliamentary borough, figures as fictitiously swollen by its huge population, but remains in fact a quiet little country town of 3000 or 4000 inhabitants, with a unique manufacture of fusee watch-chains ; notable chiefly for its grand church, the legacy of an Augustinian Priory founded before the Conquest. The Stour and the Avon, which here unite to form Christchurch Harbour, are celebrated for their salmon as to quality rather than quantity ; the catching thereof is in private hands, but a certain amount of trout-fishing can be had by visitors at the principal hotel. The scenery around is very pleasant and varied, the green river meadow contrasting with the pine-clad heights and sandy flats by which it is shut in. Christchurch lies 5 miles west from the centre of Bournemouth, the road, which no sojourner there can miss, making a slight bend inland to cross the Stour by *Iford Bridge*. It is reached by frequent trains from both the East and the West Stations, landing us among the northern outskirts of the town. From the station, one may either turn right to get into the road from Bournemouth, or a little way to the left, then double back straight into the town by *Bargates*, the continuation of *High Street*, at the foot of which will be seen the Church Tower as guide to the point of the tongue of land formed by the two rivers. From this peninsular situation, the place had its ancient name of *Twecone* or *Twineham*.

The *Church* stands open to its many visitors from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., and from 2 to 6 P.M. (except at service times; and in winter the closing is at dusk). A contribution of 6d. is expected (children 3d.), and a further charge of 3d. is made for ascending the tower. This magnificent structure is said to have been commenced, on the site of Saxon buildings, by Bishop Flambard, the unscrupulous Chancellor of William Rufus, once prior here, who afterwards built Durham Cathedral. The oft-told legend is connected with it of being begun on St. Catherine's Hill, but moved to its present place at the hint of supernatural hands nightly undoing the work of the day. Another legend, suggested no doubt by the name, represents Christ as taking a mysterious part in the work, and miraculously lengthening one of the beams, a story borrowed from the Apocryphal Gospels. The modern restoration, though not complete, has been lovingly and liberally done, and this counts among the finest churches in the county; exhibiting specimens of successive schools of mediæval architecture from Early English to Perpendicular.

The *North Porch*, Early English, is entered by a deep recessed gateway, 40 feet in length. It may originally have served as the parochial school, and the upper story as a belfry. Passing under a six-fold arch we enter the *North Aisle*, Early English, and cross into the *Nave*, now used as the parish church. Here upon a Norman basis has been raised an Early English clerestory, the high-pitched roof ceiled in 1818. The Norman portion was erected by Bishop Flambard. In the *South Aisle* remark the Norman Arcade, surmounted by Early English windows, and the memorial window to *Benjamin Ferrey*, placed there by his son, the architect. The great west window has been restored with modern glass.

At the west end of the nave, underneath the tower, is Weeke's memorial sculpture for Shelley the poet, erected by his son, Sir Percy Shelley, of Boscombe, in 1854. A female figure (Mrs. Shelley) is supporting the poet's dead body, cast ashore by the waves, and the bow of a boat is introduced to remind the spectator of the lamentable accident which so abruptly terminated Shelley's career. On the base of the monument are inscribed the famous lines from *Adonais*, his own elegy to Keats:—

He has out-soar'd the shadow of our Night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,

And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again. *etc.*

This work of art, beautiful in itself, has been criticised as out of keeping with the general tone of the church,—a remark to be made more forcibly on some less illustrious monuments here.

The *North Transept*, in its architecture, is early Norman, with Perpendicular insertions. Where it joins the north aisle of the nave there formerly stood a two-storied building of stone, called "the Governor's Rooms," because appropriated to the governors of Christchurch Castle.

The *South Transept* is Early English, but has a Perpendicular arch. At the end is a Norman apse, with the initials W. E., for William Eyre, elected prior in 1502.

The *Choir*, which formerly extended farther into the nave, is cut off by a rich rood-screen. Here again the initials W. E., occur to date the conclusion of the work. There are traces of the ancient colouring, and the four-bayed roof is excellently conceived. Remark the curious carving of the canons' stalls, thirty-six in number, which has been surmised to be satirical in its meaning: here a friar, disguised as a fox, preaches to a flock of geese,—there a baboon, with a cowl on his head, lolls lazily upon a pillow. The high altar at the west end has an inscription to *Baldwin de Redvers*, Lord of the Isle of Wight, d. September 1, 1216. Beneath it is a crypt, traditionally reputed to be the De Redvers' place of sepulture. The altar at the east end was made and presented to the church by Augustus Welby Pugin. The three-storied Reredos, similar to that at Winchester, represents the genealogical tree of Jesse, who lies asleep at its foot, with David and Solomon on each side, while the different branches shooting out from the stem uphold niched statues. In the centre is represented the Adoration of the Magi. Had this elaborate design been perfectly executed, it would have been the finest work of the kind in England.

Another famous feature is the *Mortuary Chapel* on the north side of the altar, erected for herself by *Margaret, Countess of Salisbury*, daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, and mother of Reginald Pole, who was beheaded within the Tower, May 27, 1541, at the age of seventy. It has been traditionally asserted that she refused to lay her head on the block, because traitors only should do so, and bade the executioner "get it off as he could"; but Mr. Froude has thrown new light on this long-received historical tragedy. The emblematic paintings on the ceiling are very much defaced. A tablet at the west end commemorates the Right Hon. *George Rose*, d. 1818.

On the south side of the altar the sculpture of a mother instructing her children, by *Flaxman*, is dedicated to the *Viscountess Fitzharris*, d. 1815, who lies interred in Salisbury Cathedral. Two ancient tombs of Christchurch priors may be noticed beneath it, and that of Lady Malmesbury.

In the *North Aisle* of the Choir there is another Perpendicular Chapel, with a memorial to *John Cook* over the entrance; and the Decorated Chapel to the left of the North Transept shows a monument by Chantrey to *John Barnes*.

At the east end of the north aisle may be observed the altar-tomb, with effigies, of Sir *John Chydioke*—slain in 1449, in the Wars of the Roses—and his wife. His helmet is kept in the revestry. Popular superstition used to hold the scrapings of Chydioke's tomb efficacious in divers maladies, which accounts for its being seriously defaced. Near it lie the grave-slabs of Prior *William Eyre*, d. 1520, and his mother, *Joanna Cockrell*.

In the *South Aisle* a chantry and stone screen commemorate *John Draper*, the last prior, d. 1552, erected by himself in 1529. His grave-slab is inserted in the pavement. Opposite is the chantry of *Robert Harys*, d. 1525, with his rebus, —the letter R., and a hare beneath, from whose mouth issue the letters *ys*. At the corner of the aisle stands an ancient chapel, Early English, with mixed details, now used as a vestry.

The *Lady Chapel*, beyond the Choir (Perpendicular), is very rich and beautiful. On the south side stands the recessed altar-tomb of *Sir Thomas West*, d. 1405; and opposite to it that of his mother, the *Lady Alice*. Here, too, the visitor may see the Countess of Strathmore's memorial of "a rare and disinterested friend, *Maria Morgan*, d. 1796." The fine Perpendicular screen and the original altar should also be noticed as a splendid specimen of the artistic skill employed on such works in the olden time.

Over the Lady's Chapel, *St. Michael's Loft* was long used as a schoolroom, approached by a winding staircase outside the church.

The Tower should be ascended for a fine view. The Norman turret on the North Transept is a feature not to be overlooked. There are some interesting graves in the Churchyard, among the most recent, the tomb of Lord Strathnairn, better known as Sir Hugh Rose, one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny.

South-west of the Church stands a weathered wall as remains of the *Priory*, allowed to fall in ruin before nineteenth-century sentiment could come to its rescue.

In the adjoining *Priory House*, Louis Phillippe found a refuge in 1807.

Returning to the High Street, and turning off eastwards by the main road for the bridge over the Avon, on the right one passes a mound crowned by the remains of a Norman keep, all that is left of "Castle Twynham" of Dr. Conan Doyle's *White Company*, built by the De Redvers family, who figure so much in the South of England under the early Norman kings. A little farther on,

beside the river which served it as a moat, will be seen the ivied walls and round chimney of a *Norman House*, still preserving some characteristic features, and interesting as one of the rare specimens of domestic architecture of the period (Henry II.). The bridge is also a Norman structure of the twelfth century.

A modern spectacle is the *Museum of Natural History* (1s.), on the left of High Street, going towards the station. Here is a collection of stuffed birds, the specialty being humorous scenes of animal life, work of a local taxidermist, "The Vermin Law Court," "Squirrels Sparring," "Moles' Grave Scene from *Hamlet*," and so forth, which may interest the younger members of a party more than the antiquities of Christchurch.

To those who do not care for watering-place amenities, Christchurch would make an excellent centre for exploring this district. Here, up the course of the Avon, goes off a railway branch connecting it with the London and South-Western Weymouth line at *Ringwood*, through which was the route to Bournemouth before the opening of the new loop from Brockenhurst. This branch carries us by a wide stretch of commons and pine woods lying between the Avon and the Stour.

Two miles north of the town, on the right of the road which goes out near the station and here touches a bend of the Stour, rises **St. Catherine's Hill** (160 feet), a long gravelly ridge, on whose summit can be traced a small camp, about 165 feet square, protected by a double vallum, except southward, and entered by three gates. Six mounds for watch-towers adjoin the north-east rampart, and there are traces on the north of another entrenchment. On the south-west side are the foundations of a chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine.

There is here a grand view over the Channel, the sea of woods that make the New Forest, and on the other hand as far as the spire of Salisbury Cathedral.

About a mile beyond St. Catherine's Hill come the grounds of **Herne Court**, a miniature mountain park,

famed for its forest of rhododendrons, open to visitors in summer after the pheasant breeding season. This favourite excursion must be made from Bournemouth by the ferry near *Holdenhurst*, which takes one close to the grounds (unless the river be low enough to let carriages cross by a ford), or from *Herne Station* on the Christchurch-Ringwood rail, more than a mile north.

The high-road to *Ringwood* (9 miles), on the left side of the Avon, takes us into scenes of more rich and luxuriant beauty. For this, we must go out over the bridge near the castle, then presently turn off to the left beyond the gasworks, for the shortest way, or go on some few hundred yards to where a smithy marks a crossing of roads. The straight road running into the heart of the New Forest and to Lymington, that here diverging on the left carries us up through **Burton**, where Southey lived for a time in 1791, and has duly celebrated the charins of the neighbourhood opposite St. Catherine's Hill. At **Winkton** ("place of weirs"), where the gardens and trees of the mansion are celebrated, the high-road and the by-road above mentioned join; then we might go on a mile or so to **Sopley**, notable for the church, well restored, conspicuous by the stumpy little spire that crowns it on its green mound.

In plan it is cruciform, and dates from the thirteenth century. A graceful triple lancet-window in the north transept, two lancets, and a low side window in the chancel belong to this period. The pillars and arches of the nave are late fourteenth century work. The corbel heads supporting the arch of the north transept are said to represent Edward III. and Isabella; while under the tower will be observed two effigies with fine Decorated canopies.

The east window and several others, together with the large transept arches and the fine oak ceiling of the nave, are Perpendicular. The visitor will note two corbels with angels playing the double pipe and viol, and in the north transept a hagioscope. The prayer-desk contains part of the old screen, the position of which is indicated by the archway in the north nave wall. In the north transept, under its east window, are a few mementoes of the Virgin's altar that stood there. The pulpit is Jacobean, and dated 1604. It bears the arms of the donor, Sir W. Abarrow. The reredos is an arcade of stone supported on Purbeck columns,

with panels representing the Annunciation and angels. In the east window glass are the arms of the Berkeleys of Bisterne.

At Sopley, we are about half-way to Ringwood, to which the road runs on between the outskirts of the New Forest and the river, the latter touched at *Tyrrell's Ford*, over which the slayer of William Rufus is said to have escaped. At the smithy here, tradition makes him get his horse's shoes reversed to baffle pursuit, then he is represented as killing the smith to ensure silence on his part, in which case it seems hard that a fine should have been laid on this smithy for its part in a dubious crime (see p. 52). There is a bridge by which the modern traveller can get to Herne Station on the other side. Walking on to Ringwood by the left bank, he may see a breed of white rabbits sporting on the lawns of *Bisterne*.

The way turning southwards at the cross roads beyond Christchurch leads in a mile down the east side of the estuary to **Mudford** at its mouth, a village that has a few lodging-houses and several good residences, with plenty of mud and sand to exhale sea odours. An omnibus runs four times a day from Christchurch Station, and the *Nelson Inn* has recently been improved into a small hotel with a French landlord. Mudford is making an effort to hold its head up as a summer resort, to which its situation entitles it, but bathing should be set about with caution where the tides rushes out through the narrow channel of the river mouth: it is safer on the beach of the open sea. For all its prosaic name, this village once harboured Coleridge and other sons of the Muses, as its neighbour did Southey. Adjoining it is the picturesque villa of Gundimore, built in the form of an Eastern tent, by W. Stewart Rose, himself a poet and translator of some note. Here he received Coleridge and Ugo Foscolo, Morier and Walter Scott, as guests; and here Scott in 1807 wrote a portion of his *Marmion*.

A mile farther on along the shore come the grounds of *Highcliffe Castle*, a singular medley of architecture,

which contains some fine carving and oak ornaments. The original mansion, built by Lord Bute, was washed away. Visitors used to be allowed to go up by the private stairs from the beach, to enjoy the fine sea-view from the grounds; but they are now kept private, fortified indeed against intruders. By a path round the back of the woods, however, one can get into the Lymington-Christchurch road; or, by going 2 miles along the beach, reach the mouth of *Chewton Bunny*—as the chines are here called—leading up to Chewton Glen and Common beyond the road. This is a very tangled ravine, where a landslip has made wild work of the path, but one can find a way through its thickets to the high-road, 4 miles from Christchurch.

For a little beyond Chewton Bunny, there seems to be some doubt as to the cliff right-of-way; but the stream once crossed, a coastguard flagstaff soon invites us up from the shore to find its bank edged by a path for some 2 miles to *Beckton Bunny*, a well-known smuggler's cove of the old days. Beyond, are reached the *Barton Cliffs*, famous for their fossils; and the coast stretches out to *Hurst Castle*, as will be shown under *Lymington*.

On the opposite side of Christchurch Harbour, is the long hook of Hengistbury Head, with *Southbourne-on-Sea* beyond it, to gain which we must return to the town, unless a cast over the estuary offer itself. The road to Southbourne, crossing the Stour by its lowest bridge about a mile above the junction with the Avon, makes the best part of 2 miles from Christchurch, the nearest station. A shorter way from the lower part of the town is to take the ferry at *Wick* ($\frac{1}{2}$ d.), to which *Wick Lane* leads off on the right from High Street, a little short of the church. Once landed at the hamlet of Wick, where boats may be hired, we find more than one road and lane that go tackling for a mile or so towards the houses of Southbourne, full in view on its high sea bank.

Southbourne-on-Sea (Hotels: *Southcliffe, Gordon*) is an independent settlement of villas scattered along a bank

of loose sand-hills behind the neck of Hengistbury Head. It has a pier of its own, and, what Bournemouth envies, an undercliff esplanade, which find some difficulty in maintaining themselves against the attacks of the sea, while we fear that Southbourne is left a little high and dry by the tide of fashion. At the Bournemouth end are repeated the there familiar features of new roads and houses opening up the pine groves ; but it is significant that this rising quarter shows a disposition to take the separate name of *Stourwood*, as if cutting itself off from the unprogressiveness of Southbourne proper. In summer this must be a more airy and cheerful bathing-place than Bournemouth ; but in winter, at least, it does not seem to attract strangers to the same extent, perhaps as being more exposed to winds. Yet some of those who have made the experiment of wintering here speak of it with high approval ; and it should be known that, in a ten years' record of the Meteorological Society, Southbourne is oddly bracketed with Plymouth and Dublin for the second highest amount of winter sunshine on the British mainland, Falmouth holding the first place in this respect, and all of them being outshone by Jersey.

One disadvantage of Southbourne is its being shut in by the windings of the Stour behind. Two miles beyond it extends **Hengistbury Head**, by which, with the peninsula of Hurst Castle to the west, and the Isle of Wight opposite, Christchurch Bay is land-locked on three sides. Walking out along the beach, we come to the "Double Dykes" entrenchments that once made this promontory a strong fortress, cutting it off at the neck from the mainland. Beyond, the point swells up into a mass of ironstone, *Warren Hill*, from which there are fine sea-views on either hand ; then a low spit curves round towards Mudeford, almost shutting in the narrow entrance of the harbour, to be entered only by small craft.

In the other direction Southbourne soon runs into the east end of Bournemouth, from which, on the sea front, it is as yet separated by Boscombe Manor. The road is that from Christchurch by the lower bridge, falling into

the Christchurch high-road a little way outside of *Pokesdown Station*. Going from Bournemouth, one may turn off to the right either by *Parkwood Road*, a few hundred yards beyond the Boscombe Arcade, or by Cromwell Road opposite *Pokesdown Station*, curving round through straggling suburbs that make the way a little difficult to follow. The many boards of "Valuable sites to let on building lease" here, would be well exchanged for one or two guide posts, but if we can keep the high-road, after passing two new ways exhibiting bold advertisements of the Gordon Hotel, the next road to the right, going off opposite a white lamp-post, will lead in a mile more to Southbourne Pier. A small omnibus plies from the Square thrice a day.

Parkstone (Hotels: *Railway, Seaview, Glen Temperance (C.)*), a pretty village that calls itself "the Mentone of England," has much the same relation to the west end of Bournemouth as Southbourne to the east, though indeed the former stands more inland, looking down into Poole Harbour. It is reached by the Poole Road, by rail from the West Station ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles), or by frequent omnibuses from the County Gates running to the top of Constitution Hill. The proposed tramway to Poole, by this route, has been given up. There are houses or villa grounds almost all the way; not to speak of the Potteries, the chimneys of which rather disfigure Parkstone.

A little beyond the County Gates, the road crosses the railway at *Branksome Station*, recently called into existence by the growth of a new suburb here among the pine woods, running farther on into another eruption of scattered villas known as *Canford Cliffs*, to which a small omnibus plies from the Square not very frequently, else its inhabitants have some mile or two to go for either Branksome or Parkstone Station.

Reaching Parkstone we find it evidently less a place of casual resort than of permanent residence, its sheltered position and gravelly soil being an attraction to invalids. It is still growing thick and fast round the little park or

pleasure-ground close to the station, a little beyond which stands *St. Peter's Church*, an uncompleted edifice of some architectural pretension, with a rich altar and other fine ornaments; this has the name of being the "highest" church in the district. The high-road, in another mile, leads us down into Poole.

From Parkstone pretty walks may still be taken in different directions, though indeed the brokenly open country around is fast being closed in by building operations, and pottery works.

Southwards, by the wooded road dropping down towards the edge of Poole Harbour, 3 miles bring us to what is called the *Panorama Beach*, edging the **Haven** spit of sand that shuts in this estuary, an abridged edition of Hengistbury Head. A road nearly a mile long leads out to the point, where, near the large block of coastguard buildings, the *Haven Hotel* offers snug quarters to wild-fowl shooters and those who are content to see and sniff the sea without much need of stretching their legs. From this spit, the coastguard would take one across to South Haven Point on the other side of the estuary. There are four tides a day here, which work a transformation scene on the intricate shallows of this amphibious estuary, with its islands, creeks, and banks of mud and sand.

Its principal feature is **Branksea** or **Brownsea Island**, some 3 miles in circuit, almost blocking up the mouth of the haven. On it stood a castle of Henry VIII.'s time, extended by modern buildings. This mansion and its artistic contents have recently suffered from a fire; but in any case it is not a show place, and there is no public ferry, so that strangers seldom find their way across to the island unless by special permission, or on business with the Potteries established here.

From the Haven Point, it is an hour's walk along the shore to Bournemouth, passing by a demolished house known as *Simpson's Folly*, which had indeed its foundation on the sand. Or, turning up through Canford Cliffs, one can find or lose one's way by devious roads among the pine woods above, so fast being broken up that a compass

will be the best guide here ; but the Poole Road on the left and the sea on the right keep one from going very far wrong.

Constitution Hill is the chief lion of Parkstone, lying about ten minutes' walk north of the station. Turn along the top of the little park, beyond which, past the *Wilts and Dorset Bank*, a new road presents a direction board. The top of this wildly overgrown hill, low as it is, and in part taken up by private enclosures, makes the best view-point in the neighbourhood, looking over Poole Harbour and the Isle of Purbeck, with no small stretch of Dorset and Hampshire.

The road eastward from Constitution Hill is the direct way to Bournemouth (3 miles), coming from which we should have turned up to the right at a coffee tavern. To the north, the Ringwood road runs off across stretches of heath and pine, intersected by the green valley of the Stour. The road south-westward goes down straight into Poole.

Poole (Hotels : *Antelope*, *London* (H.Q.), etc.) will not much attract ordinary tourists, unless as a characteristic specimen of an ancient sea-port flourishing under some difficulties. The old town is built upon a promontory, which, with the opposite projection of *Hamworthy*, almost close up the wandering land-locked estuary above, going off into two main branches. By its long main street, Poole runs down to the harbour and the bridge over to Hamworthy ; on the other side of the railway, it spreads inland to its new park, behind which the spire of *Long-fleet Church* makes a conspicuous landmark. The harbour will be of more interest to naturalists and sportsmen, and especially to yachtsmen, being the only complete shelter between the Solent and Weymouth. There is plenty of snug lying here ; but a certain danger of dragging at anchor, and of sticking in the mud. Poole, of course, is a Dorsetshire port, but we cannot leave it unmentioned, since it may almost be called the business end of Bournemouth.

STEAMBOAT EXCURSIONS

It is now time to say something of the longer excursions which count among Bournemouth's chief attractions in summer. There are two rival lines of good steamboats, whose competition has proved more profitable to the public than to themselves ; but of late they show signs of more friendly relations. Season tickets (£2 : 2s., with a considerable reduction for families ; fortnightly tickets, 15s.) frank one upon all but a few special trips ; and some visitors patronise Bournemouth entirely for the sake of this cheap way of spending their time on the water. Good luncheons can be had on board by those hardened mariners. The boats call at *Boscombe Pier*, and some of them start from Swanage. In some cases circular tickets are issued by arrangement with railway companies, giving an option of return on *terra firma*. For exact particulars, readers must be referred to the time-bills ; but the following is a short *résumé* of the usual excursions. On certain holiday occasions, the fares are cheaper than those quoted, which seem cheap enough for long trips ; but short single journeys, as to Swanage, are rather dear in proportion.

To *Swanage*, several times a day, return fare, 2s., first-class ; 1s. 6d., second-class.

To *Southampton* or *Portsmouth*, 4s. 6d., 3s. 6d. About an hour allowed at each place.

To *Weymouth*, 4s., 3s. (by boat or rail).

Round the *Isle of Wight*, 5s., 4s. ; and there are boats to *Ventnor*, *Ryde*, *Cowes*, etc., especially on occasions of regattas or other spectacles.

Torbay or *Dartmouth* are sometimes visited.

To *Cherbourg*, now and then, an early morning steamer runs across the Channel, giving time for a peep at a French town before starting back in the afternoon.

COACH EXCURSIONS

In this department, also, there is keen competition for public favour. The coaches and *chairs à bancs* mostly

start from the *Square*, where a line of them and a crowd of their active touts will be found—10 to 11 A.M. and 2 to 3 P.M.; but one line runs vehicles also from Boscombe. Naturally these trips come off chiefly in summer; but at Easter, or even earlier in a fine season, many of them have begun. Not to speak of the shorter drives to be had every morning and afternoon as the vehicles fill up, some of the best excursions are as below. The return route is generally varied.

To *Corfe Castle* (see p. 33), by Constitution Hill, the Tichborne Estate, and the town of Wareham, 5s. (In this and other cases, box-seat extra.)

Through the *New Forest* (Rufus Stone), by Christchurch and Lyndhurst, 7s. daily in summer (see p. 61).

Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst through the New Forest, 6s.

Wimborne, 3s. (p. 34).

Barton Cliffs, 3s. (p. 71).

Somerley Park and Ringwood, 5s. (once a week) (p. 60).

The latest enterprise is a coach running daily from the Bath Hotel to Salisbury and back, by Christchurch and the Avon, a distance of 32 miles done in four hours (13s.).

Summer visitors should consult the railway programmes for cheap fares available by certain trains.

We propose here to give some brief account of the lions of Dorset often visited from Bournemouth; then to go on to the New Forest, which must be treated more at large than as a mere appendix to any watering-place.

Swanage (Hotels: *Victoria*, *Ship* (H.Q.), etc. Boarding-Houses: *Grove Private Hotel*, *Sunnydown*) is a pleasant family watering-place in a bay at the point of the peninsular *Isle of Purbeck*, celebrated for its vast quarries, from which have been built St. Paul's, Winchester, and Salisbury Cathedrals, and other famous edifices. The cliffs here, as well as the hills behind, make a happy hunting-ground for geologists.

Swanage is a favourite excursion from Bournemouth, as Bournemouth from Swanage, though the latter, by the mouth of its guide-book, takes quite a patronising tone towards the older resort, admitting that it is a place to be visited once in a way, but not "on a very hot day." Swanage prides itself on the greater bracingness of its air, yet would have us know that after the great blizzard of 1891 the snow there melted as fast as it fell, while at Bournemouth it had to be carted away in heaps, the inhabitants, as we remember, showing an air of surprise over such a phenomenon.

By rail to Swanage it is a roundabout of some two dozen miles, *via* Poole and Wareham. Cheap fares are given in summer by certain trains, and tickets with which the trip can be broken at Corfe Castle. By steamer it is only half an hour's sail across the bay, the boats running several times a day.

The sail is a pleasant one, giving a good view of West Bournemouth on its sandy cliff; then we pass before the mouth of Poole Haven, almost closed by the long sandy spits on each side and the wooded mass of Branksea Island. Behind Studland Bay rise the heights of Ballard Down, with the pretty village of *Studland* nestling among trees at its foot; and here the shore will sometimes be enlivened by the camp of a Boys' Brigade. Handfast Point is rounded, at the corner of which stand the two isolated chalk columns known as "Old Harry and his Wife," the old gentleman himself still pretty solid, but his wife rather in a shaky way. The boat now passes along a wall of chalk cliff, the largest cavern in which, "The Parson's Barn," is 70 feet high. Thus we come into Swanage Bay, and land at the pier on the farther side under *Peeverell Point*. The station is at the other end of the town.

Swanage is well off for excursions of its own, but visitors who come only for a few hours will devote their attention mainly to the two or three miles of fine coast immediately to the west. Traps are waiting at the pier to carry one (2s., but a party less per head) to *Durleston*

Point, where are the lions of Swanage. One may walk in half an hour by the road up hill, indicated by a large board, or keep all round Peverell Point; a middle line is by a track going off through a gate on the left of the road, just short of a lordly guide-pillar, which serves as a monument to the public spirit of the gentleman who has laid out Durleston Park.

The path just mentioned, and that round the shore join the road at the Bellevue Restaurant, which has a license and a fine view. Here, on foot, we should leave the road and turn down the new Undercliff Promenade, a very pretty sea walk, on which are good tennis courts, and several avenues laid out as yet only with titles, but soon, no doubt, to be filled in with villas and mansions worthy of such a site. Even the seats are named after Milton, Sir Walter Scott, etc.; and everything is new and smart. Thus we come round the bay to Durleston Point, crowned by its conspicuous battlements.

Durleston Castle, it should be understood, is not Roman or Norman, but of the Bank Holiday period. It is a large, spacious Restaurant and Temperance Hotel, with charges quite moderate in proportion to its imposing exterior. Below it lies the great globe which is one of the wonders of the Isle of Purbeck, weighing 40 tons, made of Portland stone, and showing all the world correctly in slight relief. On the way down will be seen relief maps of the district and other geographical lessons, so that this is a holiday spot to be eminently commended to parents and schoolmasters. Geologists will be interested in the rock formation so well displayed by the bays on either side. Here and there one regrets to come upon bottle-glass deposits of the British tourist age; but picnic parties should know that for a small charge, they can consume their own provisions in the spacious shelter of the restaurant. It must be mentioned to the credit of Swanage, that for the sights here no charge is made, the whole estate being thrown open to the public, invited and directed at every corner by guide-tablets, a lesson to those proprietors who are not ashamed to

earn sixpences by exhibiting the wonders of nature and art.

The famed *Tillywhim* caves come a little farther on along the shore walk, by which carriage parties must descend on foot from the restaurant. This is a disused quarry opening out to a platform above the sea, where the original excavations have been a little touched up so as to suggest an Eastern rock temple, to the eye of imagination rather than that of experience indeed, but Tillywhim is well worth seeing without comparisons. The mine-like entrance is by a steep subterranean tunnel piercing down into the rock. Facile, even too facile, is the descent to this Avernus, but to regain the walk and the open breezes, one may not be sorry to take a more level path from the right of the platform.

On the height beyond is the new *Anvil Point Lighthouse*, which may be visited any week-day. Thence the coastguard path leads on to St. Adhelm's Head, and some half-day's walk would bring one to Lulworth Cove; but now we must refer the reader to our *Dorset Guide*.

Corfe Castle stands in the centre of the Isle of Purbeck, 5 or 6 miles behind Swanage on the round-about railway route between it and Bournemouth, from which it is reached also by the frequent coach excursions (18 miles). There are two inns in the village of *Corfe* below. Sixpence is charged for admission to the ruins, which stand finely on an eminence, blocking up a gap in the line of low hills that traverse the Isle of Purbeck. Corfe Castle, more fully described in our *Dorset Guide*, is said to have been originally founded by King Edgar, and to have been the scene of Edward the Martyr's murder by his stepmother. The remains are Norman and Tudor, blown up by gunpowder in the Civil War, a catastrophe that gives them a striking air of picturesque desolation. Reaching Swanage by steamer, one might go on to Corfe by rail, by driving trips in summer (1s. 6d.), or on foot by the more pleasant if slightly longer way over the downs; then return by rail *viâ* Wareham. This round

had better not be taken in the reverse direction, since such a thing has been known as the steamer failing to make Swanage pier, which would cut off that line of retreat.

Wareham (Hotels: *Red Lion* (H.Q.), *Bear*) junction of the branch to Corfe and Swanage, was once a town and port of note, and remains of much interest to archaeologists from traces of its former extent. Thanks to a disastrous fire in the middle of last century, it now chiefly consists of a neat broad street running across a low ridge between the rivers Puddle and Frome. To the left, as we go up from the station, lies a grassy area preserving the outline of Roman fortifications, where a large hollow has been doubtfully taken for an Amphitheatre.

On the left side of the main street, at the top of the rise from the Puddle, is *St. Martin's*, a weather-worn Saxon church, no longer used for services. On the same side, at the Frome end, stands the parish church, *St. Mary's*, of no great interest but for the antiquity of its tower and chancel. With *Trinity Church*, used as a mission-room, these are all that remain of the eight churches once possessed by Wareham. The Castle has disappeared, which here commanded the bridge over the Frome, the main gate into the Isle of Purbeck.

To Corfe Castle it is hence a straight road of 5 miles, and a beautifully wooded walk may be found by turning to the right at *Stoborough* along *Holme Lane*, the road for Lulworth.

Wimborne (Hotels: *King's Head*, *Crown*, H.Q.) is famed for a grand old Minster Church, with more than one point of unique interest. It lies 10 miles off by road going up Richmond Hill, then by the Cemetery, the Talbot Woods, and Winton, to turn up the valley of the Stour, passing the neat village of *Canford*, and Lord Wimborne's seat, Canford Manor, where is a collection of Assyrian antiquities brought home by Sir H. Layard. The return round is often made by the outskirts of Poole.

From the West Bournemouth Station, Wimborne is also reached by train through Poole. The train runs up the shallow head of Poole Harbour, passing *Hamworthy Junction*, where a new branch goes off across the water, shortening the distance to Swanage, then *Broadstone Junction* (formerly *Poole Junction*), and so to the valley of the Stour and the Allen, reaching Wimborne in a quarter of an hour from Poole.

At the station, an omnibus will be found for the Minster, which is about a mile off through the town. One may either hold forward on the road leading from the station, and turn up to the right on coming in sight of the river; or take the first straight avenue to the right, turning afterwards to the left through the town. In either case, the square towers of the Minster will soon come into view as guide. The lofty spire that once marked it out far and wide was destroyed by a storm three centuries ago. At first sight, part of the edifice would seem to be of brick; but this is due to the use of a deep red sandstone mixed among blocks of a white and greenish colour, which, with the various shades of weathering, produce a remarkable effect. The church stands open, visitors being expected to put at least sixpence into a box towards expenses.

Wimborne Minster dates in its central part from the twelfth century, the Western Tower, the latest, belonging to the fifteenth century. It was restored about a generation ago, and further embellishments have lately been carried out.

Entering on the north side we find under the West Tower the curiosity of an *Orrery Clock*, which has been going ever since the fourteenth century. In the north-west corner is a modern memorial window to St. Cuthberga, a princess of Wessex, who early in the eighth century founded a nunnery here. Close to it will be seen a mural monument of Commonwealth times to *Thomas Hamham* and his wife.

Passing up the lofty nave, we find the chancel more than usually elevated, with the singular feature of a line of oak benches replacing the communion rail, as a relic of Puritan ascendancy. The beautiful fifteenth-century eastern window, in which blue finely predominates, will at once be admired. Less obvious is one of the treasures of this church, the brass (on the floor of north side of

chancel) to *Ethelred*, brother of Alfred the Great. On the same side is the tomb of the *Marchioness of Exeter*, widow of Henry Beaufort, beheaded 1537 ; and opposite it stands a larger *Beaufort Tomb*, with the recumbent effigies of John of Gaunt's grandson and his wife.

Underneath the raised chancel is a vaulted crypt.

On the south side the *Chapel of Holy Trinity* has lately been renovated. Here will be seen the old Altar Table, a Saxon chest, 1100 years old, and the tomb of *Anthony Ettricke*, a curious character, remembered in history as the magistrate before whom the Duke of Monmouth was brought after his capture in this neighbourhood. Having settled on 1691 as the date of his death, he had his tomb prepared and dated in advance ; but did not need it till 1702.

Through the vestry, on the same side, we mount to the *Library* of chained books founded in the seventeenth century. This, which must be one of the earliest instances of a free public library, contains 240 volumes, many of them rare ones, such as a first edition of Sir W. Raleigh's *History of the World*, and of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

In *St. George's Chapel*, north of the chancel, are a fine wall monument to *Sir Edmund Uvedale*, and the mutilated effigy of a Crusader of the Pembroke family. In the process of renovation a much-obliterated fresco was uncovered at the corner beside *St. George's Chapel*. Close to this the richly-carved pulpit should be looked at.

The Transepts, restored a few years ago, have end windows not unworthy of such a church.

The town of Wimborne is a good specimen of an English borough, with many old houses overlaid by new ones of prosaic red brick. The country about is finely varied, as might be seen by following the long avenue-like road from near the station to the top of the hill, where, though it is provokingly shut in by private grounds, one can find some glimpses of wide landscape.

Bournemouth excursionists having time to spare at Wimborne might get a very pleasant peep at Dorset by going on to the encampment of *Badbury Rings*, about an hour's walk beyond the town. Take the old road to Blandford (9 miles), which passes out between the Grammar School and the south side of the Minster. There are no guide-posts, but the well-shaded road runs almost straight

on, passing after $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile along the finely-wooded park of *Kingston Lacy*, the beauties of which are not free to strangers. Beyond the second gate to this park the road becomes a lordly avenue, where the eminence of *Badbury Rings*, crowned by its clump of trees, comes into view on the right; then at the third milestone one sees where to turn off across the downs. This British camp, occupied in turn probably by Romans and Saxons, commands a grand prospect to the sea.

We have given the simplest line of approach, but in returning to Wimborne the way might be charmingly varied by slightly extending the latter half. Near the *Kingston Lacy* lodge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile out of Wimborne, take a path over a stile on the right, which leads up to a road through a long straight avenue. At the farther end of this comes a bit of broken common, where a stately tree on a mound looks over the valley of the Stour. Turning a little to the right down a lane at the foot of this height, one comes on the river, down the left bank of which guides a pleasant footpath, with the Minster towers as its beacon, passing the modest bathing sheds Wimborne has recently erected, and holding over allotment fields into the town.

The **Stour Villages**, below Wimborne, make another of the popular drives from Bournemouth. We hardly know how, in limited space, to describe this country, where the windings of the river have often to be reckoned with; but for the road our readers may be referred to p. 16.

Half a dozen miles north of the pier, reached by crossing the Stour to *West Parley* (turn to the left at the bottom of the hill beyond Winton), stretches **Parley Common**, the centre of a wide tract of moors, partly in Dorset, partly in Hants, thickly dotted with barrows and tumuli. Across this tract, which must be not unlike what the site of Bournemouth was a century ago, run the road and rail from Ringwood to Wimborne. On the north edge of Parley Common, at *Cricket's Cross*,

a branch from this road goes off to Poole, by which it would hence be 8 miles to Parkstone, or, 2 miles short of that, opposite the Waterworks, one might take an almost straight line to the left, which by the Talbot village would lead into Bournemouth.

THE NEW FOREST

“EVERY schoolboy,” of course, knows that William the Conqueror was, in one sense, the creator of the “New Forest.” He it was who first placed this tract of wooded country under the severe Norman forest laws, and increased its limits so as to include the whole extent of land between the Southampton estuary on the east, and the Hampshire Avon on the west. The popular tale that he destroyed fifty churches, uprooted numerous villages, and exterminated their inhabitants, is, doubtless, an exaggeration. The very qualities of the Forest soil disprove it. Its “hungry uplands and marshy valleys” could never have been smiling pastures or golden corn-fields. Indeed its old Saxon name, *Ytene*, appears to mean much the same as was implied by “forest.” But enough of misery and desolation followed in the enforcement of the feudal forest laws to load the memory of their author with odium, and there are evidences, in the names of certain localities, of the existence of churches and strongholds which the Conqueror swept away. The displaced ecclesiastics, as historians of the period, were likely to emphasise the cruelty of his evictions; and they pointed the moral of his successor’s violent death in the Forest, which they may have had some hand in bringing about: the popular version of this story also is a very doubtful one. Other Norman kings appear to have somewhat extended the boundaries of the New Forest, but at present it may be said to form a triangle, some 20

miles long and 12 broad, of which the base is a line drawn westwards from the mouth of the Beaulieu River to within 2 or 3 miles of the Avon, the apex reaching to the borders of Wiltshire. Beyond these limits extend some straggling purlieus; and all the country between Poole and Southampton Waters is marked by similar characteristics, except in the river valleys. The Forest now contains over 90,000 acres, of which two-thirds are wild or wooded land.

New Forest as it once was, this is more like an old forest than anything else left in England, the Forest of Dean, though spoiled by coal pits, perhaps coming nearest for sylvan wildness. It is not to be supposed that the whole expanse was ever under timber,—a *forest* implying rather wild ground adapted for sport. Large stretches of heath always varied its undulating surface, especially on the higher parts. By last century, what with neglect, encroachments, and the drain of wood to supply both the Royal Navy and the ironworks' furnaces that once glowed hereabouts, the Forest had fallen into great decay, but has now been to a great extent restored, like the mediæval churches it encloses. It is administered under the Woods and Forests Department by a Deputy-Surveyor, who has his headquarters at Lyndhurst, divided into fifteen "Walks" under the care of subordinate officials, who nurse the Forest with trained skill. The new "Enclosures" may generally be recognised by their more formal aspect, and by the "rails" marking them off, in contrast with which are the varied and broken features of the older woodland.

The chief woods are oak and beech, the former running less often to great size than into gnarled and twisted shapes. Besides flourishing plantations of Scotch firs, a modern innovation, the ash and the birch also abound; but there is a notable absence of elms and willows. Cherries, almost growing wild, are not uncommon, known here as "merry" trees, from the French *merise*, as French and Scotch schoolboys have the same name for this fruit, "geens." Hollies, thorns, and yews are dotted here and

there over the wild land, amid which appear oases of cultivation, villages with their orchards, lordly parks, some of them adapted from the old Forest lodges, and patches of garden ground, the work of humbler encroachers. More than a fourth of the whole area has come into private hands, originally by means which perhaps will not bear looking into; but now the Government shows itself vigilant as to its rights, though about 1000 acres are let out on leases. Among the lease-holders is Sir William Vernon Harcourt, whose modern house at Malwood represents the hunting-lodge from which William Rufus went out to his death. The "lawns," which often occupy the rich bottom lands, make charming features; so, too, may the bogs, when viewed from a safe distance. The moors, in August glorious with heath and gorse, were a joy to Sir Walter Scott, who, imitating the style of Crabbe, has thus described the New Forest scenery:—

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak o'ertops
Wide waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patched with ruddy sand;
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.

From another lover of this district we may quote a more detailed description. Mr. R. D. Blackmore's novel, *Craddock Nowell*, has its scene in the New Forest, which he divides into three characteristic aspects, leaving out the heaths which in some parts are predominant.

"First, and most lovely, the glades and reaches of gentle park and meadow, where the beech-tree invades not seriously, or, at any rate, not with discipline, but straggles about like a tall centurion amused by ancient Britons. Here are the openings winged with fern, and ruffling to the west wind; and the crimped oval leaves of the alder rustle over the backs of the bathing cows. In and out we glance or gaze, through the groined arcade of trees, where the sun goes wandering softly, as if with

his hand before his eyes. Of such kind is the Queen's Bower Wood, beside the Boldre Water.

"Of the second type, most grand and solemn, is the tall beech-forest, darkening the brow of some lonely hill, and draping the bosomed valleys. Such is Mark Ash Wood, four miles to the west of Lyndhurst. Overhead is the vast cool canopy; underfoot, the soft brown carpet woven by a thousand autumns. No puny underwood foils the gaze, no coppice-whispers circulate, on high there moves one long, unbroken, and mysterious murmur, and all below grey twilight broods in a lake of silent shadow. Through this the ancient columns rising, smooth, dove-coloured, or glimpsed with moss, others fluted, crannied, bulging, hulked at the reevings of some great limb; others twisted spirally and tortuously rooting; a thousand giants receding, clustering, opening elbow-peeps between them, standing forth to stop the view, or glancing some busy slant of light—in the massive depth of gloom they seem, at times, to be gliding.

"The third and most rudely sylvan form is that of the enclosures, where the intolerant beech is absent, and the oak, the spruce, and the Spanish chestnut protect the hazel, the fern, and the bramble, the dog-rose, and the honeysuckle."

Other books on this region are Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, vol. ii.; Mr. J. R. Wise's well-known work on *The New Forest: its History and its Scenery*; a more recent volume on the same subject by Miss De Crespigny and Mr. Horace Hutchinson, with more than one good local guide-book.

The population of the Forest is about 7000, many of them belonging to the independent class of "commoners," or small proprietors, who, in one way or other, contrive to wring a decent livelihood from this grudging soil. Up till recent times, the foresters were not on the best of terms with the law; and still wild tales of crime may be gathered from the lips of the old forest-born and bred. The strong temptations to poaching which beset them had a naturally demoralising influence. The vicinity of

the coast, moreover, nursed here a race of particularly enterprising and audacious smugglers, who dealt in the conveyance of what was euphemistically known as "moonshine," and did not stick at murder when a revenue officer showed himself disposed to mind his business. The bold attack on Poole Custom-House is famous in the annals of smuggling. Gypsies also found a congenial resort in these shades, who at present must have a hard time of it in touch with the conditions of more civilised life, but may still be met here and there, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Lyndhurst, looking more squalid than picturesque; they have also a large winter settlement near Fordingbridge. Tramps of a less poetic stamp than George Borrow's friends turn up now and then; but the old "squatters" are almost extinct, and the timid tourist need be in no fear of perilous adventure among the darkest glades and wildest heaths of this thinly-populated country, even if he come upon the grimy glow of a charcoal-burner's industry. Its people have now a fair name for honesty and orderliness, while their manners show something of the frank manliness of the mountaineer, with a friendly civility towards strangers not so common among the peasantry of richer English districts.

Closer acquaintance with the foresters would show how their ideas and language smack strongly of the soil, the latter especially exhibiting a primitive contempt for grammar, and cherishing a good old Saxon vocabulary, which crops up also in the slang of Winchester College. Thus, for instance, a Winchester scholar scorns to "lobster" under the rod, as a Hampshire peasant learns betimes not to "louster" over 'spilt milk. Some curious expressions describe physical features: a "shade" here is an open space; a clump of trees on a knoll is called a "hat."

School Boards are working so much change in the vernacular of mind and speech, that it is hard to say how far the Forest world looks to its rising generation as it did to their parents. For old folks, at all events, superstition long lingered in such congenial scenes. Tradition was slow

of abandoning this haunted ground where the meddlesome wood-imp, the colt-pixy, "neighing in likeness of a filly foal," was believed to lead horses astray; bees were told over in the hive when the corpse lay pale and rigid in the house; the Christmas mummers repeated in the forest-villages the old mystery of "St. George and the Dragon," and children went "a-shroving" on Ash Wednesday. Perhaps the youngsters of this generation do not know how fairies at midnight tread a merry measure on the sward, where, next morning, you may trace the prints of their tripping feet. The names "Puck" and "Pixey," are common in Hampshire nomenclature; but here the meaning of them begins to be forgotten, as at Bourne-mouth, where the Pokesdown suburb hardly suggests its tricky godfather. Dim legends still hang a shade of awe about the barrows, or "butts," as they are locally called, that dot the ground almost everywhere, some vaguely imagined by the country folk to contain buried treasures, many of them on examination revealing traces of fire burial, with British, Saxon, and Roman remains. Some, indeed, may belong to a still earlier prehistoric period.

The New Forest is no longer looked on principally as a home for deer, which have been much thinned down. An act of the middle of this century even contemplated the extermination of an animal so destructive to young trees; but a few still survive, chiefly in the western thickets, and their number is said to be now increasing rather than otherwise. Foxes are also in sufficient abundance to give good sport; then there are otters in the streams; and here and there may be unearthed a rare specimen of the badger. Squirrels are plentiful, in spite of the "squoyling" at which Forest boys are so skilful. The usual ground and winged game of English lowlands is fairly well represented, except in the case of hares. In the lower part of the streams there is some angling, but hardly within the Forest bounds. Shooting and fishing over Government property is a matter of license, which costs £20 per annum, and is to be had from the forest office at Lyndhurst. The "licensees" are under certain

restrictions, such as that of shooting only three days a week, and many jokes are cut on the small bags they bring home, but at least their pastime gives more of real sport than the butchering business of richer covers. Near Lyndhurst are the kennels of the fox- and the stag-hounds, which meet all over the district. The hunting season here is an unusually long one, lasting into May, as there are so few fields to be taken into consideration. The Forest "rides well," though the scarceness of jumps may make it despised by heroes of the "shires." Its main danger is from the bogs, often of considerable extent, to be recognised by their too bright green, or by the white cotton grass that often marks these treacherous spots.

Less shy than deer and squirrels are the pigs, which seem almost to run wild, turned out at certain seasons to feed on the mast going to waste here. The genuine breed of Hampshire hogs, with a strain of the wild boar in it, introduced, it is said, by Charles I., appears to be dying out; but let strangers remember that "Hampshire hog" is an epithet to be delicately used, as the nickname of the people among whom this animal flourishes so much at ease. A shaggy and hardy breed of forest ponies will also be encountered; and the useful donkey is much in evidence, where pasture for the like of him does not lack, but there is little for sheep.

As might be expected from its heathy character, the Forest has a name for bees and honey. Mead, the strong drink of our eupeptic forefathers, is still made here within the screech of the railway engine.

Butterflies, too, are a notable feature, this being a rich field for the entomologist, who revels here, not only in frequent specimens of the White Admiral, the Purple Emperor, and almost all varieties of English butterflies and moths, but in some belonging only to this district. The New Forest fly is a humble but prolific denizen, who makes himself a perfect plague in summer to man and beast. It is, moreover, a celebrated hunting-ground for snakes, where, besides adders and grass snakes, may be found the smooth snake, hardly known elsewhere in England. At

Lyndhurst has his headquarters "Brusher Mills," a well-known professional in this pursuit, who supplies the Zoological Gardens, and excites the wonder of amateurs by his dealings with such slippery game. Birds of all kinds abound, from the nightingale and other "warblers of the grove" to the wild-fowl which, in their season, haunt the low coast line. Birds of prey are growing rarer, but some herons still linger.

As to the flora of the Forest, since we have not an encyclopædia in hand, we can only say that it is very various, rich in wild flowers and ferns, and that the botanist, as well as the ornithologist and entomologist, will find himself here in clover. The honeysuckle grows with special luxuriance; but the Primrose League would find itself a little at a loss here, unless on the outskirts of the Forest.

The Government, as main proprietor of this fine playground, has sometimes shown a disposition to turn it to account for the game of war. A few years ago, an attempt to form a rifle range in the picturesque solitudes of the New Forest was successfully resisted by an agitation in which Mr. Auberon Herbert, as an enthusiastic resident, took a leading part. Military manœuvres have been held in the opener parts; and the making of a new station on the wild heath above Beaulieu is suspected to have some relation to a design for a camp here. The "New Forest Association," formed in 1867, keeps a jealous eye on any fresh enclosures or restrictions that would interfere with public enjoyment of the Hampshire Arden; and more than once Parliament has been found willing to tie the hands of the executive authorities who control it.

The Forest is everywhere traversed by roads, excellent in all respects, except an imperfect provision of guide-posts, in some cases running straight for miles, as a hint of how they may represent ancient Roman ways. The best of its beauties cannot be well seen without sometimes straying from beaten tracks; then the stranger must remember that it is not difficult to lose one's way in these recesses, unless he keep his bearings by help of memory, map, or

compass. But in the deepest nooks of greenery one is seldom far from a road, nor are villages often out of reach. Railway lines skirt the boundaries on three sides, but there is an almost total want of other public conveyances. The pedestrian and the horseman have the best of it here, but the cyclist is not at much disadvantage. Driving, of course, costs money, at the usual posting rates. Very good "value" is to be had out of the long coach trips that start every day in the season from Bournemouth. From Southampton, also, there are summer excursions; and the new hotels on the coast between Lymington and Christchurch may be expected to add to this kind of enterprise.

The first point where the London and South-Western Railway touches the Forest is at *Lyndhurst Road Station*, a few miles beyond Southampton round the head of the water. Farther on along this line, *Brockenhurst* and *Holmesley* are the nearest gates reached from Bournemouth. A round from Lyndhurst Road to either of these stations, bending northwards to take in Minstead and Stoneycross, would show the best part in about 15 miles of walking or driving. But now the above general sketch must be dissolved into particulars of what may be looked for at each chief point of resort, in a region where one can hardly go far wrong for delightful expatiations.

LYNDHURST

Hotels: *Crown* (H.Q.), *Fox and Hounds*, and smaller inns; *Gorsey End*
Boarding-House

The little capital of the New Forest, said to get its name as once a linden or lime-tree wood, is a tidy village of 2000 inhabitants, with many cottages of gentility and lodging-houses, and names like the "Crescent," the "Queen's Parade," etc., which bespeak pretension to something more than common rurality. It lies nearly 3 miles from **Lyndhurst Road Station** (*New Forest Hotel*, *Temperance Inn* and *Tea Gardens*), at the hamlet of *Ashurst*, 7 miles from Southampton. A conveyance for

Lyndhurst meets the trains. There is no danger of missing the way, as it runs almost straight through the Forest till the spire of Lyndhurst Church comes into sight as a landmark. This road exhibits the contrast between the more formal modern plantations on one side, and the open common land dotted by groves and copses on the other.

On the left, before entering the bottom of the village, is an open stretch where we pass the Cemetery, the Golf Links, and a knoll with seats for enjoying the view. Over this heath goes off the way for Beaulieu, while our road mounts on through the village street, at the top of which the chief hotel faces the church.

Lyndhurst Church, standing on a mound, as is the way with New Forest churches, was rebuilt in 1863 in Early English style, of red brick relieved with courses of black and white. At the west end is a monument, by Flaxman, to Sir C. P. Jennings, and close at hand, under the Tower, one to Mrs. Cockerell by her husband. But the chief pride of this church is the large altar-fresco of the *Ten Virgins*, which the late Lord Leighton executed during several visits to the place. There is a pleasant look-out from the churchyard, that figures in Charles Kingsley's "New Forest Ballad."

A little beyond the church, on the same side, is the *Queen's House*, an ivied brick mansion of Charles II.'s time, serving as place of business for the Forest and residence for the Deputy-Surveyor, who administers under the Crown, while six elected Verderers, in their courts of Swain-mote, represent the rights of commoners. The first door leads into the *Hall*, where the Forest Courts are held; but strangers are expected, before entering, to give their names at the office, a little farther on. The bareness of the hall is in part relieved by the old oak seats of the Verderers, by stags' heads hung on the walls, and by "William Rufus's stirrup iron"—a relic more probably of Tudor days—which is treasured as the Palladium of the Forest.

The *New Forest Hall* is used for entertainments, art exhibitions, and other public gatherings.



So much for the sights of this choice village, surrounded by picturesque hamlets, fine private grounds, and varied scenery of wood and heath, hill and meadow. Beyond the many strolls to be taken in almost every direction, the following main roads will conduct us to various points of the compass, opening up any part of the Forest.

The Southampton road from the station comes in at the east end of the village street, where it forms an angle with that running south-east to *Beaulieu* (7 miles).

To *Romsey* (9 miles) the road, going off a little below the head of the street, runs almost straight north as far as *Cadnam*, at the edge of the Forest, where it makes an angle with the high-road leading south-westwards from Romsey to Ringwood by Stoneycross.

To *Brockenhurst* (4 miles) we take the first turning to the left after leaving the village street. This road runs due south and straight for the greater part of its course, forming the fine vista so much admired by Gilpin. Beyond Brockenhurst, another 4 miles of it takes us to the coast at Lymington.

The road continuing the village street presently divides, where a sign-post bids us turn to the left for Christchurch (14 miles). On the right of this road we can again turn aside for **Burley** (*Queen's Head Inn*), a little over 6 miles from Lyndhurst, from which one might hold on westwards to the railway at *Ringwood* ($5\frac{1}{2}$ miles), that has a station at *Holmesley*, where the main road to Christchurch intersects it, half-way between Ringwood and Brockenhurst. Burley, less than 3 miles north of Holmesley station, is noted for its pretty church, for its green lawn that furnishes a favourite cricket-field, for the view from the top of its hill, for its "Twelve Apostles,"—twelve of them no longer!—a scattered group of oaks that appear to be among the oldest trees in the Forest, and for its quarries of conglomerate stone, known as "the Burley Rocks."

Instead of turning down for Christchurch, had we mounted the hill between the grounds of Cuffnells and

Northerwood to the church of *Emery Down*, another turn in the same direction, by the New Forest Inn, would lead us to the famed scenery of **Mark Ash** and **Bolderwood** by some of the most sylvan stretches of the Forest. (The road to the right at the inn goes on by Robin's Bush farm to Stoneycross, there striking into the Romsey-Ringwood road.) Mark Ash is by many thought the finest wood of all, a canopy of beeches so thick that almost nothing will grow under them; but there are openings throughout by which one may wander among these green shades. Bolderwood, where refreshments can be had at the lodge, is another favourite place for picnics among fine old timber of more variety, among which are noted two oaks called the "King" and the "Queen." The lodge comes 4 miles on the left of our road from Lyndhurst, which farther on strikes into that between Stoneycross and Ringwood. A new road runs from Bolderwood through Mark Ash to **Knightwood**, where stands the famous old *Knightwood Oak*. In coming from Lyndhurst to Bolderwood, both Knightwood and Mark Ash could be taken in by a deviation to the south. A mile or so beyond Emery Down, the road crosses a small stream, then about the same distance farther on a track (marked by two large decaying oaks on the road side) turns off left into Mark Ash, the heart of it some mile farther, whence by more than one way we may bear north round to Bolderwood, or south-eastward, by Knightwood, get into the road between Christchurch and Lyndhurst.

Stoneycross, with its lion, the "Rufus Stone," is the point to be sought by those who make only one excursion from Lyndhurst, since this, if not the heart, may be called the head of the Forest, where its different features are found clustered in greatest variety. There are two roads, both a little devious, passing on one side or other of Manor Park. The distance is called 4 miles to drive, but on foot it can be done in something less by a very pleasant way as follows.

Leave Lyndhurst by the Romsey road, but presently

turn up to the left at the hamlet of *Pike's Hill*. As this road winds through the next group of dwellings, look out for a bit of green on the right, flanked by some allotment gardens. Over this green runs a path, skirting a pine wood and dipping into a bottom, where it crosses the road. On the other side, underneath a red house, will be seen a gate leading into a path through the Manor grounds. This path bears at first to the right, going on by ups and downs of wood and lawn, in sight of the mansion on the left, over the drive, and thus into the road again, up which we turn left for the ancient village of **Minstead**, pleasantly situated among knolls and orchards. By this way it is about 2 miles from Lyndhurst; but may be reached by more than one divagation through the Manor grounds, where there is a beautiful rhododendron walk to be seen in the season. Visitors are required not to stray from the drive, open by courtesy of the owner, or from the path above mentioned.

At Minstead, we soon come to an inn with the sign of "The Trusty Servant," borrowed from Winchester College. The road on the left here leads to the old church. That on the right by the telegraph posts takes us up in half a mile or so to the Romsey-Ringwood high-road, joined at a triangular patch of green, where on the left we have the grounds of *Castle Malwood*, and on the right *Malwood Lodge*, Sir William Vernon Harcourt's New Forest residence. Keeping to the left at this green, we come on to an open ridge, along which the road runs with grand views over all the south side of the New Forest as far as the sea. Opposite Castle Malwood lodge, a path wandering off on the right commands the northern edge of the Forest; and this path presently joins a road dropping down hill, near the foot of which stands the Rufus Stone. The high-road from which we have thus diverged keeps along the ridge to the *Compton Arms Hotel*, which is only a few minutes' walk from the Stone, lying below it to the north-west.

The **Rufus Stone** is a low, ugly pillar cased in

iron, with inscriptions on each side that may be left to tell their own story. It stands, somewhat inconspicuously, to the left side of the road, on open and swampy ground; and its site is advertised by a cocoa-nut shying pitch, or whatever the word may be, that stands opposite in the summer season, as an invitation to modern sport and pastime. Here tradition fixes the spot at which William Rufus was slain by Tyrrell's arrow, while hunting in the wilderness he and his father had made. The story is well known, but the modern Muse of history looks at it very suspiciously through her critical spectacles. The monkish chroniclers, from whom we have the legend, are hopelessly inconsistent as to its details, and all we can be sure of is that William died in the New Forest, probably murdered by a conspiracy among his own lords, or perhaps by the hand of some wronged Saxon; or, if Tyrrell were the slayer, he as likely as not did it on purpose rather than by accident. The most picturesque account is that of Roger of Wendover, with additions by Matthew of Paris, which may be given here for what it is worth.

"Now the king, on the day preceding his death, dreamed a dream; and lo! he felt as if smitten with a javelin, and that forthwith there issued from the wound a stream of blood, which sprung up even to the sky, beclouded the sun, and extinguished the light of day. Starting from his slumbers, he invoked the Blessed Virgin, and calling for a lamp, he bade his chamberlains stay by him; and so, sleepless, spent the remainder of the night.

"And when the morning dawned, a certain monk from across the seas, who sought an audience of the monarch, respecting divers affairs of the church, related unto one Robert Fitz-Hamon, a man of great power, and very familiar with the king, a vision which had troubled his rest, and was truly very marvellous and terrible:—'As I slumbered,' said the monk, 'methought I saw the king enter a church, with proud step, and haughty, as is his wont, and gazing contemptuously on those around him. Then, seizing the crucifix with his teeth, he gnawed off its arms, and left it scarce a single limb. And when, for some time, the crucifix had thus endured, at length with its right foot it so spurned the monarch that he fell prostrate on the pavement, and there, as he lay, from his mouth leapt forth a flame, and it spread around, and a cloudy smoke-like chaos went upwards to the stars.'

"When Robert Fitz-Hamon repeated this vision to the king, he laughed loudly, saying—'Here is a monk who hath dreamed, monk-wise, for his own profit. Give him a hundred shillings that he may see he hath not dreamed in vain.'

"Then, on the night before his death, there came yet another dream unto the king. He saw upon a certain altar an infant of exceeding beauty; and hungering and desiring beyond limit, he went and took a mouthful of his flesh, and it seemed very good to him even while he ate it. But when he sought to satisfy himself again, the child, with stern aspect, and threatening voice, exclaimed—'Forbear! thou hast already taken too much.' Whereupon, suddenly waking, he asked a certain bishop the interpretation of his dream. And the bishop, suspecting some retribution near at hand, said unto him—'Cease, O King, to persecute the church, for this is a warning from on high, and a gentle premonition. Go not forth, as thou didst purpose, unto the chase to-day.'

"The king, despising this wholesome counsel, went forth into the woods to hunt. And lo! it happened that as an immense stag passed him, he said to a certain knight, named Walter Tyrrell—'Draw, devil!'¹ Then the swift arrow fled from the bow, even as the poet hath expressed it—

And once outsped, it flies beyond recal;

and glancing against a neighbouring tree, turned aside, and pierced the heart of King William, who fell suddenly dead. And his attendants and the unhappy knight immediately fled away. But some, returning, took up the body, all cold and wet with blood, and placed it in the light cart of a charcoal-burner, drawn by a very lean mule. And they forced the rustic to bear it towards the city, when, as he passed through a miry lane, the cart broke down, and the corpse was hurled into the mire. So he left it for others, if they would, to carry it farther.

"About the same hour the Earl of Cornwall, hunting in a wood—about two days' journey from the spot where this dread event took place—strayed from his companions, and saw, to his wild amaze, an immense swarthy stag bearing away the king's body, all black and miry, and wounded in the breast. Then he adjured the stag—in the name of the Holy Trinity—to declare the meaning of this fearful thing. 'I bear to judgment,' said he, 'your monarch, even the tyrant William the Red. I am an evil spirit, and the avenger of the wickedness which he did to Christ's Holy Church; and I wrought this tragedy at the command of the protomartyr of England, even the blessed Alban, who complained unto Heaven, because in the land which he had consecrated there should be such

¹ According to Ordericus Vitalis, the king, at this moment, shaded his eyes from the sun with his hand; and it may be noted that the site of the fatal tree, as now indicated by the memorial-stone, must have been fully open to the setting sun.

woe. So the earl went away, and told his companions what had occurred ; and within three days they found that all these things were true, being informed thereof by faithful witnesses."

The charcoal-burner who conveyed the king's body to Winchester is said to have been named Purkess, and his descendants have lived on in the neighbourhood to the present day, never becoming richer or poorer than their ancestor. Lord Palmerston, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons in 1859, observed that there was still "a Purkess in the Forest, who regarded his patrimonial piece of ground, handed down from father to son for some centuries, with as much pride as the peer of the longest pedigree and the squire of a thousand acres."

Up to the days of Henry VIII. a small *Chapel*, or *Oratory*, stood near the spot where the king fell, and masses for the peace of his soul were sometimes sung. The oak from which the arrow glanced, as long as it stood, was believed to put forth its leaves at Christmas ; and so, till the beginning of this century, did another pious oak at Cadnam on the boundary of the Forest, which, adapting itself to the new calendar, even changed the time of the phenomenon from old Christmas Day, the truth being that, in this mild climate, winter budding of trees occasionally happens. A pond, where three roads meet, about a quarter of a mile from the stone, is sometimes tinged with red, so here Walter Tyrrell may well have washed his blood-stained hands.

The *Compton Arms Hotel*, by the roadside on the ridge above, is the headquarters of visitors here, and a halting-place of coaches from Bournemouth and elsewhere, but rather handicapped as a resort by its distance from any station (Lyndhurst Road, 7 miles, the nearest). This open ridge, *Stoneycross Plain* as it is called, may be taken as almost the highest ground of the Forest (370 feet), generally sloping up from the coast, but *Piper's Weight*, some 3 miles north on the edge of Wiltshire, appears to be some 50 feet higher. From both sides of the hotel there are splendid views over the Forest northwards, as far as to the heights above Winchester, southward to the Isle of Wight, a too clear view of which is not to be desired, as apt to foretell rain.

From the hotel, by the Rufus Stone, those who have time to spare would do well to hold on, an hour's walk northwards, to **Bramshaw** on the edge of the Forest and of the county. The ancient church and its churchyard are partly

in Wilts, partly in Hants, so that a Bramshaw man may, like Horace, divide his allegiance of birthright. Bramshaw has a good cricket-field ; and it boasts to be the last place in England where a man was hung in chains on what is now the golf ground. On the east of the village *Bramble Hill* and its neighbour *Piper's Weight* offer grand views, and from them we might hold on half a mile north to the hamlet of *No Man's Land* at the end of a projecting tongue of Hampshire. If we have taken the road through Bramshaw on the east side of this projection, that on the west side will carry us back to Stoneycross, almost straight southwards by Fritham.

Pilgrims to Stoneycross by Minstead might vary the route back to Lyndhurst thus : hold westward from the hotel on the Ringwood road to where it presently divides into three. Take the branch to the left, a track downwards which soon cuts into a better road on its right, that in 4 miles of varied scenery leads by *Robin's Bush Farm*, the edge of *Manor Park*, and the village of *Emery Down* (where turn to left at the New Forest Inn), till Lyndhurst Church spire comes right in front.

Should *Lyndhurst Road Station* be the goal, it might be most directly reached in some half-dozen miles by returning to the green between *Malwood Lodge* and *Castle Malwood*, thence holding west into the Romsey-Lyndhurst road, from which the first track to the left past the kennels will cut across the angle formed by this road and the Southampton Road, leading into the latter at a lodge not far short of the station.

For *Brockenhurst* the direct way is through Lyndhurst (8 miles) ; but a round may be suggested that in under a dozen miles would take one through some of the choicest bits. Keep the Ringwood road for over a mile till it crosses the stream that becomes the Lymington River, the longest river in the Forest, beyond which the next turning to the left would lead to *Bolderwood*, *Mark Ash* (p. 50), and the renowned Knightwood Oak, whence one makes south-east across the Christchurch road, then by *Rhinefield* more

eastward to Brockenhurst. There is some danger of going astray on this more devious route; but, if in doubt, the stranger should bear to his left till brought up by the Lymington River, that, with a road accompanying a great part of its course, intersects the high-road from Lyndhurst just outside of Brockenhurst. Private plantations, not to speak of bogs, prevent the bank being taken as guide all along.

THE FOREST BORDERS

We now cut ourselves loose from Lyndhurst, to take *Stoneycross* as the radius-point for some places in or about the Forest purlieus. The connection of these with Lyndhurst will be readily understood by what has gone before; and what follows will show the various approaches to the Forest from the railway lines that on three sides almost form its boundary.

Romsey (*White Horse Hotel*, H.Q.) lies over 8 miles north-eastward, quite out of the Forest, in the valley of the Test, the junction of the railway from Eastleigh to Salisbury, and of a small branch running southwards to join the Weymouth line at *Redbridge*, a little short of Lyndhurst Road. The ancient little town of Romsey is often visited for the sake of its fine Abbey Church, in view from the station, rising over a block of red brewery, that still flourishes here, while the horse and cattle fairs, for which the place was once well known, have dwindled of late years. Those who arrive by road will find the church close to the little market-place, where stands a statue of Lord Palmerston. It has been carefully restored, and stands open (north door) from 10-6.

Romsey Abbey was founded by Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great, about 910. In the reign of Edgar it was rebuilt by Bishop Ethelwold, then enjoyed the patronage of Norman kings, with princesses for abbesses and pupils. Its church, which alone remains, has been said to present "the outline and general aspect of a Norman conventual church more completely than any building of equal dimensions in England," and owes some peculiarities to

the fact that it was the minster church of a nunnery. Hence it has no west doorway; and the north and south aisles are slightly raised above the level of the nave, which was, perhaps, entirely occupied by the nuns' stalls. The choir is remarkably short, and each transept terminates in a circular apse. The choir aisles have carved apsidal terminations *within*, but are flat externally. The wall behind the altar is bisected by a pier, on each side of which is placed a window. The external wall of the south transept shows a Norman bas-relief of the Crucifixion, which appears to have been the reredos of a chapel here.

The *Nave* is partly Norman (the work of Bishop Henry de Blois, 1129-69), and partly Early English. Observe the former style in the first four bays—as high as the clerestory, which is Transition-Norman—and the latter in the three western bays, and the lofty west window, which is composed of three lights, the centre one 40 feet high. The timber roof is a later addition. The north aisle has one Pointed window and one Perpendicular window of four lights. The south aisle has also a Pointed window. Remark the Early English doors, with slender shafts and foliated capitals, and the bold Early English arch which spans the entire west front of the nave.

Passing into the *Choir*, we find ourselves face to face with the original Norman work, except the three-light windows, which are Early Decorated insertions. The triforium is to be commended for its novelty and grace. A fragment of coloured glass, representing Christ bearing His Cross, may be observed in the apse of the north aisle. The transepts are Norman, and the low square central tower, with its two rows of arches, from the summit of which there is a pleasant view.

Other points to be noticed are: the curious carvings of the screen, the bold rude sculpture of a battle scene at the east end of the nave-arch, traces of early paintings behind the altar, and the altar-cloth, of damask velvet, adorned with stars and lilies, and dating from 1430 to 1450.

Memorials.—A canopied tomb, with effigy, in the south transept, to *Mary*, Countess of Boulogne, daughter of King Stephen, and Abbess of Romsey. A plain stone, in the south aisle, is lettered, "Here layes Sir *William Petty*," d. 1687, and there is a monument to him in the nave. Sir William Petty, son of a Romsey clothier, became physician-in-chief to the army of Ireland, and the ancestor of the Lansdowne family. On the north side of the choir is a raised altar-tomb without name or date. The large west window is a public memorial to Viscount Palmerston's half-century of service as a Minister, and there are other memorials of his family.

Dimensions.—The nave, 134 feet long, $72\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and 80 feet high; choir, 52 feet 5 inches long; tower, 26 feet 4 inches by 26 feet 4 inches, and $92\frac{1}{2}$ feet high; transepts, 121 feet long, and $61\frac{1}{4}$ feet high. Total length, $240\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

Much of the Abbey land now makes part of *Broadlands*, Lord Palmerston's estate, lying about a mile south of the town. The park extends for miles towards the Forest, and we understand that strangers would not be hindered from visiting it. The house is open only on special occasions, and the fine collection of pictures by which it was once distinguished has, we learn, been in part dispersed by the present owner.

West of Romsey, a little farther out on the left of the Salisbury road, is another fine park and mansion, *Embley House*, which will be interesting to many as the home of Florence Nightingale.

It has already been mentioned how, from Romsey, one can take the rail to *Eastleigh*, or by a short branch southwards get on the main line at *Redbridge*, where a viaduct crosses the Test estuary, forming the head of Southampton Water. On this branch there is a station for **Nursling** (or *Nutshalling*), whose ancient church contains the stately white marble monument, with effigies of a knight and his lady, of *Sir Richard Mille*, K.G., d. 1613, and a curious inscribed stone and brass for *Andrew Mandy*, d. 1632. The walk down the river is a pleasant one; but one must take care not to look like a poacher, as the fishing of the Test is so well guarded. Salmon come up to Romsey.

Fordingbridge (Hotels: *Greyhound*, *Crown* (C.)), bearing much the same relation to the north-west side of the Forest as Romsey to the north-east, is a station on the line connecting Salisbury with Wimborne. It lies three hours' walk from Stoneycross by the rather devious way of *Fritham* and *Sloden* with its fine yews. To the north of this road at *Eyeworth* there are gunpowder works. Cyclists seem to prefer the high-road reached at *Brook* about a mile north of the Rufus Stone; thence it is a run of 9 miles. Fordingbridge itself is an ancient little town, with a stately church, in the Avon Valley, and out of the Forest; but 3 miles north **Breamore** station (pron. *Brimmer*), is a mile from *Castle Hill*, a north-western

outpost looking grandly over the borders of Wiltshire. The station of *Downton*, in this latter county, is about as far north again, where the *Bull Hotel* has a stretch of the closely-preserved angling of the Avon. There are large grayling here as well as trout. Three or four miles to the north-west of Fordingbridge, in an odd little projection of Hampshire, is **Rockbourne**, where a memorial column commemorates Sir Eyre Coote, of Indian fame, the former owner of West Park.

“The Valley of the Avon,” says Mr. Wise, “should certainly be seen, both because large parts of its manors and villages once stood in the Forest, as also for the contrast which it now affords to the neighbouring Forest scenery. Nothing can be so different to the moors we have just left as the valley. Though close to them, you might imagine you were suddenly transported into one of the Midland counties, and were walking by the side of the Warwickshire instead of the Wiltshire Avon. In the place of wild heathery commons and furzy holts, deep lanes wind along by comfortable homesteads, thatched with Dorsetshire reed. Instead, too, of dark oaks and beech woods, thick hedges are white in the spring with the scattered spray of the blackthorn, and orchards glow with their crimson wreaths of flowers.”

Let us, then, turn southwards down this valley to Ringwood, leaving the railway, that at Fordingbridge turns off into Dorsetshire to join the main line at *West Moors* between Ringwood and Wimborne. The high-road along the east bank makes some couple of hours' walk, on which, first coming by the pretty village of **Ibsley**, and—over the river—the pretty church of *West Harbridge*, rather more than half-way we pass **Ellingham** and its Early English Church, with some remarkable features, among them an altar-piece “looted” from a Spanish church. In the churchyard stands the tomb of Lady Lisle, the victim of Judge Jefferies, condemned to execution for concealing fugitives after the battle of Sedgemoor. Her house, **Moyle's Court**, lies about a mile to the left of our road, now somewhat reduced in rank, but to be visited for its

antiquarian interest ; and near it stands one of the finest oaks of the Forest border. On the other side is **Somerley Park**, 3 miles north of Ringwood, containing a fine collection of pictures, access to which has been liberally granted by the Earl of Normanton ; but as the place is now let we cannot answer for present regulations.

The following are some of the more remarkable features of the Somerley Gallery :—

By *Sir Joshua Reynolds* : The infant Samuel, the allegorical figures, life-size, designed for the west window of the New College Chapel, Oxford ; Una with the lion, a midnight scene ; a gipsy fortune-teller, a landscape ; sketch for the Adoration of the Shepherds ; and several portraits. By *Vandyck* : Portrait of the Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I. By *Murillo* : Moses striking the Rock, and the infant Jesus asleep. By *Teniers* : Village scene, and scene in a picture gallery. By *Innocenzo da Imola* : Virgin and child, St. John, Sts. Francis and Jerome, and other saints. By *Greuze* : Four portraits of young girls ; as well as specimens of the art of *Lesueur*, *Parmegianino*, *Claude Lorraine*, *Adrian Van Diest*, *Wouvermans*, *Vanderelde*, *Ruysdael*, *Rubens*, *Backhuysen*, *Domenichino*, *Titian*, *Carlo Maratti*, *Cuyp*, and of *Gainsborough*, *Hogarth*, *Morland*, *Wilkie*, *Creswick*, and *Romney*.

Ringwood (Hotels : *Crown*, *White Hart* (C.), etc.) is another old town of some 2000 people, noted for a manufacture of knitted gloves, and for the fishing of the Avon, here divided into three branches. It has a church, not improved by modernisations, but preserving some old features, among them a brass to *J. Prophete*, vicar, d. 1416. The scenery is pleasant enough, but the main interest for most travellers is being a station on the Southampton-Weymouth line, and the junction of a branch to Christchurch (see p. 21). From Stoneycross, we could have reached this station in over 9 miles of road, mounting up and down through fine parts of the Forest, till it drops into Ringwood by the long slope of *Picket Post*.

Having turned aside to take in these neighbours of the Forest, that once were included within its bounds, we now follow the railway line, that on the south of the triangle forms a good base for exploration. The first station westward is **Holmesley** (the “Christchurch Road” Station of

former days), which is a convenient point for reaching Mark Ash, Burley, and other choice spots within a few miles to the north ; and from the rise beyond, at *Wilverley Post*, the high-road runs on to Lyndhurst (5 miles), with its spire as a beacon all the way, and the red-roofed mansion of Rhinefield conspicuous on the right in the sea of greenery. By this way come the coaches from Bournemouth to Stoneycross, passing through Christchurch, then through **Hinton Admiral**, seat of the Meyrick family, where the low thatched "Cat and Fiddle" is duly halted at as an inn six centuries old. The drive back is usually made by Ringwood and the banks of the Avon.

We need not say much as to the route of these coach excursions, because their conductors are apt to be only too loquacious in giving both information and what they take for amusement. The passenger will be lucky if, at the most beautiful points of view that have nothing to be said about them, the guard does not get on his legs to vent well-worn jokes of the Joe Miller and Christy Minstrel order, such as seem suitable for bringing his crew of pleasure-seekers into good humour in view of the final ceremony of handing round the hat. This is a pitiful ambition that should not be encouraged. One practical hint we may give to pedestrians who are independent of hotel luncheons. The coach stops nearly an hour at Lyndhurst, then it has to make a detour round Minstead Park, and usually waits a little at the top of the descent to the Rufus Stone. This gives an hour and a half, in which one might take the walk through Minstead (see p. 51), and still have a few minutes to spare at Stoneycross, where another halt is made.

Brockenhurst (Hotels : *Rose and Crown* in the village ; *Morant Arms* at the station) is the only place of any size where the railway touches the Forest ; and as the junction here for Lymington and Bournemouth causes a frequent stopping of express trains, this may be considered its chief station. There are no regular public conveyances to carry one on, as there surely might be in summer ; but on foot, or by hiring, any part of the woodlands can hence be reached ; Bramshaw, at the extreme north, being less than 12 miles distant, and Lyndhurst 4 miles. The surroundings of Brockenhurst itself are pleasant enough, yet by no means so wildly sylvan as those of Lyndhurst and Stoneycross.

The scattered village of some 1300 people lies, for the most part, north of the railway; but the church stands all alone some little way to the south, on the left of the Lymington road, showing how Brockenhurst has shifted its centre of gravity, even as the Forest itself, of which this was once a central point instead of, as now, a mere outskirts.

Brockenhurst Church, which has the distinction of being mentioned in Domesday, stands, like other forest churches, on an artificial mound. It has some traces of Saxon work, a Norman nave, an Early English chancel, a curious chancel-arch, a noticeable Norman door on the south side, and a Norman font of Purbeck marble. The modern brick tower is not so much admired. In the churchyard are the forlorn hull of a once majestic oak, and its still flourishing neighbour, an ancient yew, whose hollow trunk is 17 or 18 feet in circumference.

To the west of the church, on rising ground, extends *Brockenhurst Park*, containing some of the oldest trees of the Forest, as well as fine walks and gardens. Though kept private, the owner, Mr. Morant, is liberal in throwing it open on special occasions, or in giving admission when applied to.

A handsome new church is being built on the other side of the railway, at the west end of the village, where some brick houses of gentility hint at a rising resort. On leaving the station from that side, one turns at once to the left for this new quarter and for the *Post-Office*; the road to the right runs on by the *Rose and Crown* for Lyndhurst, leaving the golf links on the right, then crossing the Lymington River, beyond which, after a mile of open heath, begins to rise through the woods that grand avenue which is hence the highway into the heart of the Forest.

To the north-west and west are open to us here a series of excursions to Rhinefield, Burley, the Knightwood Oak, Mark Ash, and Bolderwood, all within a few miles' walk. To the south-west, along the Bournemouth line, lies *Sway Common*, rich in barrows, over which is

conspicuous a tower that counts among modern "follies." Southwards, it is 4 miles to Lymington, the road passing near Boldre Church, of which more anon. A grand oak by the roadside might be excuse for a mile's stroll in this direction. To the east, a very pleasant walk of 6 miles, by *Lady Cross*, brings us to *Beaulieu*, which is our next halting-point. There are many charming nooks of shade to be explored between Brockenhurst and the sea; but speaking generally of this side of the railway, we must agree with Gilpin that its "tracts of healthy country are often larger than picturesque beauty requires." *Beaulieu Heath* quite answers to this description.

Beaulieu (*i.e.* *Bellus locus*—pron. *Bewley*) lies in a sequestered corner, too much out of the way to be visited as often as its beauties deserve. But now a new station for it has been opened between Lyndhurst Road and Brockenhurst, which should bring its once famous abbey more within tourist ken. It may also be reached in a walk of 5 miles from *Hythe Ferry* on Southampton Water.

The station may well be entitled *Beaulieu Road*, for here the train shoots us out on an open moor, with not a cottage in sight beyond the railway's own group of new buildings, nearly 4 miles from the village of *Beaulieu*, with its *Montagu Arms Hotel*. For a mile the road runs straight over this moor, then through a patch of woodland, by which, following the telegraph posts, we descend into the more gentle scenery of the valley of the *Beaulieu River*, that rises on Lyndhurst racecourse. The village is entered by a lake, into which the waters of this brook are gathered before Lord Montagu's modern mansion, adapted from the old *Abbot's Lodging*. We pass on over the bridge to the ruins behind.

Beaulieu Abbey was founded by King John, 1204, the only benefaction of the kind with which that graceless monarch's name is associated, and this was not wrung out of him without pain, if all stories be true. In the cartulary of the abbey, it is said that he had vowed a terrible punishment upon the Cistercian abbots, had

persuaded or compelled them to attend a parliament at Lincoln, and had there threatened to fling them under the feet of wild horses. But at night he was terrified by a dream: brought to trial before a nameless judge, the witnesses against him the priests he had menaced, he was condemned to submit to a severe scourging at their hands, and behold, when he awoke in the morning, the smart of the lashes still remained! So he determined to make expiation for the sin he had meditated; established Beaulieu Abbey; placed in it thirty monks from Cîteaux; and endowed it with lands in Berkshire and Hampshire. His mother, Queen Eleanor, was buried here. In 1250 the buildings were completed, and Henry III., his wife, and nobles, attended the dedication. Pope Innocent granted it the privilege of "sanctuary," which, in 1471, was taken by Margaret of Anjou and her son, Prince Edward, who landed here in time to learn the defeat of their adherents at Barnet. When joined by the Earl of Devon they proceeded hence to that red field of Tewkesbury, where the red rose was all "untimely cropp'd." In 1496, Perkin Warbeck, the Yorkist pretender, in turn took refuge at Beaulieu after his defeat at Taunton. But Lord D'Aubigny immediately invested it with 300 horse, and blockaded him into surrender.

The ruins of this once magnificent pile are of high interest, though not very extensive. The outline of the cloisters and church may still be distinctly traced, and a gateway, enriched with ivy, is in good preservation.

The *Great Hall* or *Refectory* is now made use of as the parish Church. It is a plain Early English edifice, stoutly buttressed, with a curious raftered roof; the bosses at the intersection of the beams are carved into heads of angels, abbots, and other figures. There is a fine pulpit, encircled with zigzag mouldings, formerly the rostrum for a reader or lecturer during the monastic repasts. The iron-work of the north door is probably as old as the abbey.

Against the east wall a monument, with effigy, bears the following acrostic:—

To the lasting memory of Mary, daughter of Thomas Elliott, Gent, and late wife of Will D'o. She dyed in childbirth the xxiii day of June A.D. 1651, ætatis suæ 40.

Merciless fate (to our greate grieve and woe),
 A prey hath here made of our deere Mall Do,
 Rakte up in duste, and hid in earthe and claye,
 Y et live her soule, and virtues, now and aye;
 D eath is a debte all owe, which must be paide:
 O h! that she knewe, and oft was not afraide.

The remains of the *Cloisters* present some good arches; those on the east side used to open into the chapter-house. The *Dormitory* may also be inspected; the *Kitchen*—a spacious one, as becomed a wealthy Cistercian foundation; and vaults, or cellars,

underneath. The great Church contained a nave, north and south aisles, transepts with aisles, apsidal chancel, and central tower. Their position is indicated by a low stone ground-plan, worked out under the direction of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Near the abbey some pleasant fields with a southern aspect retain the name of the *Vineyards*, and their purple fruit was gathered as late as 1730. Just beyond stands the *Brewery*, as a large plain building is traditionally styled. Within the abbey precincts, which include about 20 acres, still remain the conventual fish-ponds and stews.

On either side of the Beaulieu River, henceforward a tidal stream, a few miles pleasant walk would bring us to the coast, where, instead of cliffs, woods extend sometimes down to its low slimy flats, across which the Solent appears like a lake edged by the Isle of Wight opposite. About half-way down is **Buckler's Hard**, not so long ago a great shipbuilding place for men-of-war, at which a boat might be found to put one over the river, else there is no regular ferry. Farther down, on the east side, come the woods of **Exbury**, once the residence of Mitford the historian, then at the mouth is **Leap**, which used to be a port of some note, and crossing-place to the Island, now better served by its railway ferries.

From the eastern point beyond Leap, the shore trends northwards for some 3 miles to *Calshot Castle* at the corner of Southampton Water. On the way, **Eaglehurst**, formerly known as *Luttrell's Folly*, from the view-tower built here, commands a fine view of Spithead and the Isle of Wight. On the west side, **Needs Ore Point** forms one of those long, bare spits that lock in the rivers of this coast.

Westwards from Beaulieu it is 8 miles to Lymington. One might make a slight round to approach the coast by **St. Leonards**, where there are some fragments of a small chapel and the ruins of a great barn belonging to the principal Grange of Beaulieu Abbey. This spot, Cobbett declared, should have been the *Bellus locus*, "one of the finest that ever was seen in this world." The view from its slope to the Solent seems to have enchanted him. Thence along the low wooded shore, in half an hour or

so we pass **Sowley Pond**, 150 acres in extent, where in old days flourished one of the Hampshire ironworks that helped to strip this side of the New Forest. An hour's smart walking then brings us to Lymington, the port of the Forest, which might be taken as a centre for visiting what was once its coast-line.

LYMINGTON

Hotels : Londesborough, Angel

This pleasant town of nearly 5000 inhabitants stands at the opening of the Lymington or Boldre river into the Solent, forming a port, which has had the distinction of being more than once sacked by French pirates. In the Civil War it was on the side of the Crown; and later on rashly took up the cause of the Duke of Monmouth, who, after Sedgemoor, was captured while making for Lymington. At one time it had a reputation for yacht building, but this industry seems at present to be in a state of suspended animation, though the port is still a favourite station for yachts. Another extinct source of profit was the Salterns, on the western shore of the estuary, square shallow reservoirs where sea-water was evaporated and the salt crystallised. Lymington would now fain give itself out as a bathing-place, but the hotels and lodgings do not bespeak much favour in this quality; and the low shore hardly lends itself to aquatic gambols. A little way out, however, where the Salterns used to be, there is a fair sea-water swimming bath. Lymington's main merit in the eyes of strangers is as the shortest crossing to the Isle of Wight, Yarmouth being separated from it by only a few minutes of open sea. This insures a good service of trains on the short branch from Brockenhurst. In the season there are also pleasure-boats plying to the ports of the Solent.

The London and South-Western Railway has two stations here, one for the *Town*, then another, across the river, at the *Pier*, where the Isle of Wight boats start. The town itself consists of two parts; the wharf and

shipyard quarter straggling down the river, and the upper town, which mainly consists of one long *High Street*, steeply mounting from the station, to go out at the upper end as the Brockenhurst road. About half-way, on the right, stands the Church, a somewhat commonplace erection with an ivy-mantled tower, and one or two monuments inside worth looking at. Above the Town station, there is a causeway bridge across the river, and below it a ferry ($\frac{1}{2}$ d.) to the pier. On the high ground beyond rises an obelisk to the memory of Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale.

Though Lymington has no lions of its own to speak of, it is a good point from which to make excursions both by land and water. The edge of the New Forest is within an hour or so's walk, and the country between is still dappled by woods and stretches of heath. Let us hence take two short journeys to churches of old renown that lay within the former bounds of the Forest.

Boldre (pronounced *Bolder*) lies about 3 miles up the river, to which its name is sometimes given, showing how this was once a place of more importance. There is a road by either bank: we will start by crossing and going up the east side. As soon as the houses are cleared, turn up to the right, then take the brow of the hill to the left, past *Walhampton*, a red-brick mansion buried in green. Soon is reached a white gate, on the left, opening into an avenue that will be a fine one some day. This one may follow as a footpath till it brings him out into a hollow, where he takes the road to the left. At the top of the short ascent is *Vicar's Hill*, once the residence of William Gilpin, Vicar of Boldre, almost as well known as White of Selborne, by his writings on forest scenery and the New Forest in particular. Here bear round to the right, then take the first turn to the left, which in a mile or so brings one down to the village and bridge of *Boldre*.

For the Church, keep the road up the east side, till a gate admits one into a drive, from which the first turn on the left leads in sight of the hillock on which this

Norman fane stands in shady seclusion. It has been restored, but contains some very old work, especially the south aisle with its Norman arches, which dates from William the Conqueror's time, and so goes to disprove the idea of his devastating all this country. In it are memorials to Dr. Bromfield, author of *Flora Vectensis*, and to Gilpin, whose plain tomb, on the north side, bears a quaint inscription, now somewhat obliterated.

"In a quiet mansion, beneath this stone, secured from the afflictions, and still more dangerous enjoyments of life, lie the remains of *William Gilpin*, some time vicar of this parish, together with the remains of *Margaret*, his wife. After living above 50 years in happy union they hope to be raised, in God's due time, through the atonement of a blessed Redeemer, for their transgressions, to a state of joyful immortality. There it will be a new joy to meet several of their good neighbours who now lie scattered in these sacred precincts around them. He died April the 5th, 1804, at the age of eighty; she died July 14th, 1807, at the age of eighty-two."

There is a vague tradition that the Duke of Monmouth's remains, after his execution, were privately buried here. In this church Southey was married to his second wife, Caroline Bowles the poetess, who lived at Buckland Cottage, which we are to pass on our way back.

To return by the other side of the river, we retrace our steps down the hill, then take a lane on the right, which will lead to a bridge at a mill a little way above the village. The road along the opposite slope goes north to Brockenhurst, south to Lymington. About half-way to the latter place is passed on the right an eminence known as **Buckland Rings**, which in spite of its name is a rectangular Roman camp, pronounced by Gilpin an unusually perfect one, two 200 in length, defended by a double vallum and ditch. We might turn aside to it by a woodland path that leaves the road by a stile at the farther side of the railway bridge crossing it, or by another way from the top of the ascent beyond this bridge.

Here we are hardly a mile out of the head of Lymington, where a footpath to the left across a recreation ground makes a short cut to the churchyard.

Our next excursion is to a place that already may almost claim to be independent of any other resort.

Milford-on-Sea (*Victoria Hotel* (C.); *Red Lion Inn*) is a new resort grafted on an old village, 4 miles to the west of Lymington, and about as far from *Milton Station* on the Bournemouth line. (Omnibus twice a day from Lymington Station, and conveyances from the Victoria Hotel would meet any train.) One might make one's way along the shore by the Salterns and the Keyhaven inlet, but this way is neither easy nor pleasant. The road goes out through the head of the town, turning off to the left, beside a small temperance hotel, from the Brockenhurst road, then holding west for Milton and Christchurch. Between 2 and 3 miles out a sign-post shows where to turn left for Milford and Keyhaven. Just beyond the schoolhouse a new road strikes off right, by the Recreation Ground, for the cliff quarter which is the west end of Milford. The old road soon brings us to the Church, with its low spire, a venerable fane that shares with Brockenhurst the distinction of mention in Domesday Book. It has an Early English tower, with Norman nave and arches, and contains memorials to Sir James Rivett Carnac, and, by Foley, to Admiral Sir W. Cornwallis. Colonel Cornwallis West is the squire here, a sight of whose fine park and pictures, at Newlands Manor, would not be grudged to strangers so long as they do not come in battalions.

Through the village, standing some way back from the sea, we turn westward for the Cliff, where several handsome houses have been built in the last few years. There are golf links on the low part of the shore, where bathing boxes and boats will be found, with as yet not too much pressure upon these amusements. Eastwards the beach curves into a long spit of shingle, at the point of which stands *Hurst Castle*, nearly 3 miles from Milford, to be gained by walking out the spit or by boat from *Keyhaven*, 1 mile to the east.

Hurst Castle may be considered as the lion of Milford, known in history as the place where Charles I.

was confined for a few days after his removal from the Isle of Wight. The little fortress, built in the sixteenth century, made a poor lodging for royalty, but it is of importance as key to the narrowest channel between Hampshire and the west end of the Isle of Wight, where the fortifications on Sconce Point join in commanding this entrance to Southampton. The curved spit at the head of which it stands forms a natural breakwater of great solidity, "a submarine cliff of shingle, 200 feet high, the depth of the channel close to the castle being 33 fathoms; and the tide flows through it with a rapidity which, at certain times, no boat can stem." The old circular tower, strengthened with three semicircular bastions, has undergone considerable alterations, making it a strong link in our chain of coast defences. From this tower there has been laid down a telegraph, for signalling vessels as they pass the Needles.

From Hurst Castle and from Milford there is a fine outlook upon the white cliffs opposite ending in the Needles. The blue channel between is a highway for steamers and yachts, so those who are content with such a moving panorama will find no better quarters than at Milford-on-Sea, the new part of which has an airy situation, and it claims a lower rainfall than most parts of the Hampshire coast. It is a little out of the way for excursions into the New Forest, but they are not beyond reach.

The spit on which Hurst Castle stands is continued by a dangerous bank known as the *Shingles*, which, sometimes emerging near the Needles, sometimes opposite Totland Bay, has got the name of a moving island. It would appear rather to be a reef which the waves heap up with stones or weeds at one or another point, as the beach opposite will now be found bare sand, and now overlaid by gravel thrown upon it. The *Hordle Cliff*, stretching westward from Milford, has suffered much from this encroaching sea. A monument of its losses is the new parish church of **Hordle**, some couple of miles inland, the old one on the shore having been completely

destroyed, and the village driven away, part of the churchyard remaining to mark the site. It was near Hordle that a sect of Shakers, it will be remembered, made an encampment which drew a good deal of notice till the pretensions of its leader, Mrs. Girling, to immortality, were very effectually disproved.

This broken and crumbling shore is naturally rich in fossils, and the whole neighbourhood very interesting to the geologist and the palæontologist. The British Museum has a collection of remains found here, and buried treasures are still coming to light. Among those already unearthed have been the bones of lizards, tortoises, alligators, turtles, etc. On inquiry at the *Red Lion*, visitors could be put in communication with a professional fossil hunter.

The **Barton Cliffs** is the name best known in the world of science for this fossiliferous strip, by the edge of which we may go westward an hour's walk, crossing *Beckton Bunny*, to *Barton Court*, an old country house on gravel soil, which has recently been opened as a high-class hotel, about 1 mile from **Milton** Station (omnibus to principal trains), which lies beyond the village of that name (*Milton Hotel* (C.) at the station). Another hour along the cliffs brings us to *Chewton Bunny*, up which we might turn for the road to Christchurch, 4 miles farther on, behind the grounds of Highcliffe; or we might keep the shore on to *Muddeford* (see p. 24).

Returning to Lymington, let us remember how easy it is to take trips hence into the Island opposite. The crossing to Yarmouth makes a few minutes of open sea; then 2 miles of rail lands us at *Freshwater*, within an hour's walk of *Totland Bay*, *Alum Bay*, the *Needles*, *Freshwater Bay*, all the choice spots of what many think the finest corner of the island. In the other direction the railway would take us to *Newport*, *Ryde*, *Ventnor*, *Shanklin*, in short, almost to any chief point of the scenery described in our *Guide to the Isle of Wight*.

WINCHESTER & CENTRAL HANTS

To Winchester one has a choice of two L. & S.-W. railway routes from Waterloo Station: by *Farnborough* and *Basingstoke*, or by *Aldershot* and *Alton*. The former is the one taken by express trains; the latter may be recommended to leisurely travellers as the more interesting; it is also the more direct, but, there being only a single line of rails part of the way, the trains are rather slower than on the main line, where the distance is sometimes done in less than two hours.

LONDON TO WINCHESTER

The two routes, going out through the far-reaching suburbs of London and over the heaths of Surrey, are identical as far as *Woking*, just short of which will be seen on the left the red buildings of an institution for Indian students, with a mosque at one end and a temple at the other. Beyond Woking, on the left is passed the London *Necropolis*, the *Crematorium* being also close to *Brookwood* Station, where a branch goes off to the *Bisley* Rifle Ranges, a mile or so to the right. Below Bisley, on the banks of the Basingstoke Canal, stands *Pirbright Camp*, sometimes in summer occupied by a detachment of the Guards; then at *Pirbright Junction* the two lines divide.

The main line to Salisbury holds straight on through the northern part of Hants, which we shall treat in another section, only remarking for the present that at Basingstoke the Bournemouth and Weymouth route turns south over a chalk country, where the first important

stopping place is Winchester. It passes near **Oakley** and **Steventon**, with their Perpendicular Churches, the latter notable as the parish in which Jane Austen spent her girlhood. Half-way, *Micheldever* is the station for *Stratton Park* and church that are seen on the left, also for **Micheldever** (*Western Road, C.*), a village 3 miles away on the same side, where there is a curious octagonal church with an ancient tower, and some Baring memorials, among them a monument by Flaxman.

The *Alton* line, diverging at Pirbright to the left, is that which we propose to follow in more detail. Through some pretty pinewood and heather scenery, in a few minutes it enters the projecting tongue of Hampshire on which Aldershot Camp stands. The county border is passed near the *North Camp Station*, where the rail crosses the canal, presently to be recrossed on the way to Aldershot Town. This canal, making a bend from Pirbright, affords a pleasant walk of 4 miles as far as the *North Camp Station* (alias *Ashvale*). Beyond that it is hardly so attractive as to make up for its meanderings.

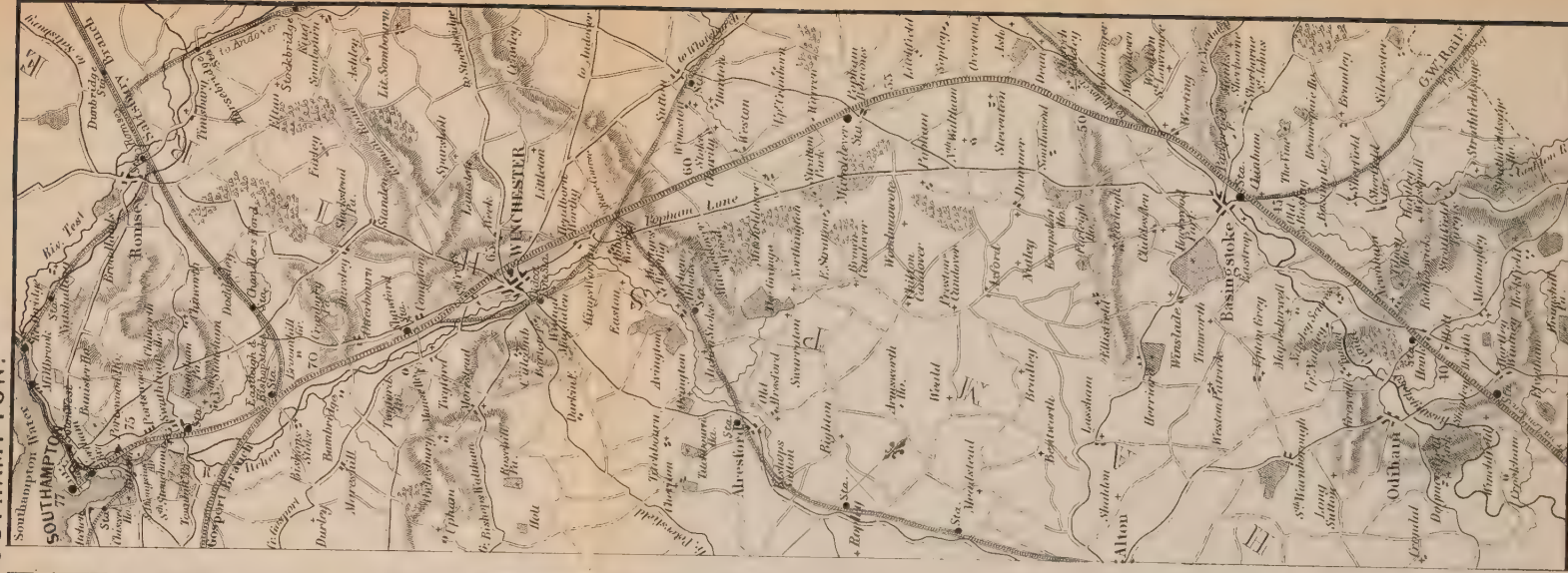
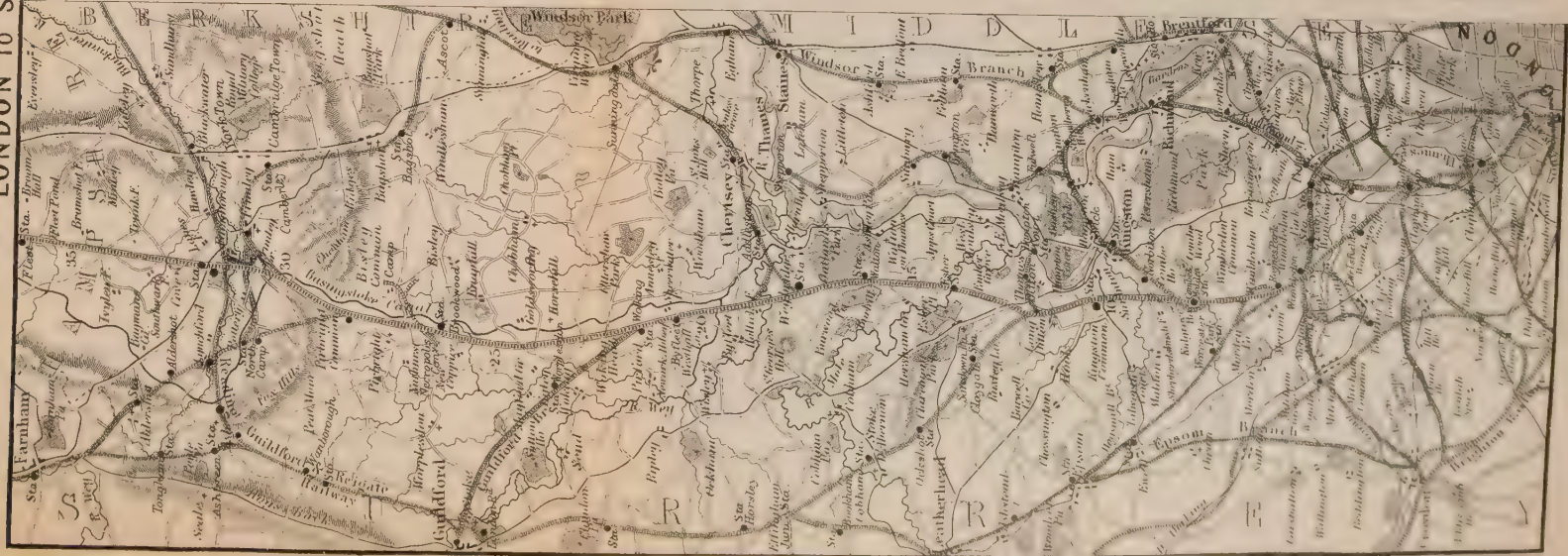
ALDERSHOT

Hotels: *Queen's, North Camp; Royal, Victoria, Imperial, South-Western, Queen, etc., in Aldershot Town.*

This is not a place with a name in the tourist world, yet, standing high on a bracing common, among scenery which, though denounced as monotonous, has charms of its own, and abounding, as it does, in lively martial sights and sounds, it is one many would like to visit. We propose at least giving an outline that will enable the stranger to spend a day or so here with some knowledge of the principal features, which he might find it somewhat puzzling to trace for himself.

Aldershot Camp, first formed at the time of the Crimean war, extends over 7 square miles, lying mainly between Farnborough on the north and Aldershot Town on the south—an expanse of broken heathy ground, on

SOUTHERN-WESTERN RAILWAY. LONDON TO SOUTHAMPTON.



which patches of the original wilderness contrast with long uniform stretches of military buildings. The word camp now hardly applies to the greater part, where permanent barracks and huts are the rule. In the open north-western part, towards Farnborough, it is that summer brings out mushroom plantations of tents, chiefly occupied by the militia and volunteers under training here. There are several railway stations, more or less convenient for different parts of this wide arena. For the quarter of tents mentioned above, *Farnborough* might be as near as any. *Aldershot* is best for most parts of the South Camp. *North Camp* Station lies on the east side, about half-way between those two. Both the L. & S.-W. and the L. & S.-E. railways have branches to Reading from Aldershot Station, intersecting the main line of the former, which, no doubt from a generous desire to forego any advantage over its rival, gives no direct communication there, the nearest station on the branch being at *Frimley Green*, more than a mile north of Farnborough. Omnibuses run between Aldershot and Farnborough station, and from the latter there is a tram line to North Camp.

Aldershot Town has grown at the south-east of the camp to a population hard to estimate, as it must be at least doubled by the troops usually quartered in the neighbourhood: the last census gives the urban sanitary district over 25,000, a larger figure than it looks when we consider the proportion of unmarried men. The *High Street* lies a little to the right of the station, straggling out beyond the bridge by which the railway crosses it. Like some more famous thoroughfares, it has only one side in its chief part, facing on the camp, while behind it run other main streets under such appropriate names as *Victoria*, *Union*, *Wellington*, etc.

Looking from the High Street, one has before him a slight ridge running east and west, on the sides of which stand the Permanent Barracks and Parades of the South Camp. Along the top extend the *Stanhope Lines*, where several regiments have quarters distinguished by names like *Corunna*, *Albuera*, etc. To the west lie the Cavalry

Barracks. On the farther side the ridge gently slopes towards the line of the *Basingstoke Canal*, which forms the division between the North and South Camps.

Before going farther, as it is easy to lose one's way among groups of buildings with so little individuality, let us mention certain landmarks by which a wanderer may take his bearings. Near the east of that ridge forming the backbone of the South Camp, stands up the Clock Tower on a cupola of the *Cambridge Hospital*, not far from Aldershot Station. Farther west, near the canal, is *St. George's Church*, of red brick with a tall spire, very visible though on lower ground. Still farther in the same direction, standing back slightly more southward, near the entrance to the Long Valley, is the similar spire of *All Saints*. The grey pinnaced tower rising over the town is that of the principal *Wesleyan Church*. To the north, the cupola of the Buonaparte *Mausoleum*, rising from the firs on the hill above Farnborough Station, makes a prominent point. The old parish church of Aldershot, *St. Michael*, stands both inconspicuous and out of the way, hid among trees on a slight rising ground to the right of the east end of High Street, where one turns up by a triangular green a little way beyond the railway line. It is a plain and small but neat church, with a pretty chancel, on either side of which may be examined a quaint Tichborne monument. We cannot enumerate all the institutes, libraries, gymnasiums, and so forth, which have been built for the profit and pleasure of Mr. T. Atkins, who in his idle hours is so much in evidence about the streets.

Let us now go on to the North Camp, for which the canal is crossed by several roads. The main thoroughfare is the old Winchester turnpike from Farnborough to Farnham; that, roughly speaking, has the permanent quarters on the east, the summer camps on its west side. Nearly two miles from *Farnborough Station* we reach the *Queen's Hotel*, the chief one of the district, with which is connected an establishment for pine baths and inhalations administered as at German spas. Here, to the left, as we

come from Farnborough, goes off *Lynchford Road*, by which it is about the same distance to *North Camp Station*.

Following the high-road southward, on the right we pass *Government House*, the residence of the general in command, at present H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. To the left extends the *Queen's Parade*, and the old race-course. On the right is then passed the *Camp Nursery*, gardens worth turning into. The canal crossed, on the same side comes the *Officers' Club House*, then *All Saints Church*, one of the garrison churches, rich in military memorials. Here we have Aldershot Town on the left hand, beyond the ranges of barracks. To the right, on a knoll in the hollow, has been set up that equestrian statue of the Iron Duke which, on the arch at Hyde Park corner, so long made a standing jest to Londoners. Higher up, concealed among trees, is the *Queen's Pavilion*, erected for Her Majesty's convenience in reviewing her troops in the *Long Valley*, which opens to the right.

This "Valley of the Shadow of Dust" is a great scene of military evolutions; and here, as elsewhere about the camp, strangers, especially in the forenoons, must take care not to trespass on the shooting ranges. If the ground be clear, one might visit the line of heights extending between the Long Valley and Farnham, which make the most striking scenery of Aldershot. Keeping on by the high road, one finds on the right a rough ridge expressively known as the *Hungry Hill*, to which a track will be seen leading up over the heather. To the right of this projects a bold bluff, crowned by a small clump of copse, that can be reached in a few minutes, though it may look further than it is, for under certain lights one is easily deceived as to distance on these open undulations. This is **Caesar's Camp** (600 feet) so-called; but the entrenchments traced here seem not to be Roman, and there is more probability in connecting with this ancient stronghold the name of Alfred the Great. A fine view may be had here over the Long Valley upon the camp beyond, and as far as the Crystal Palace on a fine day. Farther to the west is some pretty hill scenery, where *Tweseldown*

Hill forms a favourite point towards the line of the canal.

On the east side, near the North Camp Station, the *Romping Downs*, that mark the Surrey border, make another pleasant feature given up a good deal to rifle ranges. Here the canal has bent round to the north, by the towpath of which a pleasant walk of a couple of hours would carry one rather deviously to Pirbright Common, above which are the Bisley Rifle Ranges. Boats may be had at more than one point on this canal, which in the other direction would of course be a guide, not a very direct one, to Basingstoke.

There are many fine walks and drives within a radius of a dozen miles, the most celebrated of them that along the "Hog's Back" to Guildford, giving such fine views over Surrey.

Aldershot to Alton.—The high-road which we have taken as backbone of this great camp would lead us on in 4 miles to **Farnham**, the next station of the railway. Here we are back in Surrey, so of Farnham let us only say that it is a pleasant little town, among rich hop-fields, with a background of wooded heights, against which is seen from the railway *Farnham Castle*, residence of the Bishop of Winchester. On the other side of the line is *Moor Park*, where Swift and Stella lived with Sir W. Temple, and where, as we write, a dispute is going on as to public right-of-way over paths through this demesne. Near it, across the Wey, within an easy walk from Farnham, are the ruins of *Waverley Abbey*, a name that has echoed far beyond the bounds of Surrey.

The road from Farnham to Petersfield (16 miles) would bring us again into Hampshire, by **Alice Holt Wood**, once a royal forest, beyond which it passes between the Selborne country on the right, and Woolmer Forest on the left. **Kingsley** (*New Inn*), on the right of this road, some 5 miles from either Farnham or Alton, would make a quiet haven for launching out on the one side over the barrow-dotted expanse of Kingsley Common, on the other to Frensham Pond and the heathy borders of Surrey.

Beyond Farnham the railway soon regains Hampshire up the valley of the Wey, which will be seen serpentine through the green meadows on the right. *Bentley* is a half-way station, and in 9 miles from Farnham comes Alton.

ALTON

Hotels : *Swan* (C.), *Crown* (Q.), etc.

This town, of nearly 5000 inhabitants, lies in a valley once known as the Pass of Alton, and infested by outlaws who found harbour in the neighbouring forests. So late as the sixteenth century, the pass had to be guarded by sergeants-at-arms for the protection of travellers on their way to Winchester Fair. In later days the chief renown of Alton has been through its breweries and hopfields. It stands built for a mile and more along the main road, under which at one point runs the Wey, that rises near, still so small as to be covered up like a drain.

The station is below this long street to the left, near the beginning of the town. A little way above it, on the right and farther on, rises the spire of the old parish church, still showing traces of its defence in 1643 by royalists, under Colonel Boles, commemorated by a brass, the original of which is in Winchester Cathedral. It is an imperfect cruciform structure of Norman times, to which the absence of one aisle gives a lopsided look ; and it has some becoming ornamentation, besides the carved reredos now proposed to be added. A handsome new church, *All Saints*, has been built at the south end of the town. About the middle of the main street on the left, a three-sided group of red buildings facing upon a lawn will excite curiosity. The block at the back is a *Cottage Hospital* ; that on the south side is the *Assembly Rooms* ; and that on the north, besides a Mechanics Institute and Art School, contains on the upper story a *Museum* of local antiquities and natural history (admission 2d.)

There is no want of attractive spots in the neighbourhood. For good views, the slopes on either side may be ascended. Retracing our course towards Farnham, about

a mile out of Alton, we should reach the pretty village of **Holybourne**, with its mill and ancient church. Two miles farther comes *Froyle Park*, enclosing some fine timber and a Carolean mansion. On the other side of the railway, at about the same distance, is **Binstead**, whose old church in one of its side chapels has a fine fourteenth century monument of the De Westcott family.

But *the* excursion from Alton is, of course, to Gilbert White's *Selborne*, this being the nearest railway station, and the distance by road not more than an hour and a half's walk.

Selborne.—The adventurous tourist who would make his way hither from Alton across country can do so in little over 4 miles, and without much difficulty. He must take the first road to the left beyond the Swan Hotel, crossing the railway at a brewery and ascending Windmill Hill beyond. From the top of this he will see almost due south the wooded bluff of Selborne Hanger, for which he can now steer fairly straight by a path going off to the right. Once or twice this path may be missed; but if in doubt, one should bear rather to the right, looking out for the telegraph posts on the road, which, for the latter half, runs close to the path till it comes in above Selborne, after passing *West Worldham* and *Hartley*.

The Selborne road (5 miles) and its telegraph wires turn off left from the highway just beyond where it is crossed by the railway at the farther end of the town. But at this point it would be a pity not to keep the main road as far as **Chawton**, associated with another literary celebrity that of late years has been growing brighter. A few minutes farther on, a by-road at the entrance of Chawton (*sign-post*) would carry us back to the Selborne road with a loss of only half a mile or so. First, let us hold on through the pretty thatched houses of the village till we come to one of the plainest, a brick cottage on the right, by a pond, where the main road divides for Gosport and for Winchester. This building, now harbouring a workmen's club and two or three families, was *Chawton*

Cottage, the later residence of Jane Austen, in which she wrote some of her best novels. Her early days were passed at the Rectory of Steventon, another Hampshire village a few miles from Basingstoke, by which now runs the main line to Winchester. After her father's death, and an interval of residence at Southampton, the house here, then a cottage of more gentility with a good garden, was placed at his mother and sister's disposal by the squire of Chawton Park, who, like Frank Churchhill in "Emma," had changed his name to Knight for this property. A little way along the Gosport road we find this demesne, which perhaps gave the model for "Mansfield Park." It is kept private; but one might get a peep at the fine Elizabethan mansion by turning in as far as the pretty church, where are several Knight monuments, and others from which one sees how the novelist had suggested to her some of the names made familiar in her tales. A carved screen, surmounted by a crucifixion, is a noticeable feature.

After this digression, let us resume our way to Selborne, where Gilbert White was born 1720, and spent here a life of simple piety and careful observation of nature. His *Natural History of Selborne*, published 1789 in the form of letters to like-minded friends, has become an English classic, so for his sake, as well as for its own beauty, the place will often be visited.

Two miles from Selborne, comes a cross-road, where to the left, at *West Worldham*, could be gained the line of the foot-path before mentioned. The road runs rather high and bare, with the advantage of seeing, for a great part of the way, where our goal lies under the beech-trees of Selborne Hanger. The local name *Hanger* (said to come from the Saxon *angra*, a corner) denotes a wooded bank such as is so frequent a feature of the scenery in this district.

Turning down along the foot of the Hanger, our road crosses the little Bourn in its leafy hollow, above which, to the left, is the church, a Transition Norman and Early

English building. (Key at the post office.) It contains, as altar-piece, a triptych, of Dutch origin, representing the offerings of the Magi. There is a marble tablet in the chancel to the famous naturalist, who lies buried in an undistinguished grave outside (the fifth from the north side of chancel), the small headstone marked only by the initials G. W. and the date. The naturalist of Selborne would perhaps have asked for no dearer monument than the huge yew commemorated by his pen, which still stands in this churchyard, with a stately chestnut beside it.

Below the church lies a small green called the *Plester*, corrupted from "Play-stow" or "Play Place," where the celebrated central oak, for centuries "the delight of young and old," has been replaced by another that bids fair to attain as venerable an age.

Just beyond, on the right of the road (opposite a butcher's shop, and three trees growing close together), is the quaint brick house, its front covered with creepers, changed mainly by the addition of a new wing since it was the home of that kindly naturalist. The present occupant desires us to state that it might be shown to any strangers presenting a card, but that Thursday should be looked on as the regular visiting day. The relics of Gilbert White, once preserved here, have now disappeared, however, and there is little associated with him to be seen. His favourite trees, too, the celebrated hornbeam and juniper, have gone the way of all timber, though the great oak survives in somewhat sorry plight, and still flourishes an enormous wych-hazel covering not less than 81 yards of shade. The brick path leading to his summer house is also seen on the lawn, beyond which rise the beechen masses of the Hanger.

A little way farther on through the trim village is the *Queen's Arms*, a favourable specimen of an English tavern. Round the next public-house, the *Selborne Arms*, one may turn for the best way up the Hanger, its steep and slippery face to be scaled in a straight line only by headlong youth, but a zigzag path facilitates the

ascent to the table of more open land above, that "pleasing park-like spot commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water." The twin height beyond is *Nore Hill*, from one side of which runs a stream into the Wey, and from the other into the Arun.

Another beautiful bank is that of the little stream below the church, which broken height still bears its Saxon name, the *Lithe*. Along it we might go by the path through the churchyard to *Priory Farm* about a mile on, where not a stone remains of the great Selborne Priory founded in the reign of Henry III., though some relics of it are preserved in the neighbourhood. As a pretty walk, however, this may be recommended; then striking up to the left by a rough lane, and steering north from the Hanger, one could make for West Worldham over yet another wooded bank, and there strike the path back to Alton.

To the east lies *Blackmoor Park*, the seat of Lord Selborne, on the way to which *Temple Farm* recalls a Commandery of the Knights Templars. The new church at Blackmoor makes a landmark in this direction, by which we come to *Woolmer Forest*, an outlying part of the War Office's Aldershot property.

Southwards, it is about as far to *Liss Station*, on the Portsmouth line, as to Alton, but the road thither has turnings and branchings that make it a little less obvious. The Hangers and other attractions of this country will be dealt with on the way from London to Portsmouth.

Westward from Selborne to *Medstead Station*, on the line from Alton to Winchester, would be half a dozen miles as the crows fly, which White loved to watch retiring into the woods on this side; but by the road through *Farrington* it must be somewhat longer.

A slightly longer route by **East Tisted** (the church of which has some notable ornaments), and the fine park of *Rotherfield*, would bring one to *Ropley*, the next station, south of which lies **West Tisted**, where there is a quaint

Elizabethan manor-house of the Tichbornes. As we have nothing particular to say about this part of the line, except that it runs through an open country, with some good prospects, we return to it at the first station of any consequence, *Alresford*, ten miles beyond Alton, from which we have now come down into the valley of the Itchen, henceforth our way to Winchester and Southampton.

Alresford (Hotel: *Swan*, C.) consists of two places divided by the river *Arle*, one of the arms of the Itchen, for which a large pond here serves as a reservoir. *Old Alresford*, to the north, is the original place, as shown by the ancient tower of its church; *New Alresford*, the larger of the two, though old enough to have had members in Edward I.'s Parliament. Both of them together have only about 2000 inhabitants, but they were once more prosperous in the clothing and dyeing way. The town has suffered often from fire, which will account for the absence of antiquities. Here Miss Mitford was born, and Admiral Rodney was buried.

Tichborne lies a couple of miles to the south, a demesne made famous by two of the longest trials of modern times, at a cost that crippled the estate for years. Some of our readers will be old enough to remember the keen partisanship evoked by the claim to this estate of one who deceived the lost heir's mother, but who was afterwards pronounced by a jury to be the son of a butcher at Wapping; and we may compare such excitement with the indifference shown when this impostor published a long confession in a newspaper. The family on which he sought to foist himself is one of the oldest in England, the manor having been held by them since before the Conquest. The present house is modern. On a hill stands conspicuous the parish church—in part Norman—containing several Tichborne memorials in the north aisle, which is enclosed by a grating, and we understand that the Roman Catholic lords of the manor claim over this part some such private right as has been asserted



Chains 10

5

0

PLAN C

by the Duke of Norfolk in the case of the chancel of Arundel Church. Among the rest, there is a monument to the foundress of the "Tichborne Dole," the story of which is that, on her deathbed, this lady gained her husband's leave to devote to charity as much land as she could crawl round while a brand was burning. Then, miraculous strength being vouchsafed to the bedridden dame, she contrived on all fours to encircle a space of 23 acres, still known as *Crawls*, and left her curse on any prehistoric charity-reformer of the family who should be illiberal enough to divert this land's produce from her benevolent design. The dole at one time consisted of 1900 small loaves, but their distribution attracted so many bad characters that it now takes the form of money given among the poor of the parish.

The sources of the Itchen may here be visited, and **Cheriton**, a couple of miles south, scene of a defeat of the Royalists under Lord Hopton, 1644, where there is an Early English church, whose ancient features have not all been improved away.

At Alresford the railway and the road part company—the direct high-road, that is (4 miles), which bears southward to enter Winchester over Magdalen Hill; but this is so hilly that cyclists prefer to go a mile longer by the road more or less closely accompanying the rail down the river valley. The Itchen should be dear to disciples of Isaac Walton, as one in which their master may have angled in his old age; but there are too many piscators in the field now to let the sport be as open as are the meadows, where still we can "sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams."

Itchen Abbas (3 miles) is the next station, a village picturesquely clustered on the river bank, with a practically rebuilt church preserving some signs of its Norman origin. A long mile back on the road from Alresford **Itchen Stoke** Church should have been noticed as a

pleasing modern work. Half an hour's walk to the north of the station is the classical mansion and well-wooded park of the *Grange*, where Lord Ashburton so often entertained Carlyle. On the other side of the river is the park and village of **Avington**, whose church has the peculiarity of being fitted with mahogany. To the south once extended *Hampage Wood*, and still remains a fragment of this royal forest, destroyed by Bishop Walkelin for the rebuilding of Winchester Cathedral, he having got William the Conqueror's leave to take as much timber as he could fell in four days and nights; but the king, like that good Lady Tichborne's lord, had no idea how vigorously his grant would be exploited.

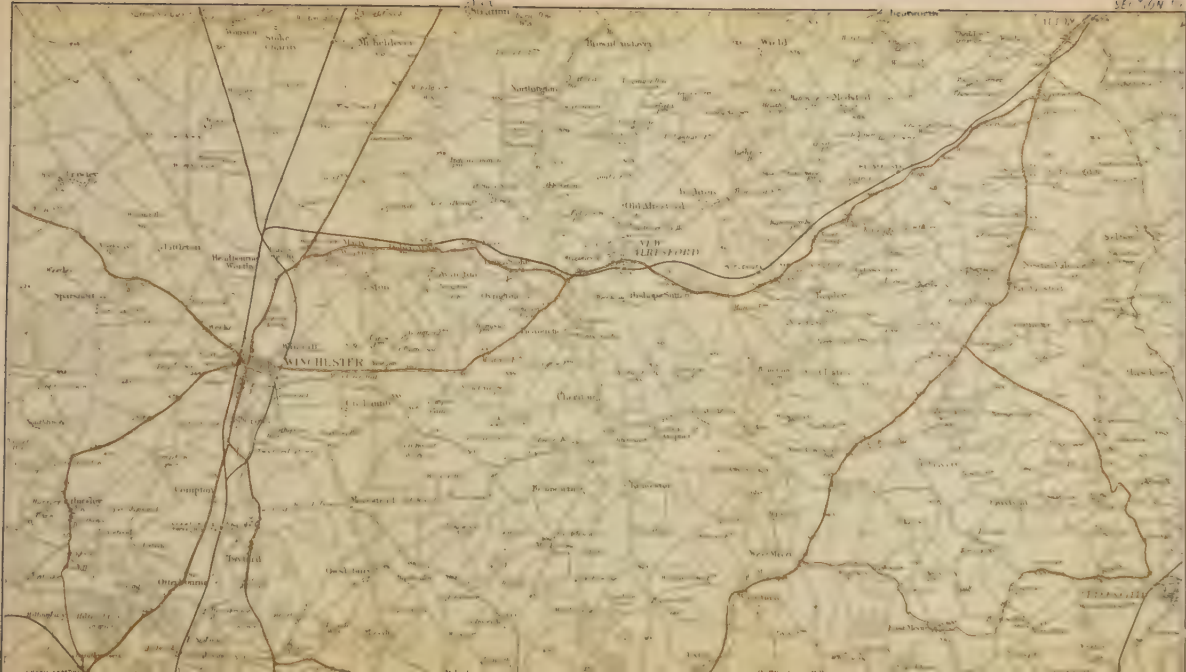
By the group of villages called the *Worthies*, which we shall visit from Winchester, this branch now joins the line from Basingstoke for the last mile or so, taking high ground that gives a fine view of the cathedral city.

WINCHESTER

Hotels: *George, Royal, Black Swan, Market (C.), Flower's Temperance,*
near station.

There are two railway stations: that of the L. and S.W.R., standing on high ground to the west; and that of the G.W.R. from Didcot to Southampton, just over the Bridge at the other end of the town, under St. Giles Hill.

No English city is richer in legendary, historical, and ecclesiastical associations than this, once the capital both of Saxon and of Norman sovereigns. Here King Alfred reigned and died; here perhaps he still lies buried, near Canute and William Rufus. It might seem to have been a city of saints as well as of kings, for not only the streets but the surrounding hills are baptized by hallowed names. It boasts one of the most magnificent of our cathedrals, and is the seat of a bishopric of peculiar dignity. With it are connected memorials of famous churchmen, such as William of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, Wolsey, Stephen Gardiner, Bishop Ken. It is also the home of one of our greatest public schools, flourishing



none the less that Winchester itself has a little come down in the world as a place of trade. By its rank as a cathedral and county town, and now as a military centre, it still supports a population of about twenty thousand, while monuments of its former grandeur make it a goal of pilgrimage to strangers from the old and the new world, though, alas, some of its palaces and shrines and the bones of its illustrious dead have in less reverent times been scattered to the winds or broken up to mend the roads.

History of Winchester.—We will not insist upon the legend that this city was founded by an otherwise unknown prince, some nine centuries before Christ. Before the Roman invasion, here stood a British town known as *Caer Gwent*, which the conquerors latinised into *Venta*. Under them it became a notable city, connected by Roman roads, in part still traceable, with Porchester, Salisbury and Silchester. A temple of Apollo occupied the site of the cathedral, a temple of Concord that of the college, where so many false concords have since been corrected. Round them the rude British dwellings were supplanted by villas with richly tessellated pavements to remind the Scipios and Lentuli, their Cornelias and Lalages, of the fair Italian cities whence the march of the eagles had led them so far into a savage isle.

Next came the Saxons, who changed *Venta* into *Winte*, adding *Ceaster*, so that now the name approached its present form "the Camp on the Downs." Under Cedric, early in the sixth century, it began to rank as the capital of Wessex. Already in Roman days a Christian church had sprung up among the pagan temples. In 635 Birinus was sent over by Pope Honorius to become the founder of an Episcopate which has contributed more great names to the English hierarchy than any other. Kynegils was then King of Wessex. He embraced Christianity as set forth by the adventurous priest, appointed him a residence at Dorchester, and commenced in his own royal city the church or cathedral under whose roof, at a later period, Egbert assumed the crown as First King of Angleland. One of the Saxon bishops was that St. Swithin whose shrine was long held in honour at Winchester, and whose funeral is said to have been delayed for forty days by rain, giving rise to a familiar superstition which indeed flourishes elsewhere in connection with other saints.

Alfred here held his Witan, and issued his decrees. Athelstane established six mints at Winchester, while London had but three. Edgar ordered the "Winchester measure" to be accepted by all England; and Canute hung up his crown in its cathedral, after the traditional scene on the seashore at Southampton. The Danes

had assaulted the town in 862, this time repulsed. They returned in 871 with larger forces, and completely sacked it; but by the Conquest it must have regained its original importance, for William regarded it as second only to London in influence and wealth, and built a strong castle to overawe it, which he entrusted to his kinsman and chief counsellor, William Fitz-Osbert, Earl of Hereford. He had himself crowned here as well as at Westminster; and during the reign of his immediate successors it remained doubtful whether Winchester would not hold the same predominant position as under the Heptarchy.

It was during the reign of Henry I., the Conqueror's younger son, that this city seems to have reached its highest point of prosperity. It then extended about a mile farther every way than at present, to Worthy on the north, to Magdalen Hill on the east, to St. Cross on the south, and to Weeke on the west. It contained a royal palace, two castles, at least three monasteries and about seventy churches, chapels and chantries. In the struggles between King Stephen and the Empress Matilda, Winchester suffered greatly, but again sprung up under Henry II., by whom a mayor was appointed in 1184, twenty years before the metropolis itself received such a distinction. Here, with extraordinary pomp, Richard the Lion-heart was a second time crowned, on his return from his captivity. Here, too, his successor, John Lackland, degraded England by servile submission to the menaces of the papal legate, Pandulph, no doubt to the edification of the host of priests and monks, "black, white, and grey," who flourished at Winchester, when crowds of devout or penitent pilgrims sought the shrines of St. Swithin and St. Josse.

Henry III., as born here, was "Henry of Winchester," but this honour brought the royal city no good luck. Under his successor, Edward I., it was abandoned as the capital, though still made the meeting place of a parliament in 1285. Arthur, Henry VII.'s eldest son, was also a native of Winchester. Henry VIII. came with his guest, Charles V. of Germany, to admire its antiquities; but that did not prevent him striking a heavy blow at its wealth when the dissolution of religious houses took place. Philip of Spain and Queen Mary were married here. Cromwell's troops made sad havoc of the city, stabling their horses in the Cathedral, and destroying churches as well as walls with their ordnance. Through Winchester poor Charles I. passed on his way to execution. His son visited it under happier circumstances, and took such a fancy to the place that he employed Sir Christopher Wren to build a great palace, in imitation of Versailles, on the site of the old Castle, ruined during the Civil War. The king's death, however, put an end to this stately plan; and the building, as far as it had gone, after serving as a depot for prisoners of war, was afterwards adapted as the barracks that recently suffered from a disastrous fire. Its site is on the high ground south of the station,

one of several points from which a fine view may be had over the city's towers, pinnacles, and venerable piles rising from the banks of the Itchen, backed by grassy downs.

On coming out of the station at Winchester we have the mass of the town lying below us to the south-east. To make a round of its chief points, instead of going down the *City Road*, the main access for carriages, let us follow a footway above this side of the line coming out on a bridge. Here we turn to the left, where the *Upper High Street* is marked by an obelisk commemorating the Great Plague of 1666, when, from fear of infection, the market was held on this spot without the walls. Before us we see the ancient *West Gate*, dating from Henry III., under which we enter the *High Street*. To the right of this is *Castle Hill*, the site of William the Conqueror's Castle and of the old Royal Palace, now taken up by the County Buildings, in front of which stands a Jubilee statue of Queen Victoria. Immediately beyond them lie the *Barracks*, lately ruined by a fire.

The *Great Hall* of Winchester Castle, the only old part still remaining, was formerly used for the Assize Courts, but in 1874 new courts were erected, and it has now been restored to its original appearance. This Hall, in which English parliaments have met, is 110 feet in length and 55 feet in breadth, divided by double rows of clustered columns into three aisles, and ornamented by heraldic glass and armorial shields. The principal feature is the famous "Round Table of King Arthur" and his twenty-four knights, placed at its western end. A double rose forms the centre, and over it sits the son of Pendragon, throned and crowned. From this point shoot out to the circumference four-and-twenty rainbow rays, each lettered with the name of one of Arthur's knights, and somewhat defaced by the bullets of Cromwell's soldiers. It is said that the table was repainted when Henry VIII. and Charles V. visited Winchester in 1522; but it is mentioned as far back as Henry VI.'s time; and a "wheel of fortune" was one of the treasures of Winchester even earlier, whether this be the original one or no. The entrance faces an open space above the West Gate: when the Hall is closed, admission may be had by ringing at the lodge on the left as one approaches.

Keeping our way down the High Street, on the left, at the corner of *Jewry Street* (by which, turning to the right

out of City Road, we should have driven from the station), we pass the *George*, that boasts to be one of the oldest inns in England, having flourished here under this name since the days of Agincourt. Though now restored according to modern ideas of comfort, it retains some of its ancient features. The other chief hotel, the *Royal*, which has a good garden as its attractive feature, is in *St. Peter Street*, the next turning below on the same side ; and the next again, *Parchment Street*, contains the *Post Office*.

Half-way down, on the right, stands the *City Cross*, supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry VI. It is 44 feet high, with three tiers of pointed arches and canopied niches, restored by Sir G. G. Scott. Of the statues with which it was anciently adorned remains a figure, probably of St. Lawrence ; those which have been added stand for King Alfred, De Lunn, the first Mayor of Winchester, and William of Wykeham.

The Cross, like the adjoining church of St. Lawrence, is too much pressed upon by houses, between which we here turn into the Close, and by an oblique avenue of weathered elms make our way to the main entrance of the Cathedral.

Winchester Cathedral

Services : *Sundays :* 8 A.M., 11 A.M., 3.15 P.M., 4 P.M. ;

Week-days : 10 A.M., 4 P.M.

Holy Communion, 8 A.M. on Thursdays and Holy Days, in the Lady Chapel.

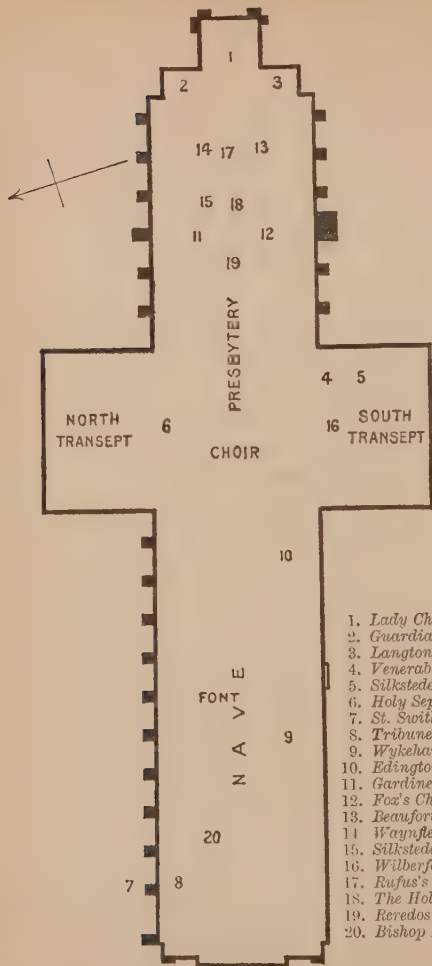
A Christian church is believed to have stood here from early Roman times. Kynegils, king of the West Saxons, converted, as we have shown, by Birinus, attested the sincerity of his devotion to the new creed by commencing the minster wherein its solemn rites were to be performed. Cenwealh, his son, completed it. King Ethelwald found it necessary to erect a new edifice in 980 ; but his work was also overthrown, and the outline of the present structure came to be designed by Bishop Walkelin, a cousin of William the Conqueror. The low but massive tower in the centre, with its Norman round-

headed windows, and the transepts, plain but stalwart, perpetuate his memory. The Western Front, in all its magnificence—"its great central doorway, with its two smaller side doors; the fretted gallery over it, where the Bishop in his pontificals was wont to stand and bless the people, or absolve them from the censures of the church; its noble window, rich with perpendicular tracery; its two slender lantern turrets; its crowning tabernacle, with its statue of the builder; and its pinnacled side aisles"—in all the pomp and pride of ecclesiastical art, was the grand conception of Bishop Edington (1345-66), completed by William of Wykeham (1367-1404), whose statue stands in a niche above the West Front. The eastern end was rebuilt in 1500 by Bishop Fox. The Lady Chapel attests the genius and piety of Prior Silkeste. Additions and improvements were also made by Cardinal Beaufort (1404-47), and Waynflete (1447-86).

Before proceeding to notice in detail the principal features of the Cathedral, we call the attention of our readers to the following table, that will enable them to form some idea of it in comparison with the extent of the other English Cathedrals, among which it has the distinction of being the longest.

NAME OF THE CATHEDRAL.	Length, from East to West, in feet.	North to South.	Length of Nave.	Length of Choir.	Height of Nave.	Breadth of Nave.	Height of Centre Tower.	Height of West Tower.
Winchester .	560	208	250	138	78	86	140	...
York . . .	524	222	261	157	99	109	213	196
Ely . . .	517	178	327	101	70	73	113	270
Canterbury .	514	140	214	150	80	74	235	130
St. Paul's .	500	248	306	105	88	107	356	221
Lincoln . .	498	227	272	158	83	83	288	270
Westminster	489	189	130	152	101	96	...	...
Salisbury .	452	210	246	140	84	76	400	...
Durham . .	420	176	210	117	70	80	212	113
Gloucester .	420	144	174	130	67	84	261	...
Norwich . .	412	177	212	170	73	72	313	...

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL



1. Lady Chapel
2. Guardian Angel's do.
3. Langton's do. and Tomb
4. Venerable Chapel
5. Silkstede's do.
6. Holy Sepulchre do.
7. St. Swithin's do. (site of)
8. Tribune
9. Wykeham's Chantry and Tb.
10. Edington's do. do.
11. Gardiner's do. do.
12. Fox's Chantry and Tomb
13. Beaufort's do. do.
14. Waynflete's do. do.
15. Silkstede's Tomb
16. Wilberforce's Tomb
17. Rufus's Tomb
18. The Holy Hole
19. Reredos
20. Bishop Browne's Tomb

Let us now enter by the *Western Doorway*. The nave and choir stretch before us in all their magnificent vista, nearly 400 feet in length, thronged with objects of beauty. The exterior of Winchester Cathedral is surpassed by others, but this grand effect, this *coup d'œil* of architectural splendour, has been thought unequalled by any other ecclesiastical edifice, English or continental.

Over the north-west door will be seen the *Tribune*, formerly used by musicians on important festivals. On the south side of the nave are the *Chantries* of Bishop Wykeham and Bishop Edington. The former is particularly rich in the beauty of its details. A central pedestal supports a recumbent marble figure of the Bishop in his pontifical robes, the pillows being supported by two angels, while at the feet are three ecclesiastics who, it is said, represent John Wayte, his controller, Simon de Membury, his surveyor, and William Wynford, his architect. The sides are blazoned with trefoil arches, crocketed spandrils, mitres, and armorial bearings. Near the Edington Chantry is the recent Memorial to Bishop Harold Browne.

Among the modern monuments and tablets in the nave are those to Mrs. *Montague*, d. 1800, the wit and "blue stocking"; the elder *Warton*, by Flaxman; Bishop *Hoadley*, d. 1761; Sir *George Prevost*, d. 1816, by Chantrey; Bishop *Tomline*, d. 1820, by Westmacott. *Jane Austen*, who died at Winchester, 1817, lies on the north side of the nave, near the entrance; her tombstone pointed out by a brass on the wall. On the same side stands the famous *Font*, sculptured perhaps eight hundred years ago, in blue lias stone, and decorated with the quaintest designs of human figures and doves, embodying the acts of St. Nicholas of Myra.

Professor Willis observes that the nave of Winchester Cathedral exhibits "one of the most curious instances of transformation from one style of architecture to another that has been preserved to us; for although at present a complete and perfect specimen of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it is yet in the heart and core of its structure, from the ground to the roof, the original *Norman* building commenced, if not completed, by Bishop Walkelin." Bishop Edington commenced this transformation, and William of Wykeham carried it out, employing the stone of the Binstead quarries, near Quarr Abbey, in the Isle of Wight. The north side was finished by Cardinal Beaufort (1404-47) and Bishop Waynfilet (1447-86). The bosses of the vault of the nave exhibit William of Wykeham's arms and the devices of Beaufort—a white hart chained—and Waynfilet—the lily. Observe the Norman arches behind the triforium, and other Norman indications at various points. The stone screen, at the choir entrance, is modern. It was designed by Garbett. The bronze statues are those of James I. and Charles I., removed from an earlier screen, by Inigo Jones. The Roundhead soldiers, during the Civil War, mutilated that of "Charles Stuart."

(The nave may be visited without charge, but to pass beyond the oaken screen shutting off the choir one must contribute at least sixpence to the Cathedral fund.)

The east aisle of the south transept is divided into two chapels. On the floor of that on the right, Prior Silkstede's, there is a black marble slab with a poetical epitaph to the Prince of Anglers, *Isaak Walton*, born at Stafford, 9th August 1593, and died at Winchester 15th December 1683. In this transept is the magnificently-carved tomb of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop, first of Oxford and then of Winchester.

We pass into the *Choir*, 138 feet in length, where are displayed dark, oaken stalls; a richly-wrought pontifical throne; and a noticeable pulpit, the gift of Prior Silkstede. Here St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, King Canute, Earl Godwin, have now undistinguished resting-places; and the bones of older Saxon kings and prelates are preserved in the *Mortuary Chests* elevated above the north screen of the choir.

The *Reredos*, restored at great cost, but not yet completed, is one of the finest in the kingdom, with its rich niches enshrining statues of kings and saints. West's "Raising of Lazarus from the Dead" forms the altar-piece. Figures of Christ, the Virgin, St. Bartholomew, St. Ethelwold, a bishop of Winchester in the tenth century, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Swithin, and the prophets Joel and Malachi, may be traced in the fine old glass of the east window.

In the *Presbytery*, behind the altar, the series of Chuntries is continued by those of Bishops *Gardiner* and *Fox*, of *Waynflete* and *Beaufort*; and among other ancient tombs a plain coffin-shaped one is called that of William Rufus, who appears, however, to have been buried under the tower.

The *Lady Chapel* was built by Prior Silkstede. It has been adapted for early morning services, but is still to be restored thoroughly. On the walls are some almost effaced traces of ancient fresco paintings, illustrative of legendary tales relating to the miracles of the Virgin. The *Reredos* here is a modern work.

To the north of this Chapel is that of the *Guardian Angels*, its ceiling decorated with old paintings of angels and legendary saints. Queen Mary's chair or stool is preserved here as a memorial of her marriage to Philip of Spain, solemnised in the Lady Chapel.

Langton's Chapel, on the south side, contains the tomb of Bishop *Langton*, who died of the plague in 1500. Remark the rebuses sculptured on the vault: a semibreve, or *long*, with a "ton" for *Langton*; a hen and a ton, for his prior, *Henton*; and a vine and a ton for the see of *Winton*.

The *Crypt*, entered from the north transept, contains some very old work. One mass of flint concrete here may be Roman. In this oldest part of the Cathedral is also the *Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre*, with some rude frescoes of the thirteenth century representing the Passion.

The *Tower* may be ascended for a view of the city, and of the Norman work of the roof.

Our limits have allowed us to call attention only to the chief features of this grand Cathedral, which will be found fully described in more than one local guide-book. We take leave of it with the words in which William Howitt has expressed what many must have felt: "When we walk in a fabric like this, venerable with the flight of nearly a thousand years, and build up again in imagination its jewelled shrines, rear aloft its glittering rood, replace all its statues of gold, and silver, and chiselled stone, and see once more—with the mind's eye—there assembled the stately kings and queens, mitred prelates, and throngs of proud warriors and nobles of past times, amidst the magic tide of music and the imposing drama of high mass, we must prepare to confess that if the people were superstitious it was not without great temptation; for never did human wit achieve so fair temples, or animate them with a pageantry of worship so seducing to the imagination."

Such sentiments were not shared by Waller's Parliamentary soldiers, who, in 1642, violated the Cathedral, breaking the great window, opening the coffins and scattering or mingling the remains of the dead. A more reverent spirit now watches over these relics of the past.

From the Cathedral we pass into the *Close*, occupying the site of the old Priory cloisters pulled down by Bishop Horne in 1563. This Benedictine House consisted of a prior and forty monks, and at the epoch of the Dissolution their revenues, amounting to £1500 per annum, were appropriated to the maintenance of the new chapter. The prior's house is now the *Deanery*; its arched entrance, *temp.* Henry III., remains, and the Hall, divided into several apartments. Here Charles II. frequently lodged on his visits to Winchester to watch the progress of his new palace.

One of the outbuildings of the Priory, with an Edwardian roof and corbels fashioned into the heads of a king and bishop, is now made use of for the Dean's stable. Opposite the Deanery some apartments with groined roofs and thirteenth-century work, are said to form a portion of the *Strangers' Hall*. A passage by the old Chapter House leads to the *Cathedral Library*, which contains as its chief treasure among other MSS. and relics an illuminated copy of the Vulgate, dating from the twelfth century.

The curious Latin anagrams on the south-western buttress of the Cathedral and the passage in front should be noticed; and, in conclusion, we will quote Miss Braddon's description of the Close. "There are quaint old courtyards and shadowy quadrangles hereabouts; there are pleasant gardens, where the flowers seem to grow brighter in the sanctified shade than other flowers that flaunt in unhallowed sunshine. There are low, old-fashioned houses, with Tudor windows and ponderous porches, gray gables crowned with yellow-stone moss, high garden walls, queer nooks and corners,

deep window seats in painted oriels, great oaken beams supporting low, dark ceilings, heavy clusters of chimneys half borne down by the weight of the ivy that clings about them; and over all the shadow of the great Cathedral broods like a sheltering wing, preserving the cool quiet of those cosy sanctuaries."

Passing round to the east end we might now regain the High Street through a narrow porch there forming an opening to the Cathedral enclosure. Let us rather leave it by *Kingsgate* on the south side, going out under *St. Swithin's Church*, to find ourselves in *College Street*, down which we turn for the entrance of the other great lion of the city. Strangers are taken over the college by the porters.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE

This is the oldest public school in England, the parent and model of them all; and though it has a less aristocratic *clientèle* than its daughter Eton, it holds its place among the best, so that a boy may be as proud of obtaining admission to it as his father of getting into the Athenæum or Carlton Club. The tone of Winchester is or was notoriously Conservative and exclusive. A certain wholesome roughness of discipline was cultivated; old customs were and are reverently kept up; even the flogging is done in a peculiar manner with a rod of four apple twigs; and a Winchester boy has to have at his fingers' ends a vocabulary of "notions," which on pain of chastisement he must use instead of the names familiar to common laymen; thus a desk is a "toy," a form is a "book," impudent is "spree," to "quill" is to curry favour, and so forth. We use the present tense somewhat doubtfully, as we are not sure how far these singularities may be growing obsolete. The spirit of the age has modified some features of Winchester life, notably as regards the indiscriminate chastisement of juniors by seniors, which about twenty-five years ago caused an outbreak of public indignation over what was known as the "Tunding case"—*tunding* being the kind of thrashing a prefect might administer almost at will, and the will of a

lad who had passed through a long course of bullying himself, was not likely to err on the side of mercy. Still, a boy will not be at home here who is disposed to make a fuss about hurts of mind or body. But the discipline is much milder than in those days to which Anthony Trollope looks back with such resentment, while his elder brother insists on it that all was for the best at this best of possible schools.

The list of eminent pupils of Winchester is a long and illustrious one. The name it should cherish with most pride is that of Dr. Arnold, who did so much to reform the English public school system. In 1893, it celebrated its 500th anniversary, when nearly a thousand old scholars came together, among them not a few leaders in Church and State.

The College was founded in 1387, opened in 1393, by Bishop William of Wykeham, who, with his motto "Manners maketh man," might be called the Arnold of his day. An old school had stood here, even from Saxon times, it is said, of which he was himself a scholar. His design was a boys' school in connection with his other foundation, New College at Oxford—a connection which has been closely kept up. He appointed a warden and ten fellows, representing the eleven apostles, two masters and seventy scholars, the number of our Saviour's disciples; three chaplains, and three clerks, the six faithful deacons—Nicholas the apostate not being considered—and sixteen choristers, who indicated the four greater and twelve lesser prophets. Ten "Commoners" or Warders, were admitted, a number now swollen to hundreds, among whom the members of the original foundation are distinguished as "Collegers."

A new "Governing Body" has been elected under the Public Schools Act of 1868. The scholars are chosen annually at an election in July. They wear a black college gown, and those who can prove their relation to the family of Wykeham, receive annually forty shillings. After the annual midsummer examination, the celebrated song of "Dulce Domum" is sung by the boys in the courts and grounds of the college. It was written, the legend goes, by a boy detained at the college during the holidays, who also amused himself by cutting the "misemaze" or labyrinth on St. Catherine's hill. When his self-imposed task was completed he fell into despondency and died beneath an elm on the river bank that used to be known as the "Domum tree."

The buildings form two quadrangles and a cloister, besides the recent additions to which we shall presently refer. In the centre stands a noble gateway tower, ornamented with a niched statue of

the Virgin. Entering through it into the outer court, we have on the east the warden's house, a modern addition; west, his stables; south, the second master's residence; and north, the brew-house. A second tower opens into the inner court. It is enriched with fine canopied niches, occupied by figures of the Virgin, Wykeham, and the archangel Gabriel. Similar statues are placed on the other side. The chapel and hall occupy the south of this quadrangle; the buildings appropriated to the scholars are placed on the north, east, and west.

The *Chapel* is approached through an anti-chapel, surmounted by a tower, added towards the close of the fifteenth century. Here are the brasses and stalls, removed from the chapel itself in 1681. Among the former observe the memorials to *John Monys*, the first warden, and *Bishop White*, 1559. The lofty Chapel, 102 feet long and 33 broad, had suffered somewhat from tasteless "restoration," but it is now being restored more reverently in commemoration of the quin-centenary. The visitor should note the exquisite ceiling, and curious "fan tracery in wood," afterwards imitated by Close, Henry the Sixth's architect, at King's College, Cambridge. The grand east window, 40 feet by 24 feet, he cannot fail to admire. It represents our Saviour's genealogical tree. At the bottom is seen Jesse lying, and the tree, taking root in him, spreads itself upwards full of kings and sages, the crucifixion in the centre, and the resurrection at the summit. This painted glass, however, is almost all modern.

The *Sacristy*, and *Muniment Tower* above it, adjoin the north side of the chapel. Their fittings are left in true mediæval condition, worm-eaten lockers, rude and curious drawers, just as they were touched five centuries ago by William of Wykeham's fingers.

The *Cloisters*, 132 feet square, are roofed with Irish oak, and contain many brasses. In the enclosed area is a library, erected in 1430 by *John Fromond*, who was a liberal benefactor to both of Wykeham's colleges. Here is preserved William of Wykeham's pedigree, traced up to Adam.

Turning back to the quadrangle, a flight of stone steps conducts us to the *Hall*, which is 63 feet long, 33 feet broad, and proportionately lofty. It has a rich open roof, the timbers of which are curiously carved and arranged, with coloured busts of kings and bishops for corbels. Along the sides are the tables of the scholars, at the upper end is the dais, for the table of the warden and pre-fects. Descending the stairs, we proceed to a small room adjoining the kitchen, to view a curious painting of a hirco-cervus, or man-animal—French in origin—called the "Trusty Servant," partly resembling an ass, a deer, a hog, and a man. It is thus explained (we omit the Latin):

"A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey :

The porker's snout, not nice in diet shows ;
 The padlock's shut, no secrets he'll disclose ;
 Patient, the ass his master's wrath will bear ;
 Swiftmess in errand, the stag's feet declare ;
 Loaded his left hand, apt to labour saith ;
 The vest, his neatness ; open hand his faith ;
 Girt with his sword ; his shield upon his arm :
 Himself and master he'll protect from harm."

Between the hall stairs and the porch of the chapel is a passage which leads to a fourth court. In this court is the *School*, 90 feet by 36 feet, which was erected chiefly at the expense of gentlemen educated in the college, *temp.* Charles II. Over the entrance is a noble statue of Wykeham, by Gabriel Cibber, with a suitable inscription. At the east end are certain rules to be observed by the scholars ; whilst at the opposite extremity are the following inscriptions and devices :—

AUT DISCE,	{ A mitre, and crozier. }	The expected reward of learning.
AUT DISCEDE,	{ An inkhorn, a case of mathe- matical instru- ments, and a sword. }	The emblems of those who depart and choose a civil or military life.
MANET SORS TERTIA, CEDI.	{ A scourge. }	The lot of those who will qualify themselves for neither.

The oldest part of the College is the seven "Chambers" on the ground floor, which, till not so long ago, were still used as dormitories. The "Commoners' Hall" has been replaced by the *Moberley Library*. The new buildings commemorating the quin-centenary, are to contain a Museum, Art School, and other modern features, showing how Winchester is not unwilling to keep up with the educational progress of the time. These, in front of the Gymnasium and beside *Bethesda*, the infirmary of Charles II.'s time, face the "Meads," or playing fields, to which there is a passage by the "Non-licet" Gate, said to bear marks of Cromwell's shot.

At the bottom of College Street, in an enclosure to the left, will be seen *Wolvesley Palace*, the former episcopal residence, restored and adapted as a Church House for the diocese. Visitors would be shown over it on application at the door. They may pass on to examine the adjoining remains of the *Castle*, still showing some fragments of good Norman work. In this once royal abode, Queen Mary welcomed and feasted her Spanish bridegroom. The name *Wolvesley* is traditionally derived from the tribute of wolves' heads delivered here by Welsh

chieftains to King Edgar ; but more probably it comes from some Saxon "Ulf" or "Wulf" to whom belonged the "ey" (island) formed by a small branch from the Itchen, which we now approach at the bottom of the town.

Coming out of the Wolvesley grounds, and taking a pleasant walk round the Castle walls, this soon brings us to the river bank, up which we turn for a little way to gain the Bridge, crossing the Itchen outside of the old East Gate.

Beyond the Bridge, on the right-hand side, is the Great Western Railway Station. In front of us rises *St. Giles' Hill*, on which stood a famous chapel, and where was held a not less famous fair lasting over a fortnight. The face of the hill is laid out with walks, which we may ascend for a good view of the city. On our right (now that we have turned round to look below) is Magdalen Hill ; on the left rises St. Catherine's Hill, crowned by a small clump of trees.

Let us now return over the Bridge to reach the broad end of High Street, a little way up which, on the left, will be seen the clock tower of the *Guildhall*, built 1873 by Sir G. G. Scott. The interior deserves a visit. The windows are artistically adorned with historical subjects. Here is the *Museum* (open free 10-1 and 2-5), with contents of unusual interest, among them — Henry VII.'s standard bushel and other measures, formerly preserved at the Westgate ; a Warden's horn from the Castle, 500 years old ; Roman millstones, urns, and pavements ; a good collection of birds ; geological specimens ; prehistoric remains, including the stone implements collected by the late Earl of Northesk.

The *Free Library* and *School of Art* adjoin the Guildhall, beyond which one may return up High Street to note the quaint old houses about the City Cross.

If he had time for identifying legendary scenes, the stranger might have turned off to the right, where a Russian gun stands at the bottom of High Street. This is *Eastgate Street*, at the end of which lies *Hyde* or *Denmark*

Meadow, scene of Guy of Warwick's traditional victory over the Danish Giant Colbrand. A little way from this are the slight remains of *Hyde Abbey*, where was the tomb of Alfred the Great, removed from a former site of the same foundation. Turning towards the station by the *North Walls*, do not be misled by the *cul de sac* of Hyde Abbey Road, but take *Hyde Street* higher up, then turn down on its right by *King Alfred's Place*, past the pretty *Hyde Church* to what is left of the Abbey, showing little even to rouse imagination ; and the royal coffins it once enshrined have disappeared. In the Vandal period of last century the site was used for a prison, pulled down about 1850 ; and the gate of the Abbey now leads into a farmyard.

Our round of the city has now brought us back close to the station, at the head of *City Road*, continuing *North Walls*. But few visitors will care to leave Winchester without if possible paying a visit to the *Hospital of St. Cross*, celebrated by Anthony Trollope in his *Barchester Towers*. In actual fact, as well as in the novel, this foundation has been reformed by a more just administration of its revenues ; but still it provides a home for thirteen brethren, benefactions for the poor of the city, and special doles on feasts and anniversaries, as well as the "Wayfarer's Dole" of bread and beer, to be claimed daily by any passing stranger, as in the days of King Stephen. It stands about a mile out, seen between the railway and St. Catherine's Hill, as one leaves Winchester for Southampton. One pleasant way is by a path running off across the fields at an old farmhouse just beyond the College playing fields ; but more than one road in this direction soon leads in view of the conspicuous pile. A small sum is charged for admission at the Porter's Lodge.

The **Hospital of St. Cross**, founded by Henry de Blois, 1136, was like many such edifices, quadrangular in shape, enclosing a court. Three sides of the square remain ; the fourth being removed, has opened "a cheerful prospect into the green fields." A massive gateway-tower admits into the court ; in a niche above its outer

front kneels, not De Blois, but the second founder of the hospital and builder of this tower, Cardinal Beaufort, in his cardinal's hat and robes. Two other niches in a line with this are empty: one is supposed to have contained the Holy Cross, the other St. John, the patron saint of knights hospitallers.

Entering the court, we have on our left a cloister-portico, or ambulatory, where the brethren exercise in bad weather. In a projecting recess stands a table said to have been used by Charles II. when encamped on St. Catherine's Hill. Over the cloister are the men's room, and a room where the sick brethren were formerly lodged. The opposite side of the court consists of the house of the brethren, who have each three small chambers and a garden. They wear a black gown with a silver cross on the breast, the badge of the knights of St. John. A table, with a Purbeck marble top, said to have belonged to King Stephen, is to be seen here.

On the south side of the quadrangle is the *Hall*. Here attention should be directed to the portable Shrine, "which, when closed, has the appearance of a cupboard, but when opened reveals the Virgin and Child, and other holy personages"; to the Minstrels' Gallery, surmounting the old-fashioned dais and screen; to black jacks and candlesticks of the most primitive character; to the high-pitched roof of oak; and the two-light windows emblazoned with Beaufort's escutcheon. At the east end of the hall there hangs an early German design, "The Adoration of the Magi," which has been erroneously ascribed to Durer.

Beyond the Founder's room (to which we climb by a curious old staircase) may be visited a second chamber, which contains some presses of carved oak, and on its west wall, the initials and motto of *Roger Sherborne*, Master of the Hospital in 1403.

The glory of St. Cross, however, is its *Church*. With the exception of the front and upper story of the west end, which are ascribed to Wykeham and Beaufort, the greater portion is due to Henry de Blois, one of the finest examples of Transition-Norman extant in England. Its ground-plan is cruciform, with aisles to the nave and choir, but not to the transepts. A massive stately square tower rises in the centre. The clerestory, and the great west window, are in the finest Decorated style. It should be remarked that scarcely two pillars, two corbels, or two arches are alike. All are beautiful, but differ in their beauty; shewing a wonderful affluence of fancy and singular facility of execution. The choir and some other parts of the church are paved with glazed tiles, some of them ornamented with gigantic figures of animals and fantastic emblems, others with the words in old English capitals, *HAVE MYNDE!* designed, doubtless, to recall the wandering thoughts of a brother to the purposes of devotion. The piscina and bracket at the east end of the north

aisle should be noticed; the exquisite carved woodwork of the stalls, *temp.* Henry VIII.; the credence table, ornamented with the symbolic "eagle and scroll" of the Evangelist John; the stone screens on each side of the altar; the intersecting arches of the triforium, erroneously supposed to have suggested the Pointed style; the clustered vaulting shafts; the rich mouldings of the windows; the general Early English character of the nave; here are points of the highest importance for the architectural student. The gradual development of the Pointed style may here be studied. "The building before us," says Dr. Milner in his work on Winchester, "seems to be a collection of architectural essays, with respect to the disposition and form, both of the essential parts and of the subordinate ornaments. Here we find the ponderous Saxon pillar, of equal dimensions in its circumference and its length, which, however, supports an incipient pointed arch. The windows and arches are some of them short, with semicircular heads, and some of them immoderately long, and terminating like a lance. Others are in the horse-shoe form, of which the entrance into the north porch is the most antique specimen. In one place we have a curious triangular arch. The capitals and bases of the columns alternately vary in their form, as well as in their ornaments. The same circumstance is observable in the ribs of the arches, especially in the north and south aisles; some of them being plain, and others profusely embellished, and in different styles, even within the same arch. Here we view almost every kind of Saxon and Norman ornament—the chevron, the billet, the hatched, the pellet, the fret, the indented, the nebulé, the wavy, all superiorly executed." The monument in the south aisle to Mr. Speaker *Cornwall*, d. 1780; and the brass, under the tower-arch, of *John de Campden*, warden, d. 1382, are worthy of notice. This church was restored in 1865 with a use of colour which is not unanimously considered as an embellishment.

Those who have still time to spare may now cross the Itchen to ascend **St. Catherine's Hill**, the "Hills" of the Winchester scholars, where, besides the fine view, are to be seen the foundations of a chapel of St. Catherine, and the Maze given out by tradition as the work of that youthful Dulce Domum poet; but it probably had an ecclesiastical origin, such labyrinths being not uncommon in connection with mediæval churches.

Or from St. Cross one may follow the Itchen for a couple of miles to the picturesque village of **Twyford** (*Dolphin, Q.*), where Pope was at school, and where Benjamin Franklin

is believed to have written part of his autobiography. There are some half-dozen Twyfords (*Two fords*) in England, but this "queen of villages," as it styles itself, with its water meadows, its groves, and the adjoining grounds and avenues of private mansions, is one of the best known both to artists and to anglers. Remains of a Roman villa have been lately found here, which the owner allows to be examined. The Church, handsomely rebuilt of flint and brick, 1876, stands among old elms near the bridge known as Berrybridge; and the churchyard looking over the river has a great yew with a seat for enjoying the view. A pleasant path leads from the village to the church, and another along the Itchen, by which, in dry weather, one can walk all the way to Southampton.

Here the railway might be crossed at *Shawford Station*, serving also the village of *Compton* on the other side, where one could walk back to Winchester over **Compton Down**, giving fine prospects. North-west of the village a knot of firs marks "Oliver's Battery," from which Cromwell besieged Winchester; but the only missiles now to be feared are golf balls.

From *Compton* a diversion of three or four miles westward would lead us to **Hursley**, where Keble was vicar. The church was restored by him out of the profits of the *Christian Year*, and fine coloured windows have been added by his admirers. Here is a monument to Richard Cromwell, the great Lord Protector's heir, who, after his short term of power, lived till 1712 in obscurity. He was the owner of Hursley Park, in the northern corner of which, on an eminence, stand the slight remains of *Merdon Castle*, one of the Winchester Episcopal palaces, built on an old British camp.

On the other side of Winchester, a stroll might be taken up the Itchen, by the *Monk's Walk*, going out between the church and the school beside Hyde Abbey. This charming path leads, in about 2 miles, to the church of *Kingsworthy*, adjoined by *Abbot's Worthy*, and *Martyr's Worthy*—

a group of pleasantly situated villages (" **The Worthies**" as they are called), having their common name from the Saxon *Weorth*, a farm or homestead. *Headbourn Worthy*, farthest to the east, and close to the railway, should be visited for its ancient church that, though restored, shows traces of Saxon work, and contains some remarkable relics of the past. The Winchester race-course is on *Worthy Downs*. On the other side of the river is **Easton**, with a fine restored church, from which another field-path would take us back to Winchester.

The higher part of the Itchen Valley we have already seen in taking the railway from Alton, but the exploring of its villages on foot would still remain for the pedestrian. The distance to Alresford is 7 miles by the high-road over Magdalen Hill, and a mile more by the river valley.

Eastward, a sojourner in Winchester might walk across to the Meon Valley, to inspect its old churches; or without going so far in that direction, he would find at **Chilcomb** a picturesquely-situated church, restored but with some signs of its antiquity. Southward lies the way to *Botley* (11 miles), a fine stretch upon the road which Cobbett had made over the downs, where, 2 miles beyond Twyford, is passed *Crowd Hill*, a notable view-point, though not very high. Just before one reaches this height, beyond *Fisher's Pond* (a great resort for skaters), branches off the road to *Bishops Waltham* (10 miles), with its ruins of the ancient Episcopal Palace; and traces of another residence of the old Winchester bishops are to be seen at *Marvell Farm*, on the right of the road a little way from the above-mentioned branching. Bishops Waltham and Botley, having railway communication with *Southampton*, will be more conveniently visited from it (see p. 127). But let us with more detail take a look into the valley of the Test, westward, since we may not have another so good opportunity of traversing that part of the county.

Winchester to Stockbridge is $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles by the road, passing out under the railway at the L. & S.W. station,

and in a mile coming by the village of **Weeke**, where there is a small Norman Church, containing an old monumental tablet in the chancel, and a curious brass to *William Complyn*, d. 1497, and his wife. A mile or so farther on **Lainston Church**, since allowed to fall into ruins, was the scene of the secret marriage of the handsome Miss Chudleigh, who afterwards married the Duke of Kingston, and was tried for bigamy, 1776—one of Sir Bernard Burke's "Romances of the Aristocracy." **Sparsholt**, where some Roman remains have been found, lies to the left; the Church and ruined mansion of **Crawley** to the right. About half-way there is an inn (*The Rack and Manger*); then 7 miles from Winchester the road passes to the left of **Worlbury Hill** (500 feet), with a white horse cut on its chalky slope and a strong British camp—its eastern wall destroyed—on the top. Beyond this we descend into the valley of the Test or Anton, whose name makes many an angler's mouth water, the fishing here being so good yet so expensive.

Stockbridge (*Grosvenor Hotel*, C.) is a village upon small branching streams, once somewhat notorious as a rotten borough, now known to another kind of sportsmen than anglers, through the race-course at Danebury and a training establishment there, long celebrated in connection with the Day family. **Danebury**, an hour's walk north-west of Stockbridge, shows one of the most remarkable of the Hampshire Camps. A broad deep fosse surrounds the whole, and the entrance is protected by a substantial vallum. The west side, being the most exposed, is strengthened by an additional outwork. Probably it was a British post, captured and afterwards enlarged by the Saxons. Still farther north are some tumuli known as *Canute's Barrows*, but evidently of earlier date; and the whole district appears to have been arena of that long and fierce warfare between Celt and Saxon which eventually resulted in the formation of the kingdom of Wessex.

Stockbridge is on a branch line from *Andover* (another small branch at *Fullerton Junction* falling in from *Hurstbourn*, a little farther east on the main line) that

runs down the valley of the Test to its mouth at *Redbridge*, near Southampton, where it joins the line to Bournemouth and Weymouth. Below Stockbridge the stations, each about an hour's walk apart, are (1) *Horsebridge*, a mile to the left of which is **King's Sombourn**, where there are the ruins of a palace, said to have belonged to John of Gaunt, with "time-honoured" yews flourishing about them—that sturdy growth which has been called the "Hampshire weed"; (2) **Mottisfont**, where some remains of an ancient priory are still to be seen at *Mottisfont Abbey*; (3) *Romsey* (see p. 56), where this branch crosses the line from Salisbury to Portsmouth by Eastleigh Junction.

One can thus go on to Southampton or back to Winchester by rail; or, for a change of route in walking, from *Horsebridge* one might take the Roman road that cuts almost straight across to Winchester, passing to the south of **Ashley**, with its Norman Church and British camp, by which this road could be gained from Stockbridge, then it carries us back southwards of the places passed in going out.

Our excursions from Winchester conclude with the way on to the next centre.

WINCHESTER TO SOUTHAMPTON

The high-road and the railway take an almost straight line of 13 miles southwards. This distance would be a good deal increased if one chose to follow more or less closely the winding course of the Itchen.

The railway has the Itchen on its left the greater part of the way. On the right rises Compton Down, below which, near *Shawford* station, the G.W.R. from Didcot joins this line by a long brick viaduct over the water meadows on the other side, where Twyford is next passed. More than half-way comes **Eastleigh Junction** (*Junction Hotel*), formerly known as *Bishopstoke*, which caused confusion with Basingstoke. The village of **Bishopstoke** lies

to the left on the river, where some lucky people have pleasant places of residence. The grounds of the *Mount* (about a mile from the station) and its excellent Museum of British birds are freely thrown open for fêtes and charitable purposes, but otherwise can be visited only by special permission of the owner.

Eastleigh is quite a new place, grown to populousness by the establishment here of the L. & S.W. carriage works. At the junction the main line is crossed by that from Portsmouth to Salisbury and the west, which would take us across to Romsey, and the northern skirts of the New Forest (see p. 56).

After Eastleigh comes Swathling Station, where the railway soon gets among the suburbs of Southampton. At *St. Denys* goes off another branch, keeping nearer the coast, for Portsmouth. Near this the trains for *Southampton Docks* part company with the through line, which passes at the back of the town, to make its halting-place at the recently enlarged station of *Southampton West*.

The stranger who has time and muscle for it is strongly recommended to walk from Winchester by the high-road, taking him through a stretch of beautifully varied scenery.

This road goes out by Southgate, past St. Cross, so far keeping to the left of the railway (to which the way preferred by cyclists sticks more closely throughout). Beyond St. Cross, it turns to the right to gain the heights on the other side. Passing through *Compton* (see p. 104), it bends away from the railway, and in about 5 miles reaches **Otterbourne**, where there is a pretty modern church worth seeing. The chancel rail was brought from Flanders, and is said to represent the abdication of Charles V. The carved Lych Gate was presented by Miss Yonge, who lives opposite, out of a testimonial presented to the authoress of the "*Heir of Redclyffe*" on her seventieth birthday. In the churchyard is a memorial cross to Keble, whose parish of *Hursley* lies to the right, to be gained by a lane turning off at Otterbourne; then,

with a deviation of a few miles, one might strike the main road again by making for Chandlersford, half-way between Winchester and Southampton.

Chandlersford is the first station on the line from Eastleigh to Salisbury. Just before entering it, we may note *King's Lane* going off to the right above two adjoining red houses, so called from a tradition that by this track the body of William Rufus was brought to Winchester. We have nothing more to say about Chandlersford, unless that its pleasant surroundings seem like to be invaded by the suburban villas of Southampton.

Thence, the road runs through park-like woods, where to the right is seen the tower of **Chilworth** Church, that would be excuse for another pleasant divagation, coming back to the road over Chilworth Common. Else one keeps straight on, with *Stoneham Park* to the left, on the other side of which is **North Stoneham**, with a modern church containing a few remains of ancient work, a white marble monument to Admiral Lord Hawke, and an imposing memorial and effigies of Chief-Justice Sir Thomas Fleming, d. 1613. **South Stoneham**, whose church shows another curious monument, is farther off, across the Itchen.

By **Bassett**, a suburban village, distinguished by cottages of gentility and fine gardens and hedges, we descend upon Southampton Common, one of the finest pieces of scenery at the gates of any large English town, at the farther side of which is soon reached the tramway that would carry us into the heart of Southampton, or by its right-hand branch through the parks to the West Station.

SOUTHAMPTON

Hotels: *Radley's*, *South Western*, near the Docks; also *Pier*, *Flower's* Temperance, etc.; *Royal*, the chief hotel in the town, "Above Bar"; *Dolphin*, *Star*, and *Crown*, lower down in High Street; *Bedford* (C.), near the Avenue. About the West Station are several small temperance and other houses; also the recently opened *Polygon* Residential Hotel.

There are two railway stations of the L. & S.W. railway. The *Docks*, which also accommodates the G.W.R., and *Southampton West*, recently enlarged, which is more convenient for the west residential quarter, and is the one passed by the through trains; but the Docks Station still keeps the name of *Southampton*. Cabs will be found at each station, and passengers with small packages should look out for the handy boys of the Gordon Brigade in their neat blue uniform.

This town, containing, with its dependencies that make up the parliamentary borough, over 90,000 inhabitants, is mostly known to travellers as a place passed through, but those who knew it better would choose to make a longer stay; and, indeed, it has many qualities that might even recommend it as a sea-side resort. The beauty of its environs, and the attractions of its modern streets apart, it displays some remarkable fragments of antiquity, which foreign visitors are too apt to neglect in their haste to be done with the sea. It stands well upon rising, gravelly soil, between the rivers Itchen and Test, coming in on either side of the town to form the basin of Southampton Water, which ebbs and flows for seven miles through a pleasantly wooded country. Opposite its mouth at Calshot Castle, rises the Isle of Wight, sheltering it from the gales and stormy seas of the south. Few cities can boast a fairer landscape than that which



**SOUTHAMPTON
& ENVIRONS.**

Scale of 1/2 in. = 1 MI.

SOUTHAMPTON

greet the tourist when, standing on Southampton Pier, he looks out over the estuary, and the dark masses of the New Forest behind it, though, to tell the whole truth, something of the charm, and not to the sense of sight alone, depends on the tide being up, else the low shore exhibits a weedy and ill-odorous waste.

The earliest annals of Southampton are but shadowy. We know that the Norse rovers often sailed up its river, following the galleys of the Romans. At Bitterne, on the opposite banks of the Itchen, was the Roman Station of Clausentum; but Southampton itself seems to have been founded by the West Saxons, soon after the landing of Cerdic and Cynric. When it gave its name to the county is uncertain, but the first mention of "Hamtunscyre" appears in the Saxon Chronicle, *anno* 755. King Athelstane established a mint at Southampton, and it had already excited the cupidity of the Danish marauders, who, both in 838 and 860, made unsuccessful descents upon it.

At the time of the Domesday survey, Southampton, from its convenient position, became the principal port of transit for Normandy. Henry I. granted the borough a charter, which Henry II. confirmed and enlarged, but the oldest one extant is that bestowed by John, afterwards extended by Henry III. In 1295 it first returned representatives to Parliament. In 1338 it was plundered by the French, Genoese, and Spaniards, with a fleet of fifty galleys, but soon recovered its prosperity, was strongly fortified, and in 1345, was able to contribute towards the royal navy a quota of 21 ships, manned by 576 mariners, when Portsmouth could furnish but five. Several expeditions for Normandy and Guienne left Southampton during the reigns of the Plantagenets, and Edward III. embarked hence on that campaign which was crowned by the victory of Crecy. Edward VI. visited the rich merchant-city in 1552. Philip II. landed here in 1554, on his route to the ill-omened bridals at Winchester. Next century the prosperity of Southampton suffered a temporary decline owing to the growth of Poole and Portsmouth, and it was almost decimated by the plague in 1695. We hear little of it again until the great war broke out between England and France, when encampments were formed upon Shirley, Bursledon, and Netley Commons. After this, the place had a time of modest prosperity as a yachting and boat-building station and a sea-side resort, till steam turned it into one of the most flourishing ports in the kingdom.

The modern prosperity of Southampton dates from the opening of the *London and South-Western Railway* in 1839. The *Docks* were commenced in the following year, and their growth illustrates the extraordinary development of English commerce. Recently they have been much extended by the enterprise of this railway

company, which has also moved part of its rolling-stock works into the neighbourhood. Southampton is now the port of departure or call for several great ocean lines, as well as many coasting steamers; and the enlargement of its docks seems likely to bring it still more custom of the kind, to cover the loss of the P. & O. traffic that once made it such a familiar name to Anglo-Indians. The chief lines using this port, or at least picking up passengers by tender, are the *Royal Mail*, for the West Indies; the *Union* and *Castle* lines, for the Cape; the *American* (late Inman line), the *Hamburg American* and *German Lloyd* for the United States; and the L. & S.W.R. Co.'s steamers for Normandy and the Channel Islands.

The *West Station*, on the edge of Southampton Water, has of late become so much the chief one, lying as it does on the through line and near the best part of the town, that we may begin our survey here, passing round the sea front to the Docks Station, then going up the chief street inland. One block back from the shore runs a tram line that would take one to Bargate and the High Street; but in walking, the shortest line follows the sea-wall, with a pleasant look-out when the tide is up.

The first notable building reached is the projecting red walls of the *Baths*, which contain a capital open-air swimming basin, always available, besides the covered tepid baths more favoured by our sybaritic youngsters, Turkish baths, etc.

Here one might turn up to the main thoroughfare not far off and some of its chief branches, in one of which (*Ogle Road*) is the *Prince of Wales Theatre*; and at the bottom of *Portland Terrace*, that runs along the height above the shore, stand the *Victoria Assembly Rooms*, once distinguished by a chalybeate Spa no longer in use. Besides them is a large *Skating Rink* that accommodates greater public gatherings.

Holding on below, under the bank, one soon passes along the chief remaining stretch of the *Town Walls*, forming such a fine feature for antiquaries, with openings into slums that should be explored for other traces of the past. At each notable point, the authorities have affixed an explanatory board, which spares us the task of detailed

description ; and still less are we called on to enter into archæological controversies.

At this corner of the old fortified enclosure, that hence ran along to the Bargate, rises the *Arundel Tower*, blocked up by the premises of a quaint inn. A little way farther along the shore is another substantial tower, and here by the "Forty Steps" we may ascend to the terrace occupying part of the walls. The Castle has disappeared, its memory preserved in *Castle Square*, where Jane Austen lived during her four years' residence here. This quarter has come down in the world since her day, but if, for her sake, any one cares to look up the irregular opening mis-called a square, it will be found a little back from the walls, by turning to the right behind the terrace at the head of the Forty Steps.

Descending again, we pass by a Norman vault recently opened out, and a walled-up postern, then come round to the most remarkable portion of the wall, the *Arcades*, showing a series of arches in different styles. There are two openings here, *Simnel Street*, dear to the antiquarian eye, but threatened by sanitary reformers ; then *Blue Anchor Lane*, running back from a narrow entrance, within which a Norman house is shown as part of King John's Palace, and among several places taking that title has most probably a right to it. Henry III. is said also to have resided in this house, that claims to be the oldest in England. The interior may be inspected, a board telling us where to get the keys.

Mr. Brannon's opinion of the origin of this singular arcaded wall may be quoted :—"The original Saxon or Norman remains were a series of magnificent palatial residences and offices, built at some distance from the water's edge to admit of private grounds and landing-places, yet sufficiently strong to be defended in case of necessity. When, after the lapse of two or three centuries, intestine wars and invasions had pretty generally urged the necessity of better defences, this piece of wall, having several entrances, with land before it, but no ditch, required, according to the principles of fortification at that time, machicolations, which, however, in their regular form, would have rendered it too heavy at the top, and called for the addition of several towers. To meet the difficulty, this unique and ingenious design was adopted ; piers were

built against the wall, and arches bearing an advanced battlemented parapet constructed, so as to form a good rampart, with a complete screen to the defenders, who could thus direct their missiles to a distance, or beneath their feet, with great facility and security. All unnecessary windows were stopped, probably new ones opened in the river faces of the buildings, and additional archways for the use of the occupants made in the wall beyond."

A little farther on come the *West Quay* and the *West Gate*, still in good preservation, though under it marched the English archers on their way to Crecy and Agincourt. Hence we may still keep round the shore through the narrow winding of *Cuckoo Lane*, but the view is blocked by high walls, so let us rather pass into *Bugle Street* behind, and even turn back a little way to the square ending it, at the corner of which is seen the substantial *Tudor House*, once occupied by Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. This is at the head of Blue Anchor Lane. Opposite rises the tall spire of *St. Michael's Church*, the most ancient in Southampton, which stands open all day, and contains as notable antiquities a carved black marble font said to be of Byzantine origin, a brass eagle Lectern, perhaps of the 15th century, and the monument of Lord Chief Justice Lyster, d. 1556.

By Bugle Street we now return to the sea-front, passing the buildings of the *Grammar School*, with its bit of antiquity, and coming out between the *Royal Southern Yacht Club-house* and the old *Wool-house*, once used as a prison. Here we are opposite the *Royal Pier*, and for a penny may go 1000 feet out to sea, with music and other attractions in summer.

Bending round eastward with the shore, and keeping on along the *Town Quay*, we cross the opening of the *High Street*, to be returned to presently. But the stranger should not omit to pass through *Porter's Lane*, a little bit of road cutting into the bottom of High Street at the west side. Here appears the Norman-arched front of what is now a stable, but what was once *King Canute's Palace*, if all stories are true. The shore somewhere hereabouts is the traditional scene of that king's famous

experiment at commanding the waves, as we are reminded by the name *Canute's Road* farther on.

Beyond the mouth of High Street comes the *Platform Battery*, behind which is the *South Gate Tower*, another remnant of the fortifications, and beside it *God's House*, an almshouse founded in the reign of Richard I., dedicated to St. Julian, the patron of travellers. The ancient chapel, for which we turn a few steps up the side street, has long been used as the French Church, granted to Walloon refugees by Queen Elizabeth. An inscription on the walls reminds us that here were buried the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Grey, executed at Southampton for conspiracy against Henry V., as we know from Shakespeare.

Round the South Tower, where stands a statue of Prince Albert, we come to an open space, pleasantly laid out as the *Queen's Park*, with a memorial cross to General Gordon in its centre. At the farther end the block of the *L. & S. W. Hotel* beacons us to the town railway station. Behind it extend the *Docks*, by which the waves have been commanded more effectually than Canute could succeed in doing. Of them, in their recently-developed state, we need only say that they cover more than 200 acres, and that the new graving dock, opened in 1895, boasts to be the most spacious in the world, accommodating the largest vessels built. The *Empress Dock*, opened 1890, is over 18 acres in extent. Further statistics we spare our readers.

Close to the station start the trams which by *Bridge Street* presently come into High Street, beyond Bargate branching off to *Shirley* for the western and to *Portswood* for the north-eastern suburbs.

Along the wall of the docks is reached the *Floating Bridge* that every ten minutes crosses the Itchen.

Keeping the railway on our right, and bearing a little to the left, we should soon reach *St. Mary's*, the mother church of Southampton, rather hidden away for want of the tower that has not yet been added. In 1878 this church was finely rebuilt by Mr. Street as a memorial to

Bishop Wilberforce, and the beautiful internal decorations are worth a visit often omitted on account of its out-of-the-way position. It lies near the south-eastern corner of the group of parks for which Southampton is so well off. From it, by *East Street*, we might pass up to the main thoroughfare; but let us now go back to the foot of this, which Miss Braddon calls the "brightest, airiest, lightest, prettiest High Street in England."

High Street proper extends to the *Bargate*, beyond which it is known as *Above Bar*. In the lower part, as we go up from the quays, on the right is the *Hurtley Institution*, a fine classical building, founded by bequest, containing, besides library, reading-room, schools of science and art, a museum—open free 11 to 4, except on Tuesdays, when a small charge is made.

Above this, on the same side, is the *Post-Office*, and almost opposite, the *Audit Hall* or Municipal Buildings, where are preserved the civic regalia and records, and some portraits of local worthies—among whom is Charles Dibdin, the song-writer. In one of the committee rooms (most likely to be open in the forenoon) is a picture of the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell* about to set sail, freighted with a New England. These vessels were fitted out at Southampton, though Plymouth came to be famed as the exiles' last port of call.

Holyrood Church, at the corner where the tramway comes in, was restored and altered 1850, but still preserves its old tower, and has inside a monument by Rysbach to Miss Elizabeth Stanley, with an inscription by Thomson, the poet of the *Seasons*. The opening opposite leads up to St. Michael's Church, already visited.

St. Lawrence Church, higher up on the right, has a fine pulpit and font to show, with some modern wall paintings and stained-glass windows. In *All Saints' Church*, on the same side (whose classic front makes a monument of 18th century taste), the late Sir John Everett Millais was baptized, Dr. Sterndale Bennett was married, and O'Keefe, the actor, lies buried in the graveyard. At No. 17 High Street (a large ironmonger's shop) a richly-carved

room is shown, with a chimney-piece of solid oak, where Charles I. is said to have lodged in passing through the town.

Now we reach *Bargate*, as great an obstruction to traffic as was old Temple Bar ; but the inhabitants have too much reverence for it to clear the way. It is a fine specimen of mediæval military architecture, adorned with escutcheons, and on the south front with an incongruous classical statue of George III. In the *Guildhall* above are preserved a statue of Queen Anne, and the old paintings of Sir Bevis and the giant Ascapard which used to be outside. On the left side is the *Police Office*, where giants and knights-errant, too, would be not unlikely to find quarters in our prosaic day.

Above Bar, continuing High Street, is a broad and busy thoroughfare. On the right stands back the *Congregational Chapel*, rebuilt as a memorial to Dr. Isaac Watts, the hymn-writer, whose birthplace is still to be seen in *French Street*, close to St. Michael's Church. On the left side are the *Philharmonic Rooms*, the *Prince of Wales Theatre* (a little way up a side street), and the *Royal Southampton Yacht Clubhouse*.

At a new Clock Tower on the other side, we see how the street has been running between the East and the West Park, which soon open on either hand, where comes the tramway junction, one branch going off to the left for *Shirley* by the West Station, the other keeping on the road to Winchester, bordered by the best suburban quarter. In the West Park stands a statue of Isaac Watts, to remind the boys who play in view of it not to let their angry passions rise ; and they can see for themselves in the flower beds how the busy bee improves each passing hour. The East Park is adorned by statues of Lord Palmerston and local worthies.

Between the most ornamental portion of these two parks the road runs on, passing the *Free Library* at the next left-hand corner, then the great block of the Ordnance Survey Office, the headquarters of official map-making—a building to be viewed with grateful respect

by all guide-book editors—beyond which it enters the *Avenue* that makes a stately commencement of one of the finest roads in England.

At the top of the Avenue, through the *Stag Gates*, the tram turns off to the right for the suburbs of *Portswood* and *St. Denys*. From the terminus, *St. Denys Road* leads straight to the *Cobden Bridge* over the Itchen, just before reaching which, a short turn to the left would bring us in sight of a fragment of *St. Denys' Priory*, now almost lost among modern residences. The new church of *St. Denys* is close by on the right of the road, and seems not unworthy of the dignity of its predecessor, from which several churches of Southampton were originally offshoots.

On the way here is passed a quarter known as *Bevis Mount*; and this reminds us of Southampton's legendary hero, who also figures in connection with Arundel. That conical pile of earth said to have been thrown up by him as an obstruction to Danish incursions, gave the name to a seat on the Itchen bank, which was once the home of the eccentric Lord Peterborough, Pope's friend and Swift's, and, later, of the poet Sotheby. Whatever degree of shadowy fact belongs to Bevis' memory, it was the core of a large growth of fiction, which we have here boiled down for the tourist's reading on a wet day.

Sir Bevis of Hampton was one of the favourite romances of the feudal age; but perhaps none of the Southampton boys who in our time pass the sixth standard, could give much account of this local hero's adventures, however well versed they may be in our own "penny dreadful" literature. Yet *Ivanhoe*, *Pathfinder*, and the *Three Musketeers* rolled into one, would make a tame figure beside Sir Bevis. As became a hero, he had difficulties to contend with all along, the first being an unnatural mother who, we grieve to say, was a Scottish princess. Married to Guy, Earl of Southampton, whose name suggests some connection with the still more famous house of Warwick, she preferred a foreign prince, Sir Murdour, a name that gives plain hint of his nature, as well as a dim anticipation of David Copperfield's tyrant. Guy being betrayed by his wife and slain by her paramour, when Bevis was only seven years old, the wicked pair's next object would naturally be to get rid of a child who might avenge his father. With the want of wisdom so often shown by the bad characters of

romance, the mother did not see to this business herself, but charged it on Saber, the child's uncle, by whom he had been reared; then the kind Saber, as proof of compliance, sent her his nephew's princely garments sprinkled with the blood of a pig, while he kept the boy safe and sound, disguised as a shepherd. But Bevis had too high a spirit to await the opportunity of revenge promised by his uncle when he should come to manhood. Feeding his sheep on tie downs, he became so infuriated to hear the sounds of revelry in which his mother and her new husband sought to drown the memory of their crime, that he burst into the hall, unpacked his young heart of its indignation before the whole company, and with three blows of a "mace" laid his step-father senseless before them all. Thus at seven years did Master Bevis show a resolution that might well put Hamlet to shame; and as he was so terrible with a stick, we may guess what feats he would perform when it got to sword play.

The guilty mother was much displeased by this conduct, and punished her precociously brave child by sending him to be sold for a slave in heathen lands. So he came into the hands of a Saracen king named Ermyrn, whose daughter, Josyan, at once fell in love with the young captive, according to the romantic precedent generally followed in such cases down to the days of Pocahontas. Ermyrn, too, recognising the boy's quality at a glance, proposed to make him his heir and son-in-law on condition of his abjuring Christianity. But the heroes of old were as orthodox as gallant. Bevis, though not yet in his teens, lifted up such a bold testimony against the errors of Mahound, that the king saw well to drop the subject, and for the present took him on as page, promising him further advancement in the course of time. Still no amount of friendly intercourse with unbelievers could shake the youngster's faith. He had reached the age of fifteen, when some Saracen knights rashly ventured to touch on his religion, whereupon he slew them all, some sixty or so, with remarkable ease. Ermyrn forgave him for this once, and Josyan with kisses and salves soon cured him of his wounds; then, in reward for their kindness, he obligingly rid them of a fearful wild boar that had long been the terror of the country.

These petty exploits had been merely the work of our hero's 'prentice hand: the time was now come for him to be dubbed a knight, presented on the occasion with a marvellous sword called "Morglay," and the best horse in the world, by name "Arundel." Ermyrn had need of a peerless champion. The king of Damascus was demanding Josyan's hand, with threats to lay waste the land if his suit were refused; but a lad of mettle like Bevis, of course, found no difficulty in laying low this proud Paynim and all his host. Josyan was so lost in admiration of such prowess, that she proposed to her Christian knight after a somewhat unmaidenly fashion; but Bevis would give her no encouragement till, for

his sake, she professed herself ready to renounce the Moslem faith.

But when the king heard how his daughter was being converted to Christianity, his patience came to an end. Not daring to use open violence against the invincible youth, he sent him on an embassy to King Bradmond, his late adversary, who, at the point of Bevis' sword, had lately sworn to be Ermy'n's vassal, and was now commanded, on his allegiance, to secure the bearer of the letter, which Bevis carried to his own destruction. The author of Hamlet may have taken a hint from this incident. But our impetuous hero needed no treacherous credentials to get him into trouble. At Damascus he found a crowd of Saracens worshipping an idol, which his sound principles moved him to knock over into the mud with proper contempt: the Mohammedans, whatever their doctrinal shortcomings might be, were, as a matter of fact, strongly set against idolatry, but Christian minstrels allowed themselves a theological as well as poetical license on such points. King Bradmond and all his men, backed by the fanatical population of Damascus, were odds too great even for a pious hero. Bevis, fairly overpowered for once, was thrown into a dungeon with two dragons to keep him company. It was only a matter of some twenty-four hours' combat for him to kill the dragons; but hunger proved a sorer enemy. Now come the two most familiar lines of this long poem, as quoted in "King Lear"—

"Rats and mice and such small deer,
Were his meat for seven long year."

At the end of seven years, he escaped by something like a miracle, and rode off to Josyan, whom he found still faithful to him at heart, though formally the bride of an outrageous heathen, the king of Mounbraunt. To his castle Bevis proceeded, not without blood-curdling adventures on the way, and introduced himself as a poor palmer, welcomed for the sake of her Christian lover by Josyan, though she did not recognise him so soon as did his good horse Arundel. Having got the king out of the way by means of a somewhat unchivalrous fib, Bevis and Josyan eloped together, meeting encounters that showed how little his long imprisonment had unsteeled the paladin's sinews. His first feat was to kill a brace of lions at one blow; then he fell in with a giant named Ascapard who, wounded all over from top to toe, was glad to save his life by becoming Bevis' page. It was high time for our hero to be turning homewards. Several years back, before his imprisonment, he had casually fallen in with one of his cousins, sent to search him out and bring him back to the immediate assistance of his uncle Saber against the tyrant Murdour. By sea he now proceeded to Cologne, where the bishop happened to be another uncle of his, so he took the opportunity to have Josyan and

Ascapard christened, the latter behaving most irreverently under the rite. The bishop, for his part, took the opportunity of having such a champion at hand to destroy a fiery dragon that infested the country; and in return for this service, equipped Sir Bevis with a hundred knights, at the head of whom he landed in Hampshire, leaving Josyan at Cologne.

Under an assumed name, he next introduced himself into the house of Sir Murdour, undertaking to serve him against Saber, but playing a trick on him in the way of carrying off his best horses and arms to the enemy. Before coming to an end with that caitiff, however, Bevis had to return to Cologne to rescue Josyan from certain perils she had got into through her devotion to him; then at last he joined his uncle in the Isle of Wight. Murdour's fate was now at hand. In vain he summoned to his aid both a Scotch and a German army. When he had to do with such prodigies of strength as Bevis and Ascapard, he could expect nothing but to be overthrown, captured, and boiled into hounds' meat in a great caldron of pitch, brimstone, and lead, as duly befell. His wicked wife, hearing how it had fared with him, very properly threw herself from the top of a high tower. His triple army had no more fight in them after the death of their leader, and the delivered citizens of Southampton hailed their true lord with hearty joy.

But the author of this long poem is not yet out of breath, and he still takes his hero through what may be called an appendix of adventures, in which Bevis once more goes abroad. Ascapard now turns unfaithful, and steals Josyan from him to restore her to her Saracen husband, but after a separation of seven years or so all comes right again; unbelievers and traitors are slain as they deserve, and Bevis meets no further check in his triumphant career of baptizing heathen lands in blood, if not otherwise. But, while conquering foreign lands, he had fallen into disgrace at home with King Edgar, who confiscated his earldom and estates. This injury must be redressed by a visit of Bevis to London, where his exploits seem hardly historical. He had now two sturdy sons to back him up, and these being chips of the old block, they easily contrived to kill sixty thousand people in a battle fought about Temple Bar and Ludgate Hill, which brought the king to a reasonable mood. In short, one of Bevis' sons won the crown of England, with the hand of its heiress; the other was provided with a kingdom abroad; and Bevis himself returned to another of his foreign dominions, where, in due time, he, Josyan, and Arundel died within a few minutes of each other, the knight and his true lady sumptuously buried in a church, where even his dead body continued to work miracles.

"Thus endeth Bevis of Hampton
That was so bold a baron."

THE ENVIRONS OF SOUTHAMPTON

Southampton Common, soon reached on the high-road, after the tram has turned off it to Portswood, is one of the finest natural parks at the gate of any town. It seems to be, what indeed it is, a bit of the New Forest, comprising a rich variety of open woodland scenery, noble trees, grand avenues, bowery walks, greens for sports, and romantic nooks for lovers ; besides the race-course, the reservoirs, the county cricket ground, and the cemetery. Its area is not far short of 400 acres ; and Southampton must be called fortunate in having such a playground.

Shirley, a pleasant suburb, lies to the south-west of the Common. From it we can take the tram into Southampton ; or through *Freemantle* we might come down to the shore at *Milbrook*, where there is a railway station, also an open-air bath, too much left stranded by the tide. To this point runs the sea-wall walk, passing outside of the *West* station, a favourite promenade, and a pleasant one when the tide is up. Half an hour's stroll brings us back thus to the town.

The **Itchen** is to be explored, and the wooded heights beyond it. The lower reaches of the river look rather like haunts of business than pleasure ; but a boat might be taken at St. Denys or above Northam Bridge to row at least as far up as *Wood Mill* (about a mile above the Cobden Bridge), a picturesque spot, which is a popular resort. Here comes an interruption at once to the navigation and to the tide. The boat needs to be carried over a strip of land, for which job mercenary hands will seldom be wanting in the season ; then it has a clear course, bordered by a tow-path for a mile or so higher, as far as *Gater's Mill*, or the *White Swan Inn*. The salmon fishing here is not for strangers, though angling for coarse fish is permitted.

By the *Cobden Bridge* at St. Denys we may cross over

to **Bitterne**, where there are a few relics of the old Roman station of Clausentum. Hence, or from the residences of *West End* above, the explorer might either turn up the river to recross at *South Stoneham* to Swathling station, or make for the *Northam Bridge* lower down, where the river broadens into an estuary, much taken up by floating wood rafts that form a perilous playground for amphibious youth. A good deal of yacht- and boat-building goes on here, for which the wood is being seasoned. From this bridge there is a pleasant view of the Itchen when full, but low tide leaves a sludgy waste, where urchins may be seen taking mud baths without the expense of going to Franzenbad. Northam Bridge is the lowest road across the river ; but by turning up along the heights one could gain the Floating Bridge that has superseded the old ferry near its mouth.

The *Floating Bridge* (1d.) crosses every ten minutes from the Docks to *Woolston*, carrying vehicles and all. On the other side we turn to the left a little, then mount to the pretty village of **Itchen**, and the open rising ground called **Pear Tree Green**, with its *Jesus Chapel*, from which there is a good view over Southampton. Walking up from the ferry one sees a flight of steps on the bank above some waste ground on the left ; this is the shortest way to the Green, which dry local wit has reason for calling *Pear Tree Brown* in hot summers. Thence we might walk on to Netley. Or by a road, leaving the chapel on the right, one could follow the heights above the Itchen, now being invaded by houses, but soon leading to a stretch of the leafy common land so characteristic of this district. This road turns down to the left for Bitterne. Holding on in the same direction, past Bitterne Station, one could recross at Northam Bridge, but for some parts of the town it is a shorter way to turn up the river through a growing suburb to Cobden Bridge, which would bring us to the tramway terminus at Portsdown, by the St. Denys Road.

Netley (3 miles) is the chief lion of the neighbour-

hood. It may be reached by rail from the Docks Station, which takes a circuit up the river to cross at St. Denys, and comes down on the other bank to Woolston ; then it carries one beyond the Abbey, not quite so far as *Netley Hospital*, leaving the ruins a mile back, through the village and past the tower of the church. From Woolston (where the train might be joined by means of the Floating Bridge), it is little over two miles by the road along the shore to the wooded nook in which the Abbey lies on the left—just short of the new church and of *Netley Castle* on the shore, a blockhouse of Henry VIII. expanded into a modern residence.

Netley Abbey, founded in the reign of Henry III., is an imposing and finely situated ruin that seems rather desecrated by being made into a place of popular junketings. (Admission, 2d.; on Sundays, 6d.) The garden is vulgarised by swings and such like ; tea and other refreshments may be had ; and on moonlight nights the revellers are tempted to linger late.

We enter by the *Fountain Court*, a large square area, containing some fine trees and luxuriant clumps of ivy. The walls on the south and west sides formed part of the apartments of the monks before the Dissolution. Facing us is the south wall of the church, and to the right are the walls of the south transept, chapter-house, etc.

The *Church*, 200 feet long, and 120 feet broad at the transept, was a cruciform structure in the Early English style. The nave is much injured ; the west window and door make a single gap ; the north transept has also disappeared ; but still there remains enough to interest the archæologist. "The east window is of two lights, with a foliated circle in the head, the arch five times recessed, with the caps and bases of four shafts in each of the jambs. The side windows are mostly of two lancet lights, within a common arch, having Early English shafts in the jambs ; some are three lights, with foliated heads, and of later character"—(*Parker*). A spiral staircase, now closed, at the south-east angle of the south transept led to a tower, which served, it is said, as a sea-mark.

At this corner are the remains of the *Sacristy* and the *Chapter-House*, from which we pass back through the remains bordering Fountain Court. The largest room is the *Refectory*, containing an ancient fire-place and a Buttery Hatch. At the end is the *Kitchen*, near our entrance gate, a vaulted apartment where nearly all the stone ribs and groining have gone, but it is still roofed in, which makes it one of the places fitted up with seats and tables for refreshments. Beside the Kitchen will be

seen a curious subterranean passage that runs down to Netley Castle. It has been prosaically explained as a drain.

This range of apartments separates Fountain Court from the Garden, a finely wooded lawn that is the chief scene of picnic amusements. Beyond it are some remains of the *Abbot's House*. The *Fish Ponds*, long choked up, are no longer within the enclosure, which has been closely shut in with an eye to the collection of twopences; and the hill above, the view from which excited Horace Walpole's enthusiasm, is occupied by private residences.

About a mile south of the Abbey, beyond the railway station, as we have already indicated, stands the *Royal Victoria Hospital*, erected after the Crimean War for wounded and invalided soldiers—a striking range of buildings in the Italian style, which may be visited by those who take an interest in such institutions. For convenience in landing the sick a pier has been erected, and a vessel, called the *Florence Nightingale*, built to convey them to the pier from the troopships. The hospital is the headquarters of the medical staff, and attached to it is the Army Medical School with its library and museum. In front of it a Gothic cross was erected in 1864 to the memory of the medical officers who died in the Crimea. In the museum there is a collection of skulls from all parts of the world, there being a nearly complete representation of the Asiatic and African types of races.

Hamble lies 3 miles south by road (not so much by the footpath behind the hospital), a place well known to yachtsmen and amateurs of crab-teas—"a fearful joy." This is at the mouth of the Hamble River, which may be ascended by boat, but one should be careful of bathing in the strong ebb tide that runs here. It was at Hamble, in all probability, that Cerdic and Cynric landed in 498, and formed the first West Saxon settlement, the "*Cerdic's ora*" of the Saxon Chronicle. There is a ferry by which we might cross to go on to the next inlet, the mouth of the Meon. The Hamble Creek brings us almost to the mouth of Southampton Water, that on the other side is shut in by the spit on which stands **Calshot Castle**, one of Henry VIII.'s fortresses, now used as a coastguard

station. This, of course, may be reached by an excursion from the New Forest, or along the west bank of the estuary from Hythe.

Hythe (*Drummond Arms Hotel*), which stretches out its long pier opposite Netley, is another favourite resort of Southampton people. Steamers run about every hour from the quay opposite the bottom of High Street, the trip costing a few pence and taking a quarter of an hour ; well worth so much, if only for the lively sight of Southampton Water. The attractions of the village itself are soon exhausted, but behind it there is some pretty park-like country, soon merging into the heaths of the New Forest. To Beaulieu, inland (see p. 63), and to Eaglehurst near Calshot Castle, at the end of the point, it is some half-dozen miles walking, rather more to Totton at the head of the estuary, where one could take train back to Southampton. Any one who wished merely to sample this scenery in a stroll of an hour, might go out of the village by the Beaulieu Road, then at the top of the first wooded ascent pass through a wicket on the left, to take the field-path that presently runs into a road returning to the shore. This road, if continued to the right, would be found branching off in all the directions mentioned above. At the foot of it, the way along the shore southwards is by a private drive on which we have heard of respectable trespassers not being prosecuted as threatened by a notice board. The shore northward of Hythe is edged by a path that at low water, and with some little awkwardness, might bring one round the head of the estuary.

Further excursions from Southampton are mainly by land to the **New Forest** (see p. 39) and by water to the **Isle of Wight**, to which we devote a small separate volume. Breaks and other vehicles make frequent excursions to the Forest, easily reached by rail at *Lyndhurst Road Station* (7 miles), or in less than 9 miles the northern part may be struck at *Cadnam*. Besides the regular steamers to Cowes, there are occasional trips in fine

weather to all parts of the Island, as it is locally called, and to various places along the south coast.

SOUTHAMPTON TO PORTSMOUTH

It remains to say something about the country between these two great ports, which are under 20 miles distant, if the direct way were not a little barred by more than one creek stretching into the land. There are two railway lines, the high road taking much the same direction as the newer one, first mentioned, which is slightly shorter and cheaper. In the summer, a pleasant way of getting along the coast is by the steamboats that run from one town to the other.

(1) The shorter railway line is that which we have taken to Netley, by the junction at St. Denys, chiefly communicating with the Docks Station. Beyond Netley it skirts the leafy *Hamble Creek*, crossing it at *Burlesdon*, once a great place of shipbuilding, then comes by *Swanwick* to *Fareham*, where it joins the other line.

(2) The old line is that from Salisbury to Portsmouth, which Southampton passengers join at *Eastleigh*. Some of its trains have through carriages for the G.W.R. system, and this is generally the more convenient route for communication between Portsmouth and other parts of the country, the junction at Eastleigh being a halting-place of express trains.

Botley (*Dolphin Inn*, C.), at the head of the Hamble Creek, is the first station, best known as the Hampshire residence of William Cobbett, whose *Rural Rides* give us so many pictures of this county. Here a short branch runs up the course of the Hamble River to *Bishops Waltham*, 4 miles by road.

At **Bishops Waltham** (*Crown Hotel*), i.e. the Bishop's town in the woodlands, the bishops of Winchester had a palace or castle originally founded by Henry de Blois. Around the stronghold spread a picturesque park nearly

1000 acres in extent, and a broad tract of open country, still called *Waltham Chace*, was also appropriated to their pleasure. In the beginning of last century, it was haunted by a notorious gang of poachers known as the "Waltham Blacks," whose bold depredations brought about the passing of a severe statute, "the Black Act"; but Bishop Hoadley sensibly refused to keep up the deer park which gave such temptation to crime, and the land is now under cultivation. This palace was the favourite residence, in his later years, of William of Wykeham, who expended much money on its embellishment, and died here in 1404, aged eighty. During the Civil War the castle was roughly dealt with, and though returned to the see of Winton at the Restoration, it has never been "rehabilitated."

The ruins lie south-west of the town, presenting the front of the great hall, with five large windows richly clothed in ivy,—the remains of a tower 17 feet square, and a portion of the offices now used as a barn. These are chiefly William of Wykeham's work. The original design was that of a parallelogram, with square towers at the angles, and two courts. The Hall, 66 feet by 27, and 25 feet high, is on the right, and the Chapel of the same dimensions on the left. In the front of the building there is a large sheet of water, artificially formed.

The *Church* is mostly late Perpendicular in style, but the chancel was probably built by William of Wykeham, whose well-known "rose" adorns the east window. The aisles belong to the 17th century.

A few miles to the south-east, in the valley of the Meon, is **Wickham** (*King's Head*, C.), birthplace of the famous Bishop of Winchester, where the Church, restored and enlarged, preserves a Norman west doorway, and contains a fine early 17th century monument of the Uvedale family. This is passed a little on the left of the railway crossing the Meon to reach Fareham.

Fareham (*Red Lion Hotel*, (C.), *Royal Oak*) is a market town grown of late to some 8000 inhabitants. It has one long street running down from the station, below which there is a quay upon a creek of Portsmouth

Harbour, known as the Lake. Turning down to the right, beneath the railway, one may find a pleasant walk along this water. Crossing it at the farther end of the town, one can mount the ridge of *Portsdown*, and in a couple of miles reach the *Nelson Monument* to look down on Portsmouth.

The town is surrounded by fine country and several handsome seats. To the tourist, its chief interest will be as junction of the two lines from Southampton to Portsmouth, and of one going off to Gosport, and to the Stokes Bay crossing from Ryde. To these may soon be added the proposed new railway up the Meon Valley to Alton, and perhaps to Petersfield, which, as we write, is only in the air.

Before going on to Portsmouth, let us turn aside to *Titchfield* (under three miles south-west of Fareham), which has no station of its own.

Titchfield (*Queen's Head, Bugle, C.*), an ancient but decayed town near the mouth of the Meon, has a restored Church of which the townsmen may be justly proud. The chancel arch is Early English; its other parts, and the richly-moulded west doorway, are Norman; the north aisle is late Perpendicular; two Early English arches open from the nave into a Decorated chapel on the south side, and yet, despite of this diversity of styles, the general effect is particularly impressive. The south chapel is filled with memorials of the Southampton family, among them the stately mausoleum erected by Henry, second Earl of Southampton, d. 1581, for himself, his mother, and his father, Sir Thomas Wriothesley, d. 1550, chancellor to Henry VIII.; on the summit lies recumbent, in robes of state, the effigy of the Countess; on either side, upon a lower slab, is placed an effigy of one of the Earls.

The remains of *Titchfield House*—or Fontley Abbey, as it is locally called—lie half a mile north-east of the village, on a breadth of rich green sward which slopes to the river-bank. It occupies the site of a Priory of

Praemonstratensian Canons, founded by Bishop Peter de Rupibus, *temp.* Henry III., and falling at the Dissolution to the share of Sir Thomas Wriothesley, the builder of the house whose picturesque ruins have been so often transferred to the sketcher's note-book. Edward VI. visited it in 1552 on his western progress, but its chief historical interest centres in the shelter it afforded, in 1647, to Charles I., on his escape from Hampton Court.

The rest of this neighbourhood will come under the environs of *Portsmouth*, whither we now pass on between Portsdown and the Harbour, at the head of which stand out the ruins of Porchester. The railway carries us by Cosham and Fratton almost all round the great town, on the farther side of it joining the direct line from London to Portsmouth.



PORTSMOUTH & EASTERN HANTS

LONDON TO PORTSMOUTH

MOST of Hampshire may be called a preserve of the London and South-Western Railway; but Portsmouth has the benefit of competition between this and the Brighton line. The former, from Waterloo, is the more direct, and has express trains that, by the new short cut to Guildford, do the distance of over 70 miles in two hours.

Beyond Guildford, the line passes through a fine country to Godalming, and thence to Haslemere, near the borders of Surrey, Sussex, and Hants. **Haslemere** itself (*White Horse* (H.Q.), *King's Arms*) is a pleasant resort, lying in a valley between the heaths of *Blackdown* and *Hindhead*. The latter height, dry and breezy, rising to nearly 900 feet above the sea, has of late years become quite a sanatorium for Londoners, and is too fast losing its wildness under a crop of red villas and cottages of gentility, while the *Royal Huts* Hotel, the *Seven Thorns* Inn, *Glenlea*, *Brockenhurst* and other boarding-houses are increasing the accommodation for transient visitors. This beautiful stretch of heath and pine woods, well described in Mrs. Oliphant's *Cuckoo in the Nest*, is on the edge of Hampshire, one of its growing hamlets indeed, *Grayshott*, lies within the bounds of our county, into which delightful walks may be taken, besides those that keep us in Surrey,—to *Waggoner's Wells*, to the larger

lake of *Frensham Pond* on the border, and to the *Devil's Jumps* on the way to Farnham; then we might also make for *Linchmere*, *Blackdown*, *Fernhurst* and other lovely spots in Sussex. All around are tablelands of bracken, gorse, and turf, broken by sands, hollows, ponds and pine-crested ridges, and falling into the valleys by green lanes and commons rich in "bits" for the painter. The various hostelries of Hindhead are a 3 or 4 miles' uphill drive from Haslemere Station by road; and more than one charming by-way could be pointed out to the pedestrian.

The famous Portsmouth road, on which Nicholas Nickleby tramped, leaving the railway to its left, goes up over Hindhead, passing the grand hollow called the "Devil's Punch-Bowl," and the fine view point of Gibbet Hill, marked by a stone cross. From the *Huts Hotel*, a central crossing of ways, the high-road runs straight on to *Liphook* (5 miles), entering Hampshire at the *Seven Thorns*, about a mile beyond the Huts. At Liphook it meets the railway, which has taken lower ground by the Surrey village of *Shottermill*, where George Eliot lived for a time.

Liphook (Hotels: *Anchor*, *Railway*) is a large outgrowth of the village of *Bramshott* to the right, surrounded by the same heathy scenery as Haslemere, and also a gate to excursions into Surrey and Sussex, on either hand. But here we are fairly in Hants, and within reach of Gilbert White's Selborne country. Selborne itself is 7 or 8 miles off. Between lies **Woolmer Forest**, a fragment of the old *Andredesweald* that once covered Sussex and parts of the bordering counties. This royal chase, where Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne have seen the deer driven, once extending almost up to Selborne village, was, in White's time, a sandy, treeless waste, that now has been to a great extent planted with fir trees, and makes a fine scene when the heather is in bloom. The forest is Crown property, used for manœuvring and so forth, as a dependency of Aldershot. Some pleasant spots of it may

be visited from Liphook Station — *Holywater Clump* (3 miles), *Woolmer Pond* (4 miles), a sheet more than a mile in circumference, and a little beyond it *Blackmoor*, at which the late Earl Selborne (Sir Roundell Palmer) built a pretty church, whose spire stands up among the pine woods as a beacon. (For *Selborne*, see p. 80.) The *Greatham* road from Liphook leads right through Woolmer Forest, leaving the picturesque *Weavers' Down* on the left, then, about 3 miles from Liss, striking into the Farnham to Petersfield road, which runs by this forest after passing through the remains of another, still known as *Alice Holt Wood*.

Liss is the next station, from which it is 5 miles to Selborne by the road leading to the right for Farnham, till a guide-post shows where to turn off on the left. A slightly more devious way would be by **Hawkley**, for which, just outside of Liss, the road turns sharp to the left at a large tree standing out before the Spread Eagle Inn. Presently on the left is passed *Liss Place*, where are some remains of an ancient mansion. In 3 miles is reached the village, with its handsome church, behind which rises the wooded ridge of *Hawkley Hanger*. Beyond the village green, a stile and path on the right lead up, or rather round, the side of the hill to where an open space permits a fine view of the Sussex Downs and the Rother Valley. Hence one bears north for Selborne by lanes and roads on which it is easy to lose the way, but not for long.

Opposite Hawkley Hanger, across a hollow green with hop fields, rises another wooded bank of chalky scars that sweeps round towards Petersfield. Mounting this height by any of the lanes up its hollows, one could bear on into the road behind for Petersfield (5 miles), which runs high till it turns down through the woods into the plain, but has not much outlook, so that the adventurous pedestrian might do better to skirt round the face of the Hangers by such paths and lanes as he can find ; and so long as he keeps between the heights on his right and the

railway on his left, is bound not to go far out of the way for Petersfield.

Its hotel accommodation not being the strong point of Liss, these scenes are more likely to be visited from Petersfield, to which the railway goes on through a very pretty country, passing to the left the village of *Sheet*, where the river Rother takes its course into Sussex. By this comes the high-road, which, crossing the railway, has left Liss on its right.

PETERSFIELD

Hotels : *Dolphin, Red Lion (H.Q.)*

This is a cheerful and pleasant little town of between 2000 and 3000 inhabitants, the junction of the L. & S.-W. railway branch for *Midhurst* in Sussex, at which one comes in touch with the L. B. & S. C. line to Chichester. The hotels and the post-office lie at the bottom of the town, left of the main line, on the Portsmouth road. The way down from the station, a matter of a few minutes, leads through the little square adorned by a statue of William III., rather in need of the restoration that has been given to the old Church whose low tower peeps up to the right of the square. Beyond the Portsmouth road extends Petersfield Heath, where golf links have been laid out beside a lake, available for bathing in the morning and evening hours.

Petersfield makes a good centre for walks in a very picturesque district, with stretches of open land that have been turned to account for military manœuvres. The principal features are : to the north, the line of wooded heights expressively known as the "Hangers"; to the east, the valley of the Rother, along the farther side of which runs the Sussex Downs; to the south, in Hampshire, the mass of Butser Hill, forming the end of this range; and to the south-west, the valley of the Meon. More than a mile from the town the boundary of Sussex is reached at the Rother; and as to the scenery in this

direction we refer the reader to our Guide for that county. Midhurst is 9 miles away, Winchester 18, Bishops Waltham 14, Alton 12, and Selborne 8 through Liss.

For the *Hangars* one goes out by the high-road to the right of the station. This soon divides at a guide-post—left for Winchester, right for Alton. Following the latter road, in 2 miles we find it beginning to climb into the woods, and there on the left a chalky lane leads up in a few minutes to the open top of **Stoner Hill** (756 feet), one of the favourite view points.

The Alton road goes up with a long bend round the wooded hollow separating Stour Hill from the next height—an ascent through rather too much shade blocking the view; else one could here believe oneself in an Alpine pass. When this gulf of greenery has been quite circumnavigated, a road going off to the right would lead to the top of **Wheatham Hill** (800 feet) above a wooded point known as the “*Shoulder of Mutton*.” Thence one may hold on to cross the opener hollow running up from Liss, beyond which runs another wooded wall, with *Hawkley Hanger* rising a little behind.

By Hawkley, as already mentioned, a way might be found to Selborne; but the road locally recommended from Petersfield is that through Liss, to be reached by taking the main Portsmouth road, and turning across the line at Sheet, as a guide-post directs, or a by-road would lead all the way on that side of the railway.

Meon Valley.—Through *Langrish*, about 3 miles on the Winchester road, it is a walk of 5 miles to **East Meon**, which has a fine Norman cruciform Church, with a spire of later date. The chancel and south aisles are Early English. To Bishop Walkelin, cousin of William the Conqueror, is ascribed the Norman portion. The font is very remarkable, and strongly resembles in character and material the famous one in Winchester Cathedral; its sculpture represents the Expulsion of Adam and

Eve from Paradise, and "their subsequent instruction in the arts of husbandry and spinning."

We are here in the valley of the *Meon*, alias the *Aire*, or the *Titchfield River*, along which let us make a digression by a route at present frequented by cyclists and pedestrians, but soon likely to be opened up by a light railway from Alton to Fareham, touching or passing near Petersfield, which, in our next edition, may demand more notice for this district.

An hour's walk from East Meon is **West Meon**, where one gets on the high-road from Alton to Fareham. This also has a fine church rebuilt, with some good oak carvings and stained glass.

Warnford (*George Inn*), 2 miles to the south on the high-road, has another old church, with some remarkable internal features, and a beautiful park, enclosing the ruins of a manor popularly called "King John's House," though it really belonged to the St. Johns, Lords of Basing.

To the right of this pleasant halting-place is **Beacon Hill** (660 feet), on the other side of the river, commanding a fine view; and to the left of the road southwards rises **Old Winchester Hill**, about the same height—a mass of chalk—its slopes dotted with burrows and crowned by a camp, traditionally said to have been the site of ancient Winchester. It is reached in half an hour by turning off at **Meonstoke Church** (3 miles south of Warnford), one worth visiting on its own account for the Early English and Decorated work it displays, the remains of an Easter Sepulchre, and an old wood carving, apparently German, of Dürer's time, representing the Last Supper.

Corhampton, across the river from Meonstoke, which is on the left bank, has a church of singular archaeological interest as undoubtedly Saxon; and sanguine antiquaries ascribe some parts of it to the date of St. Wilfred, who first preached the gospel in this region. To be remarked are the exterior peculiarities of workmanship: the narrow pilasters springing from a basement of stone—

the two rude corbels on the south side, and another on the north which is set upon the keystone of a projecting arch—and the consecration stone or sun-dial, roughly enriched at the angles with a trefoil ornament. The chancel arch is semicircular, and of the rudest construction. On one side is an ancient pulpit, on the other, a white marble monument to Walter Long of Preshaw House and his family. A stone chair stands within the altar rails, and the ancient altar slab, engraved with five rude crosses, lies beneath the grand yew tree in the churchyard.

Droxford (*Roebuck Inn*), less than 2 miles farther on the road, has another fine church, and there is yet another at **Soberton**, a mile to the south, off the main road, which runs on to Fareham, 13 miles from where we joined it at West Meon. The river, followed on one side or other as far as *Wickham*, is a good trout stream, but much preserved.

For a change of route back to Petersfield, at Droxford one might turn 3 miles S.E. to **Hambledon** (*New Inn*), a village with again a noticeable church, called by good authority one of the finest in the county, showing Saxon, Norman, Early English and later architecture. Hambledon has been famed for its Hunt, and for its cricket matches on *Broad Halfpenny Down* behind, which claims indeed to be the cradle of what is now the national game.

From Hambledon back to Petersfield would be a more direct line of some dozen miles, about half-way falling into the high-road for Portsmouth. We have made such a long digression here, because in this thinly populated country there is at present no nearer railway station, the next on the main line being Rowland's Castle, more than half-way to Portsmouth. To Petersfield let us now return from the direct road southwards.

Beyond Petersfield the Portsmouth road and the railway take us the one over, the other under **Butser Hill** (888 feet), the highest ground in Hampshire, except Walbury Camp on the north edge, which is partly in Berks. There is no mistaking the way, as the round back of the

hill rises straight before us. One mile out, a road turns off to the left for **Buriton**, a pretty village, with the mother church of Petersfield nestling under the picturesque hangers of the Downs, and memories of Gibbon, the historian, whose youthful home was the manor-house. A very short divergence would take us here, and we might come back into the main road a little farther on, where it crosses the railway. Beyond the second milestone the road begins to rise up the hill, passing through a wide punch-bowl hollow, then a deep cutting in the chalk. At the beginning of this cutting we can turn up the Downs on the right, where a cottage provides refreshments. The ascent is stiff but smooth, relieved by bearing round the curved ridge. The old coach road went over the lower half of the hill, on the left side of the present road, so from this Cobbett must have had the prospect that so much excited his admiration.

The view from the broad, flat top, somewhat impeded by stunted thorns and other coppice wood, is a most extensive one. Northwards, it looks far into Surrey, westward over the rolling woods and downs of Hants, southward to the sea, eastward along the ridge of the Sussex Downs, where a few miles would bring one to *Linch Ball*, their highest point, beyond which, by the gap at Cocking, one might turn down into Midhurst.

We have indicated the plainest way up Butser Hill, but by going along the road marked to *East Meon*, just beyond the bridge over the railway, one could more directly gain the northern slopes. Below them lie mapped out field-paths and roads, on which might be varied the way back to Petersfield, whose cluster of red roofs is plain in view.

From Petersfield, it is 17 miles by road to Portsmouth, bending away to the right from the rail, passing through the Forest of Bere and over Portsdown. The railway carries us by a tunnel under Butser Hill, and by the woods of *Ladyholt* on the Sussex border. *Idsworth Park* will be seen on the left, with a small church

standing in it; then comes the station of **Rowland's Castle** (*Fountain, C.*), so called from a Roman camp among trees a few minutes' walk to the right. Here Roman remains have been found; but how the place came to get the name of Charlemagne's Paladin is not so clear as the fact that it stood on the old Roman road to Porchester. This neighbourhood is a great resort of Portsmouth holiday-makers.

To the right now extends the ancient **Forest of Bere**, once a royal hunting ground, but now much tamed down. On the verge of the Forest is **Leigh Park**, a fine mansion with beautiful woods and gardens. This is half an hour's walk from the next station, *Havant*, where tickets of admission may be had free at Messrs. White & Co., chemists, West Street (just beyond the Post-Office).

Havant (*Bear Hotel*) mainly consists of four streets meeting at the handsomely rebuilt parish church. It stands near the head of *Langston Harbour*, two miles from the Sussex border. In that direction lies the 14th century church of **Warblington**, of which the massive oak porch is a fine feature. Close to the church are the remains of Warblington Castle, dismantled during the rebellion. The tower is the only portion now left. Along the high-road to Chichester, is reached the border village of **Emsworth**, where the tide gives some bathing facilities at the head of Chichester Harbour, separated by *Hayling Island* from the other branch of the shallow estuary that makes this such an amphibious patch on the Hampshire coast.

At Havant the L. & S. W. R. joins the L. B. & S. C. R., by which there is communication along the coast eastward. Here, too, go off the branch to *Hayling Island*, and occasionally trains run to *Cosham*, under the ridge north of Portsmouth.

[The railway popularly known as the "Brighton" line takes its route to Portsmouth through Sussex, by *Horsham*, *Arundel*, and *Chichester*. At *Emsworth*, passing the head of Chichester Harbour, it enters Hampshire,

and from Havant the rival companies share the same metals and stations. Return tickets of either are available by the other at stations common to both.]

The line now runs round Langston Harbour estuary, and on the other side rise the downs above Portsmouth. Strong forts show that we are approaching a great arsenal. *Farlington* is a station for the Portsmouth race-course; then comes *Fratton*, where we might turn off for the *Southsea Station*; but for the west end of Southsea, *Portsmouth Town* will be found as convenient. Skirting the prettily wooded Kingston Cemetery on the right, with a glimpse of the fine tower of Portsea Parish Church beyond, we come into the *Town Station*, whence the trains connecting with the Isle of Wight boats go on to the *Harbour Station*.

PORTSMOUTH

Hotels: *George*, High Street; *Kippel's Head* and *Totterell's*, near Pier; *Central* and *Speedwell Temperance* (large), near Town Station; *Star* and *Garter*, near the Point; *Bedford*, *Miller's* (Commercial); *Star*, Gosport. At Southsea, on or about the Common: *Royal Pier*, *Queen's*, *Grosvenor*, *Beach Mansions* (at South Pier), *Exeter*, *Esplanade* (at Clarence Pier), *Imperial* (Temperance), *Portland*, *Westminster*, etc.

Boarding-Houses and Private Hotels at Southsea are many, the following being only a few of the best known—(charges from £2:2s. and £3:3s. a week, according to season):—*Sandringham*, *Marlborough*, *Albany*, *Cyprus House*, *Carlton*, *Strathearn*, *East Lynne*, *Fairholme*, etc.

Our strongest fortified place lies in the south-east corner of Hants, upon an island called Portsea. On the farther side of the main inlet is the separate municipality of Gosport. Portsmouth itself consists of two parishes, Portsmouth and Portsea, comprehending the large quarters of Landport and Southsea, besides other locally distinguished suburbs, all welded into one town, which has grown much of late, and now includes a population of 160,000. The whole is surrounded by a chain of forts, as to some of which even the faithful Ordnance Survey maps are a purposed blank; and for more reasons than one we shall say little on this head. The outer line

of fortification, landward, is on *Portsmouth*, a ridge 7 miles long overlooking the island. From this elevation we can study the geography of the town spread out before and beneath us.

We see an island, 5568 acres in area, 3 miles in length, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in width, formed on the north by a narrow channel or wide moat which separates it from the mainland, by the broad expanse of Langston Harbour on the east, by Portsmouth Harbour on the west, and by the waters of Spithead on the south. Opposite, like a natural breakwater, lies the Isle of Wight. The southern part of Portsea island is occupied by a large town—closely-packed in some quarters, in others showing an unusual proportion of open spaces and huge buildings, its seaward edge bristling with masts. On the other side of the harbour lies another town, Gosport. Between these, the harbour, elsewhere 2 miles wide, narrows into a passage not so broad as the Thames at London Bridge, but with a depth of water sufficient to float a man-of-war at any hour of the tide. This entrance is commanded by Fort Victoria and Southsea Castle on the east, and by Fort Monkton on the west. Nearly up to the foot of the hill (4 miles) on which we stand, winds the harbour, its shores, at low water, a wide expanse of slimy mud—its waters thronged with men-of-war, frigates, brigs, sloops, steamers, some all taut and ready for service, others apparently abandoned to an idle old age. That portion of the great town which lies nearest to us is Portsea and Landport—beyond extends Portsmouth, on the south-east running into the pleasant suburb of Southsea. Ramparts, bastions, moats, drawbridges, intersect and encircle the whole in a manner peculiarly perplexing to the unprofessional eye. May they prove as difficult to an enemy if ever England's first line of defence should fail her—those floating castles, some of which may be seen in the roadstead beyond the famous Spithead, where her safety and her glory have so often ridden at anchor!

Portsmouth, as a town of importance, can claim no greater antiquity than the reign of Henry VIII., though it received a

charter as far back as Henry I.'s reign. There is a story about a Saxon chief named Porta landing here ; but one need not go so far out of the way for the derivation—Portsea (*i.e.* *Portsey*, the island of the Port) must have always made a good harbour. Duke Robert disembarked here in 1101, and the Empress Matilda in February 1140. In 1190, Richard I. sailed from Portsmouth with 100 ships on his last voyage to his French dominions ; so did Henry III. in 1233. Few of our sovereigns, in fact, have not passed through Portsmouth, as Queen Victoria does on her frequent journeys to and from Osborne.

The first church at Portsmouth was built by the canons of Southwick about 1182, and dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, then recently elevated to a place in the calendar. It happily escaped in 1337, when a French marauding force destroyed nearly all the town, and it was equally fortunate in the attacks of 1369 and 1372. In 1374, the men of Portsmouth took their revenge ; they crossed the Channel, and burnt five ships at Havre. Edward IV., for the defence of the harbour, whose excellence was beginning to be understood, built on each side a round tower, and between them a mighty chain or boom was extended in Henry VIII.'s reign. In July 1545, Lord Lisle collected here the English fleet intended for a hostile expedition against the French shores, and was attacked by an enormous armament under the French admiral D'Annabault. Lord Lisle remained on the defensive, endeavouring to draw his enemy into the shoals and narrows with which nature has protected Portsmouth. Two days were occupied in skirmishes which had no decisive result, but the *Mary Rose*, commanded by Sir George Carew, the boast of the English navy, a huge four-castled sixty-gun vessel, overweighted by her own ordnance, heeled over, and the port-holes being open, sank through the rush of water, with the loss of 600 men. The French afterwards landed at three places in the Isle of Wight—at Shanklin, Bembridge, and Sea View—but were repulsed with loss. A foray was also made on the Sussex coast ; then the great fleet which had threatened so much, and accomplished so little, retired to France, harassed by the English ships. King Henry viewed the engagement at Spithead from Southsea Castle, one of the round forts with which he dotted the southern shores in 1540-41. Queen Elizabeth added to the fortifications, and Portsmouth became the great rendezvous of our fleet, and our principal dockyard.

In 1628 it was at Portsmouth that the expedition intended for the relief of the Protestants of Rochelle was ordered to assemble, when its chief, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the "Steenie" of James the First, and the trusted counsellor of his son, arriving to hasten its preparation, was murdered at an inn called the "Spotted Dog" in the High Street, by the fanatic Felton. In 1662, Catherine of Braganza landed here to be married to Charles II. ; but tragedies rather are the features of local history. In 1757,

Admiral Byng was tried on board the *St. George* in Portsmouth Harbour, on a charge of having neglected the relief of Minorca, and caused the loss of that island to the French. The admiral was unpopular, and the Ministry wanted a victim. After a long trial he was found guilty of not having done his utmost to destroy the enemy, but the court earnestly recommended him to mercy, acquitting him of disaffection or cowardice. To this recommendation no effect was given, and the unfortunate admiral was shot on board the *Monarque*.

The loss of the *Royal George* in 1782 while undergoing repairs at Spithead, is well remembered through Cowper's poem. She was a 108-gun ship, and considered one of the finest vessels in the navy. It was necessary to lay her slightly on her side, but no risk being apprehended, Admiral Kempenfeldt, with his officers and men, remained on board. "About ten o'clock a sudden squall from the north-west threw her broadside on the water, and the lower deck ports not having been lashed down, she filled and sank in about three minutes. A victualler which lay alongside was swallowed up in the whirlpool which the sudden plunge of so vast a body into the water occasioned, and several small craft, though at some distance, were in imminent danger. Her gallant admiral, Kempenfeldt, was at the time writing in his cabin, and he, with many of his officers and most of those who were between the decks, perished. As the ship had but lately returned home, there was a great number of women on board, and it is supposed that nearly seven hundred persons were drowned, though every assistance was rendered by the boats of the fleet"—(*Moodly*). The wreck remained for long a dangerous obstacle in the roadstead, until its removal was effected in 1839 and the five following years by a company of sappers and miners.

A later naval catastrophe is not so famous, *caret quia rate sacro*. On the 1st May 1795 the *Boyne*, a fine 98-gun ship, was destroyed by fire in Portsmouth Harbour. She drifted out of the harbour, with her guns going off, some of them shotted, which gave Portsmouth a taste of bombardment; and when the magazine at last exploded, several boats rendering assistance were blown to pieces, with some loss of life.

Many monuments in the churchyards and elsewhere about Portsmouth, commemorate such disasters all over the world, which this town cannot but feel keenly. One of the latest of these, opposite the Town Hall, is to the ill-fated crew of the *Victoria*, sunk by collision off the coast of Syria, a few years ago.

Turning to more cheerful records, we must note that at Portsmouth were born *Jonas Hanway*, the traveller and philanthropist, said to be the first man in England who ventured to carry an umbrella; *Isambard Brunel*, the engineer; *Charles Dickens*, whose birthplace is still to be seen, No. 387 Commercial Road, Landport; and another favourite novelist, *Sir Walter Besant*, who has celebrated the scenes of his boyhood in *Celia's Arbour*.

The *Town Station* opens upon *Commercial Road*, a main thoroughfare running north into Landport, and south towards Southsea. The *red* tram runs past to the Dock Gates; the *yellow* one, also coming down Commercial Road, to the Clarence Pier, Southsea; and on its way this intersects the *green* tram route from South Parade Pier to the Docks. These colours should be noted, as the destination of the cars is announced only by an inconspicuous board on the side, and the puzzled stranger might otherwise understand them to be bound for Somebody's soap or So-and-So's table waters.

Here we are in the centre of the town, and among its chief public buildings. Coming out of the station, we see the line running on by an embankment to the Harbour, beside the prettily laid out *Victoria Park*. On the right hand, at the opposite corner of Commercial Road, is the *Post-Office*. On the left, commanding an open square, rises the new Town Hall.

The *Town Hall*, opened 1890, is one of the stateliest, perhaps the most imposing, in England. Besides the Municipal Offices, it contains the *Free Library* and a great *Hall* used for concerts, and other gatherings. On Saturday nights the fine organ may be heard for one penny. Portsmouth turns an honest, if rather ignoble, penny by exhibiting her municipal splendours at stated hours through the day. Sixpence is charged for ascending the tower, from which a view of the flat town may be had, as hardly elsewhere short of Portsdown Hill.

Behind the Town Hall are the *Corporation Baths*, with swimming and private baths. There are *Turkish Baths* in King's Terrace, farther on the road to Southsea. A little way down Commercial Road is the *Theatre Royal*; then farther on come the *Albert* and *Victoria Halls*, other spacious places of public amusement.

We do not propose to conduct the reader through all the tortuous ways of this town, but only to the more interesting points. Turning our backs on Landport, let us go first to old **Portsmouth**, a comparatively small

part of the whole aggregation. We follow the tram line down Commercial Road, which branches on the left for the gentilities of Southsea, but let us now keep the right-hand line by the *Military Recreation Grounds*, the *General's House*, and the *Grammar School*, round which last we might turn a little way, still by the tram rails, for a sight of one of the old Gates, which the town has long grown away from. This road would take us on to the Dockyard entrance, the tramway terminus.

Opposite the Grammar School, let us meantime turn down the *High Street*, passing one of the many barracks of Portsmouth, that covers the site of the old Theatre Royal, where Nicholas Nickleby and Smike made their debut. No. 12, facing the Unitarian Chapel, represents in part the inn where Buckingham was murdered. On the same side is the *George*, still the chief hotel, which has entertained Wellington and Nelson, who passed here his last night in England. Near the bottom of the street, the *Soldiers' Institute*, founded by Miss Robinson, is the "Fountain Inn" famed in Captain Marryatt's stories. The original "Blue Posts" has been burned down, though the name still remains.

Below the George comes the classical façade of the old *Guildhall*, now turned into a *Museum*, containing a good show of pictures, curiosities, and antiquities.

An opening opposite shows *St. Thomas'*, the parish church of Portsmouth, an interesting but somewhat incongruous building, partly ancient, mainly rebuilt at the end of the 17th century, and now restored. The square central tower is surmounted by a cupola and a vane in form of a ship, presented by Prince George of Denmark, 1710. The font is ancient. Among the other contents are the Duke of Buckingham's monument, not frugal in laudation, and the illuminated register of the marriage of Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza.

A finer church is the *Royal Garrison Chapel*, in an open space ("Governor's Green"), soon reached by turning round to the left at the bottom of High Street. Originally attached to the *Domus Dei* or God's House, an hospital

dedicated to St. Nicholas, and founded by Bishop Peter de Rupibus in 1212, this church has been restored by Street, after being long desecrated to secular uses. It contains a number of military monuments and memorial windows. That in the centre is to Lord Raglan, on the south to Lord Clyde, on the north to Sir Charles Napier, who is buried in front of the church under a recumbent effigy, where the sculptor has had some difficulty in dealing with the details of modern martial panoply. Visitors are admitted to the services if there is room.

While on the head of ecclesiastical institutions, let us mention the parish church of Portsea, now rebuilt at Kingston, two miles off, and commonly called *Kingston Church*. This spacious church, with its pinnacled tower, was built by Sir A. Blomfield after the pattern of the 15th century churches so characteristic of East Anglia, and contains much fine ornamentation in keeping with the exterior workmanship.

Beside the Victoria Park, rises the new *Roman Catholic Cathedral*, a striking red structure not unworthy of such a good site.

St. Jude's, the chief church of Southsea, is in the centre of that quarter.

The other churches of Portsmouth are more numerous than noticeable.

At the bottom of High Street is the *Victoria Steamboat Pier*, close to which the Queen has her private landing place. *Broad Street*, on the right, leads to the *Point* and the *Floating Bridge* for Gosport, on the way to which some interesting bits of old Portsmouth will be seen. Here is the *Round Tower*, from which, till a century ago, a chain was stretched across to defend the harbour. *Bath Square* lies on the left of this road, now a fish-market since Southsea has become the bathing-place of Portsmouth. To the right *East Street* would lead on to the *Town Quay*, behind which we could get round to Portsea. But for the present let us go back to the end of High Street.

Here, over an open space to the left, we mount the

Platform, once part of the old fortifications, now a landing place with a look-out from above the *Sallyport*—a fine view if seen as Jane Austen saw it: “the shadows pursuing each other on the ships at Spithead and the island beyond; the sea at high water, ever varying in its hues, dancing in its glee, and dashing with a fine sound against the ramparts.”

We are now not far from the *Clarence Pier* and *Southsea Common*, to which one could go on by the sea wall round the fortifications; but this is a much-frequented public bathing-place, making not the best walking at any time, and at high tide one salient angle may prove impassable. It is better, then, to descend to the Grand Parade behind the Platform, and take a narrow passage at the corner of the Garrison Church enclosure, leading out through the *Pembroke Gardens* on Southsea Common, to which the tram line would have conducted us from the station.

Southsea is the west end of Portsmouth, which also lays itself out as a seaside resort, and in this capacity will be recommended by a very low death-rate—for the whole borough little over 15 per thousand. It is largely favoured as a place of residence by retired or idle officers of both services, who enjoy the stir of parades, reviews, and regimental bands by land, and the view of the Solent constantly alive with yachts, steamboats, and men-of-war. Such a basis of society promises no lack of the amusements in vogue, both public and private, all the year round. Goodwood week marks the beginning of the season for more transient guests. In summer Southsea is also a good deal frequented by excursionists. But it hardly seems adapted for a quiet family watering-place, unless to the taste of nursery-maids, who would be well off here for red-coated and blue-jacketed “followers.” Indeed the charms of the place are thrown away on those who take no interest in military and nautical matters.

The town extends a good way behind, and mixes with Portsmouth—one can hardly say where, since the tendency is to claim Southsea for address as more fashionable.

It has some good streets, laid out with pleasing irregularity and interspersed with greenery. Its Portland Hall and the new Opera House make it independent in a manner of Portsmouth, which rather turns to Southsea for high-class amusements. It differs from the conventional bathing-place in its front being separated from sea and esplanade by the wide stretch of the *Common*, which serves as arena for so many military displays. When burned dry by a hot summer, this bare expanse, edged by fortifications, suggests the *maidan* of an Indian station. If the wooded shores of the Isle of Wight and the gay terraces of Southsea are veiled in a shimmering haze, one might almost believe oneself in Bombay. But all romantic associations are soon dispelled by the vulgarity of a pier plastered with its hideous show of advertisements.

The *Clarence Pier* is at the Portsmouth corner, centre of gaieties and excursions. It is not much of a promenade, the space being largely taken up by Pavilion, bandstand, reading and refreshment rooms, beyond which are the steamer landings. There is a large class of pleasure-seekers who seem to delight in a crowd, and they will be amply gratified when thousands of people are attracted here by military bands and other music. Lit up in the evening by electric light and coloured lamps, it makes a very popular resort, to the gates of which a yellow tram runs all through Portsmouth by the Commercial Road. Adjoining stands the *Esplanade Hotel*, with its Assembly Rooms and baths, a group of buildings understood to be threatened by military exigencies.

Here begins the *Esplanade*, its edge dotted by naval memorials, of which the most interesting is the anchor of Nelson's *Victory*. Across the water there is a view of the Isle of Wight, where the spire of Ryde Church and the pillars on Ashey then on Bembridge Down, are prominent landmarks. The round chequered forts of the Solent make remarkable features; and the lively show of shipping in this great waterway will be complete if part of the British fleet happen to be anchored at Spithead.

The first stretch of the beach below is the great rendezvous of boats, bathing machines, and what may be called the camp-followers of the army of excursionists. The bathing here cannot be much praised, the water being suspected of sewerage, and the shore tryingly rough. Bathing stages run out to sea for the accommodation of swimmers ; but these are not long enough for a dive at all states of the tide, and the best of them belong to the Portsmouth Swimming Club, which strangers may join temporarily for a small subscription. This club has stages for both sexes, pronounced by Mrs. Grundy to be too near together for propriety. The shingle is not quite so bad farther on, round the point occupied by the Castle, and there a morning swim can be had from the South Parade Pier.

Southsea Castle occupies a slight projection of the common—one of Henry VIII.'s forts turned into a strong modern work. Round the face of it, we pass by the sea wall ; and the next stretch of the Esplanade brings us to the *South Parade Pier*, 500 feet long, which has the air of being a more select resort than the older one, though made an eyesore in the way we have already indicated. The *Royal Beach Mansions*, the largest Southsea hotel, is opposite the pier, and a little way back from it lies the *Southsea Station*.

Beyond, on the Esplanade, comes the *Canoe Lake*, a pretty piece of artificial water, behind which an elegant part of Southsea groups itself, soon fringing off into a less fashionable suburb. The Esplanade can be followed for about two miles. Thence there is another mile's rougher walking along the shore, past the block of the *Marine Artillery Barracks*, with its imposing tower and its queer white church that has rather the look of a circus. So we reach *Fort Cumberland* at the mouth of Langston Harbour, up which, or by the road turning inland, we could gain the ferry to Hayling Island. This is on the spit of *Eastney Lake*, a rather dismal creek, beyond which will be seen stately buildings such as form so much of the scenery about Portsmouth—hospitals, barracks,

prisons, asylums, unions and the like. Hunters of the picturesque are not advised to come so far; but this barren point, much given up to military features and sewerage works, is at least somewhat singular in its aspects; and one who conscientiously desired to see the whole town, should turn along its other side, keeping a little inland to pass through the suburb of *Eastney*, where he would find an omnibus to take him back to Portsmouth. A little to the north-east of the railway branch from Fratton to Southsea, *Milton* is a suburban village with some pretty rurality still spared to it, that comes like an unexpected oasis in a desert of public institutions.

The green tram from the South Parade Pier runs to the Dockyard Gates at Portsea, to which let us now turn our attention.

Portsea, outside of its public buildings, has not much to interest the stranger, who may, however, care to ramble through its narrow streets on either side of the thoroughfare *Queen Street*, which leads on to the water from the *Victoria Park*. The main feature is the *Hard*, so familiar in naval tale and history, now largely blocked up in front by the Harbour Station and Pier. The line of the railway would always be a guide to it.

At the farther end open the gates of the *Dockyard*, the largest such establishment in England, indeed in the world. Here in the forenoon and early in the afternoon, except on Saturdays (the hours varying a little according to the season), a crowd will be seen gathering, from which parties are made up to be taken over in charge of officers of the Metropolitan Police, whose privilege it is to guard our arsenals. The visit occupies over an hour. No fee is demanded; any gratuity given may be placed in the hands of the inspector. All British subjects are admitted freely; foreigners only by special admission, which is required, moreover, for certain parts of the establishment; but the general public will see quite as much as they can appreciate and remember.

As visitors are in the hands of such well-qualified *ciceroni*, we need not take up space with a detailed description, but merely call attention to the main points that will be exhibited: the *Admiralty House*, built 1782-86; the *Dockyard Church*; the *Guard House* and *Navy Pay Office*; the *Mast Pond*, dating from 1779-97; the *Mast Houses*; the *Royal Naval College*, built in 1817; the *Hemp* and *Sea-store Houses*, 800 feet by 60 feet; the *Rigging House*, with its semaphore tower; the *Sail Loft*, 600 feet long; and the *Sail Field*; the *Store Houses*, 600 feet long; the *Ropery*, 1094 feet in length, and 54 feet in breadth; the *Tarring House*, with a "Seasoning Pond" for timber, and shed for storing canvas. The Ropery has been three times destroyed by fire: by accidental causes, July 3, 1760, and July 27, 1770; and on December 7, 1776, by an incendiary, one James Aitken, a Scotchman, popularly called "Jack the Painter," who had been bribed to this act of treason by the American agent at Paris, and was duly hanged at the Dockyard gate. Alongside the Ropery is a great show of anchors of all sizes and weights. Then there are the *Smithy*; *Long Row*; the residence of the Port Admiral; the statue of William III.; the *Timber Stacks*; the *Mould Loft*; the *Carvers and Joiners' Shops*; the *Steam Saw Mills*; the Nasmyth Steam Hammer, which cracks a nut and welds an anchor; and the *Block Machinery*, introduced by Sir Isambard Brunel. Everywhere meet our eyes ships, stores, sheds, workshops, and mechanical appliances of water, steam, and hand power, beside the great Docks themselves with their recent extension into the harbour, where we may see some of our modern leviathans in the process of construction, fitting out or repairing, by means, it will readily be understood, very different from those used in the case of the old wooden Victories and Arethusas.

Portsmouth Dockyard is of various dates. The earliest part is that near the Hard, which was probably used for naval purposes so far back as the time of Edward IV. Successive enlargements were made in 1540, 1658, 1663, and 1687; then again in 1710, 1723, 1790, and 1793. In our century, the introduction of steam required still further developments; and by far the greatest extension was begun 1864, carried out chiefly by convict labour. The area is now 300 acres, and even this is to be increased.

The Gun Wharf is at the other end of Portsea Hard, fronting the harbour between Portsea and Portsmouth; and its gate will be found beyond the railway embankment. Regulations and hours for admission are much the same as at the Dockyard. Here are arranged pyramidical mountains of shot and shell and rows of guns of every calibre and weight, either unused or removed from ships laid up in ordinary. To the right of the entrance is the *Armoury*, containing a store of arms for sea service, and

a variety of fanciful devices composed of halberds, pikes, cutlasses, and muskets.

Gosport (*God's Port*), which received its name from Bishop Henry de Blois putting in here for shelter from a storm in 1158, is a conglomeration of suburbs, for the most part built on a peninsula lying between the inlets known as *Forton Lake* and *Haslar Lake*. These winding stretches of mud and water make it a scattered place, much taken up by barracks and public establishments, and environed by fortifications.

The crossing is by the *Floating Bridge* at the Point (1d.), or by steam launches ($\frac{1}{2}$ d.), both from the Point and from the Harbour Station, a little way higher up. Gosport has a railway from Fareham; the station stands some way back in the town.

Landing at Gosport Hard, we find ourselves at the end of its *High Street*, brightened by military and naval uniforms, where the principal feature is the *Thorngate Memorial Hall* and *Public Library*. Close at hand is moored the old *Victory*, launched in 1765, and still preserved as a monument of our naval triumphs. A boat takes one out with a few strokes of the oars, and visitors will be shown over the ship by an orderly, to see the very spot where "mighty Nelson fell," the gloomy cockpit where he died, and the cramped accommodations of our naval heroes of that age. The *Victory* may be called the shrine of Portsmouth; and few Britons can stand on its deck without a throb of proud emotion, nor would a generous enemy be wholly untouched.

Near the *Victory* may usually be seen the guardship, and sometimes the Queen's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*. A little farther down lies the *St. Vincent*, used as a training ship for boys, both of which may also be visited. A line of old hulks laid up here is facetiously nicknamed *Rotten Row*; and even some iron veterans, that were once the pride of the navy, will be seen put into the retreat of this commodious harbour.

To the north the shore is lined by the *Royal Clarence*

Victualling Yard—"Stores" on a gigantic scale—to be inspected by those interested in the making of biscuit and such like.

In the other direction, behind *Blockhouse Fort*, guarding the mouth of the Harbour, rises the huge red brick pile of *Haslar Hospital*, which is to the navy what Netley is to the army. It is reached by passing a toll-bridge (1d.) over Haslar Lake. The Museum of natural history, formed by the medical officers, is open to visitors. In the adjoining *Haslar Yard* is the Admiralty Experiment Establishment, with a long covered water-way where models of ships are towed to ascertain their resistance.

By the Haslar Hospital and Barracks, one may pass on to the sea-wall for a view of Southsea and the Isle of Wight, then walk along to *Fort Monkton*, and round by *Gillkicker Point*, marked by the curious beacon of that curious name, taking the place of an old sea mark erected at the date of the Civil War. There are golf links here, and more fortifications; and so we come round to *Stokes Bay*, more directly reached by an hour's inland walk, leaving the Hospital on the left. It is not difficult to lose one's way on this flat promontory, where ramparts and creeks often make a deviation necessary, but in one direction a wanderer will soon come out on the shore, in the other, the tall brick campanile of *Trinity Church* may be taken as a landmark for the vicinity of the High Street and the Hard. To tell the truth, the surroundings of Gosport are not so interesting as to demand a fuller account of them.

A tramway goes up the High Street, turning off to the right for the station, and the suburbs of *Forton* and *Brockhurst*. An omnibus runs to *Alverstoke*, the mother church of Gosport, rebuilt and worth looking into for its chancel arch and reredos.

A mile beyond Alverstoke is the pier of **Stokes Bay**, one of the L. & S.-W. crossings to Ryde. **Anglesea** is an alias for this place, where the imposing Anglesea Crescent and Hotel and a row of villas mark the scheme of a bathing-place that has not a very flourishing air. It is

separated from the sea by a stretch of common, where too much seems given up to the War Department that was meant for juvenile mankind ; and along the shore westward extend works, rifle ranges, and an encampment, protected by forbidding notices of that "W.D." which is such a power all about Portsmouth.

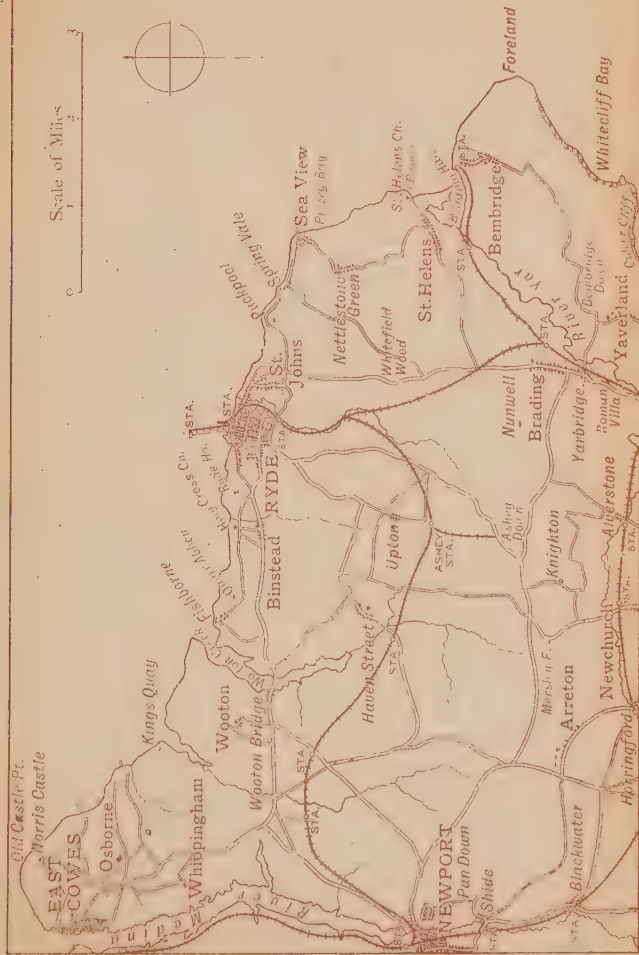
EXCURSIONS FROM PORTSMOUTH

In summer, there are regular and occasional vehicles taking pleasure-seekers to Rowland's Castle, and other points inland. But the excursions of such an amphibious town as Portsmouth are more by water ; and the large population of Dockyard employees cause these to be both frequent and cheap. There will be constant opportunities, in fine weather, for both visiting and sailing about the Isle of Wight, besides the railway steamboats, on which the driving trips at Ryde depend for a good share of their passengers. Once landed there in the forenoon, one is sure to find rival coaches waiting at the pier, which will carry one to various parts of the Island, and back in time to recross for dinner, or it may be traversed by the short railways, the ordinary fares of which are rather high, so that their programme of excursion tickets might well be consulted. The boats sailing round the Island start at Portsmouth. There are also regular boats from Southsea to Seaview, a little east of Ryde. Boats to Cowes and Southampton run several times a day. Then steamers frequently make trips to Bournemouth and other piers on the south coast, and even as far as Cherbourg.

Passengers must, of course, ascertain which pier their boat goes from. The steamers of business start at the Harbour Station ; those of pleasure usually have the Clarence Pier or the Victoria Pier as their headquarters, but may call at more than one.

On certain days and by certain trains, as usual, cheap tickets are given for favourite excursion points in the neighbourhood.

RYDE



Isle of Wight.—It is a crossing of only 4 miles to *Ryde*, from which railways, and coaches in the season, carry one on to *Newport*, the capital of the Island, close to which is *Carisbrooke Castle*; to *Freshwater*, at the west corner, an hour's walk from the *Needles*; to *Shanklin*, *Ventnor*, and the famous *Undercliff* at the south-east corner. For these and other beauty spots we must refer the reader to our *Isle of Wight Guide*; but we may here help him to a slight sketch of the Island, as seen from the steamers circumnavigating it in about six hours.

Starting westward from *Ryde Pier*, we sail by the pretty woods of *Binstead* running down to the water's edge, beyond which the ruins of *Quarr Abbey* can scarcely be made out from the steamer. We next pass the mouth of the *Wootton River*, then *King's Quay*, and come in sight of *Osborne*, Her Majesty's marine palace. From the deck of the steamer a very good view—the only view open to the public—is to be had of the grounds and *Castle*. *Norris Castle*, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, standing on a fine lawn amidst magnificent trees, is extremely picturesque. Rounding *Old Castle Point* we immediately come into view of *Cowes*. The river *Medina*, which here falls into the sea, opens out into a fine harbour, usually crowded with yachts. *Cowes* being the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the finest yachts afloat are to be seen in the Roads. The town is prettily situated on the western side of the harbour, the Club House standing at the point, to the westward of which lies the district known as "*Egypt*." The houses continue, dotted among the trees, nearly as far as *Gurnard Bay*, a small hamlet about a mile from *Cowes*. We next cut across *Thorness Bay*, but the shore is low and uninteresting until we pass *Hempstead Ledge* and come within sight of *Yarmouth*, at the mouth of the river *Yar*, a quiet little town with a short wooden pier, whence small steamers run across to *Lymington*. After leaving *Yarmouth* we round *Sconce Point* and see the two very ugly red-brick forts, *Victoria Fort* and *Albert Fort*, on the Isle of Wight shore, and *Hurst Castle* with its lighthouses on the mainland. These fortifications are mounted with heavy guns to defend the western entrance of the Solent. We now run across *Calwell Bay* and *Totland Bay*, and beyond the picturesque headland of *Headon Hill* enter *Alum Bay*, with its wonderful vertically-striped cliffs of coloured sand. A small pier has been constructed at *Alum Bay*, and sometimes the steamers call here for a short time. We round the *Needles*, upon the outermost rock of which is the lighthouse, 80 feet above high-water.

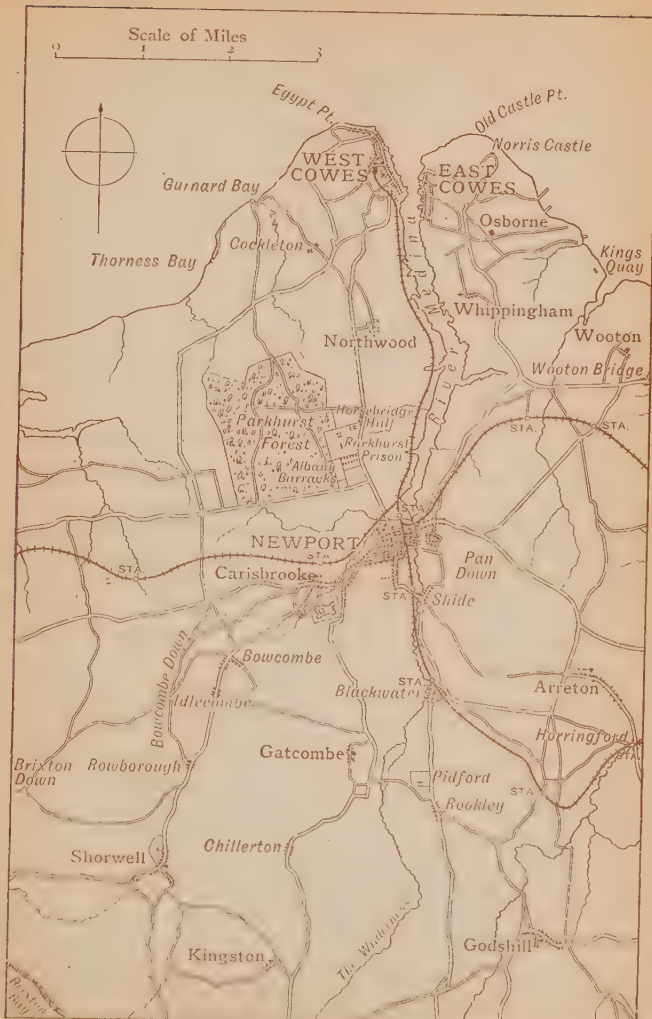
Immediately after passing the *Needles* we see *Scratchell's Bay*, and the wonderful alcove carved out of the chalk cliffs.

Rounding *Sun Corner* we come upon the high cliffs known as the *Mainbench*. Upon the highest point, the *Nodes Beacon* (490 feet), stands a cross to the memory of the late Poet Laureate. From here the steamers usually steer a straight course for *St. Catherine's Point*, leaving the land at a considerable distance on the left hand, so that the shore is very indistinctly seen. We may, however, make out *Freshwater Gate* at the eastern end of the chalk cliffs. The land now becomes low until we approach *St. Catherine's Point*; but we can distinguish *Compton Bay*, where the chalk cliffs give place to the dark strata of the green-sand, succeeded by *Brook Bay* with its mottled muddy cliffs of Wealden age. Next comes the long expanse of *Brixton Bay*, reaching as far as *Atherfield Point*, surmounted by its white coastguard station. *Chale Bay* follows next, and stretches on to near *St. Catherine's Point*. We see the low square tower of Chale Church, then *Blackgang Chine*; and, entering the *Race at Rocken End*, where during bad weather a tremendous sea runs, we come in sight of *St. Catherine's Lighthouse*, the extreme south point of the Isle of Wight. From *St. Catherine's Light* to *Ventnor* is the *Undercliff*, a strip of land varying from a quarter of a mile to half a mile in width, lying between the beach and the cliff, clad in the richest verdure. Near *St. Lawrence* is the National Consumption Hospital—a long row of detached houses with the chapel in the centre. *Steephill Castle* is passed, and then the town of *Ventnor* and the heights of *St. Boniface Down* come into view. We approach *Bonchurch*, and pass under *Dunnose*, catching a glimpse of the *Landslip* and of *Luccombe Chine*.

The steamer, once round this south-eastern corner, stands across *Sandown Bay*. The towns of *Shanklin* and *Sandown* may be seen at the bottom of the bay, and soon we near the magnificent cliffs of the *Culvers*. Here, as at the opposite extremity of the Island, the strata forming the chalk cliffs, well marked by the lines of flints, have been tilted up into a nearly vertical position. Across *White Cliff Bay* we make for the *Foreland Point*, the east end of the Island. Coming now into sight of *Spithead* and *Portsmouth*, we pass *Brading Haven*, at the mouth of which lies *Bembridge*, then the pier at *Seaview* brings us almost back into *Ryde*.

Lee on the Solent (*Victoria Hotel*) is a smart little watering-place opposite *Osborne*, where several new houses have lately sprung up round the old Manor House turned into an hotel. Lee stands on a gravelly soil, and, sheltered by *Portsdown*, should make a good winter residence, as some families have found out; but it is in August that the place can hardly find room for its visitors. A pier, a beach of sand and shingle, and a good view of the Isle of Wight, are the main attractions of this

NEWPORT AND COWES



resort, which promises to increase now that it has a light railway coming down to the pier from *Fort Brockhurst* Station on the Fareham-Gosport line. The tram from Gosport to Brockhurst puts one down at this junction. A small steamer runs from Portsea and Southsea twice a day, going on from Lee to Cowes.

Lee is some 3 miles westward from Stokes Bay, a walk to be done along the shore if one take care about trespassing on those rifle-ranges already mentioned. In the other direction it is 2 miles along the coast to **Hill Head** (*Osborne View Hotel*) at the mouth of the Meon estuary, by which we might turn up about as far to *Titchfield* (see p. 129), then cut across to the Hamble mouth in 4 miles more, where a ferry would carry us over on the way to Southampton, more direct by the road and railway crossing at Bursledon higher up.

A sail up **Portsmouth Harbour** is one to be recommended. Steam launches run every hour or so from the Clarence Pier, now threading through a crowd of big and small craft, now steering under the iron walls of a huge floating castle, now getting out of the way of a monstrous screw steamer, with many a peep at busy dockyard slips and worn-out hulls, then coming round into the upper reach with its islands, stretching inland to the base of Portsdown. It is well to choose an hour near high tide, since the inlet contains much mud as well as water.

Porchester (*Railway Inn, Q.*), with the ruins of its castle (admission 3d.) near the head of Portsmouth Harbour, is a favourite resort. It has a station on the rail to Southampton, but this is about a mile above the castle, which stands on a spur of land projecting into the estuary, and may be more pleasantly reached by water. Small steamers run from the Clarence Pier, timed so as to allow an hour or two being spent among the ruins.

Porchester was the Roman *Portus Magnus*, linked with Winchester by a great highway, of which traces may yet be discerned. Another road connected it with Chichester (*Regnum*), and a third with Bitterne, near Southampton (*Claesentum*).

In 501 the Saxon invaders appeared here, this being the landing-place that Portsmouth is now. In turn, Porchester fell into the hands of the Normans, who built a keep at one corner of the Roman walls. Additions made at various periods exhibit specimens of Decorated, Perpendicular, and Tudor architecture. At the beginning of this century, the Castle was used as a depot for prisoners of war.

Passing through the barbican, with its grooves for two portcullises, we cross the inner *Ballium*, and gain the square *Keep*, which closely resembles that of Rochester, separated into two divisions by a wall which runs from top to bottom. In the interior there are four stories, lighted by the narrowest of loopholes, so that the lords of Porchester, their ladies, squires, and minstrels, must have been content with an owl's obscurity.

A Priory of Augustine canons was founded within the castle-walls, about 1133, but forty years afterwards removed to Southwick. Its *Church*, possibly occupying the site of a Roman *sacellum*, was cruciform in plan, but one of the arms or transepts has been pulled down. Portions of it have been rebuilt, but nevertheless some fragments of original Norman may be picked out of the modern patchwork. Especially the western front, with its three circular-headed windows, is to be noticed. The doorway is enriched with a double dog's-tooth moulding. The arcaded font bears a representation of the baptism of our Lord.

The Keep commands a view over Portsmouth Harbour, and behind, upon the ridge of Portsdown, where, a little to the west, the **Nelson Monument**, raised to the hero's memory by the survivors of Trafalgar, might be taken as goal for an ascent. Two miles straight over the hill, through the village of *Porchester*, would bring us to **Southwick**, in the fine park of which, at the south end, are enclosed a few remains of that once flourishing Priory removed here from Porchester. Half an hour's walk westward from Southwick lies **Boarhunt**, with a very ancient church that, in spite of restoration, has a Saxon chancel, and walls probably Saxon, with Norman and later additions. Hence one might walk back over Portsdown, past the Nelson Column.

Portsdown, crested by forts and scarred by chalk pits, is about 7 miles long and 400 feet high most of the way, so as to command a wide prospect. It is at once ascended from **Cosham**, a suburban village lying outside of the *Hilsea Lines*, the interior line of fortification on the

north. Cosham, 2 miles east of Porchester, has a railway station, and is the terminus of the yellow tram running right through Portsmouth from the Clarence Pier. With the tram connects an hourly service of omnibuses crossing the hill by *Purbrook* to **Waterloo**, which is not the London terminus, but another holiday resort on the edge of Bere Forest. Eastward from Cosham the road and railway take us in 4 miles to Havant.

Hayling Island, so near and yet so far from Southsea, lies on the other side of the estuary beyond it. There is a ferry (2d.) beyond Fort Cumberland, but the use of this involves some half-hour's uninteresting walk on either side. The best way is by rail, changing at Havant, a circuit of a dozen miles. The flat green island lies between Chichester Harbour and Langston Harbour, joined to the mainland by two causeways, one carrying the road, the other the railway. The train stops at *North Hayling*, then goes on to *South Hayling*, which is the resort usually spoken of as Hayling Island (Hotels: *Royal, West Town*). This is a scattered place, consisting of various groups of buildings, with a fine church as their rallying point, where there is a grand yew in the churchyard. What may be called the capital is an imposing crescent, with the Royal Hotel and one or two other blocks of building facing the shore, to which one goes either by the new road straight down from the station, or more deviously by a way to the left that winds among some pretty houses and old trees. Here are the beach of sand and shingle and the golf links that make Hayling Island a holiday resort—a pleasant enough one to those who ask nothing more than to loaf in good sea air without much temptation to ramble far afield. The only lion we know of is a camp in the north part of the island. On the whole this excursion is not one to be very strongly recommended, unless by way of seeing the last of the Hampshire coast.

NORTHERN HANTS

THE north side of Hampshire is traversed by the L. & S.-W. main line to Salisbury and Exeter, running almost in a straight line, only a few miles from the boundary. This is the line we left to turn off for Aldershot and Alton (p. 73). Beyond *Pirbright Junction* there now comes a good view of the Chobham Ridges on the right. Our line crosses, first the L. & S.-W. branch from Aldershot to Reading, which oddly has no nearer communication with it than at *Frimley Green*, more than a mile north of Farnborough Station; then the S.-E. line, also bound for Reading, whose *Farnborough* station is in the same direction as *Frimley Green*, but not quite so far from the L. & S.-W. one. Between these two lines runs the *Blackwater*, the division of Hants and Surrey. On the meadows, a little way down it, close to the S.-E. railway, was fought the last great prize-fight between Sayers and Heenan, this spot being chosen for facility of dodging the police of either county.

These intersecting lines give communication with Aldershot Town, the south, as Farnborough is the north end of the huge camp, between which also run omnibuses. A tram line from Farnborough would be a guide to the *North Camp Station* on the branch above mentioned.

Farnborough (Hotels: *Queen's*, at North Camp; *Cambridge* (Q.), at station) is a scattered place, straggling among the moors and fir woods. The nucleus of the old village is what is called *Farnborough Street*, about the S.-E. R. station, for which one turns at once to the right from the north side of the bridge, at what counts as the

chief station. But since the establishment of the Camp, Farnborough has swollen out largely at this end, and the greater part of its population of 8000 really belong to *North Camp*, living a mile and more south of the main line station. Many of this population are families and dependants of the military; and of some of Mr. Atkins' hangers-on it must be said that they may be gentle and innocent, but if so, their looks sadly belie them. The district would make a pleasant place of residence but for the plague of dust stirred up by the daily marching of thousands of men and horses; nor can we recommend this as a resort for nervous invalids, where they may have a dozen bands within hearing at once, and bagpipes into the bargain by night as well as by day.

The principal inhabitant is one who has had little reason to love martial sights and sounds. The ex-Empress Eugenie makes her English residence at *Farnborough Hill*, the mansion among pine-woods immediately on the right of the road leading north over the railway bridge. On the other side of the line a pine-clad hill is crowned with the *Memorial Chapel* lately built for this unfortunate family, beside which has been established a small Priory of Benedictine monks.

The "Mausoleum," as it is popularly called, is of Bath stone in the flamboyant Gothic style, with a dome visible from far around, a miniature of that on the Invalides at Paris. In the rich Roman crypt lie buried Napoleon III. and his son. The sarcophagus of the Emperor was presented by Queen Victoria; that of the Prince Imperial is on the south side. Excellent Gregorian music forms an attraction to the services held at 8.30 A.M. and 3.30 P.M. (on Sunday and feast-days at 6 A.M., 8 A.M., 10.30 A.M., and 3.30 P.M.). These services are free to strangers, except in the case of vespers on Sunday. The crypt is shown 9-12 A.M., and 2-6 P.M. by ticket (1s.—a higher charge at other hours) to be obtained at the entrance Lodge, a brick building with a wooden gate, coming almost at once on the left of the main road south from the station.

Farther on, a little off the same side of this road, lies the Parish Church of Farnborough, and still on the left we can turn to gain the parallel line of *Alexandra Road*, a genteel purlieu of the camp. On the right of the main

road, not far from the station, will be seen a quaint hostelry wreathed in creepers, which bears the name of "Tumble Down Dick." This marks the boundary beyond which soldiers may not go without a pass. Civilians who proceed farther in this direction will soon encounter the British army in force. It is a little under two miles along this road to the Queen's Hotel and the Government House. For Aldershot Camp, see p. 74.

There are some finely wooded scenes of Surrey and Berkshire to be found on the two railways (L. & S.-W. and S.-E. R.) going to Reading by Wokingham. The best Hampshire excursion to be taken from Farnborough is along the north border of the county to Eversley, a parish often visited, both for its own sake and that of its once rector, Charles Kingsley. But before turning in this direction, let us go on to Basingstoke by the L. & S.-W. main line, which will make a base for those further operations.

Farnborough to Basingstoke (15 miles).—The next station is **Fleet** (Station Hotel), where an artificial bank carries the railway by the *Fleet Pond* (3 miles), as it too modestly calls itself, a large sheet of water where there is good fishing preserved by the War Office, but open at a charge of £1 : 1s. a week. A number of villas and other residences have grown up hereabouts. Not far south of the Pond runs the Basingstoke Canal, that would be a pretty straight guide back over the heaths to Aldershot. Half a dozen miles northwards is the course of the Blackwater, to be returned to presently.

Winchfield station (*Beauclerk Arms*) has on its right *Winchfield House* and Park, seat of the Beauclerk family; on its left the village of the name with its church, a fine cruciform structure, noticeable for the solidity of the Norman tower, the richness of the deeply recessed south doorway, and a probably unique chancel of Norman architecture that appears to have been modified by Saracenic ideas. The Beauclerk Chapel contains some family memorials.

South of Winchfield rise the heights of **Dogmersfield Park**, enclosing several hundred acres of fine woodland and water scenery, round which the canal has to bend out of its way. This, formerly attached to the see of Canterbury, now belongs to the Mildmay family, whose mansion has a fine look-out and some good pictures. The house is not shown to strangers, but a public footpath leads through the park; the gardens and pleasure-grounds are thrown open only two days in the year.

Odiham (*George Hotel, Three Tuns, C.*) is seen south-west beyond Dogmersfield, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Winchfield, not quite so far from *Hook*, the next station (conveyances from both). This small market town, birthplace of the grammarian W. Lilly, who has caused so many school-boy tears, was once a forest manor of the Wessex kings, and long remained Crown property. A tower still remains of the Castle, inhabited by King John before he went to meet his barons at Runnymede. The name (pronounced with a long *o*) is contracted from *Woodiham*, which gives some idea of this leafy country, where we have passed from the sand on to chalk. The church, were it not defaced by an external coating, would make an illustrated history of our ecclesiastical architecture by its successive Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular portions.

At **Crondall**, 5 miles to the south-east, there is a fine late Norman Church restored. Here have been found Roman pavements and coins. By this place one might make a round back to Aldershot over the bold heights on the west edge of its common, or strike south-west, 4 miles, to Farnham (p. 78).

Beyond *Hook Station* the railway passes to the right of **Nately Scures**, notable for one of the many "smallest churches in England." It now crosses the head waters of the Loddon. The Basingstoke Canal becomes its closer companion, beside which, on the left, is caught a good glimpse of *Basing Church*, and in 2 miles more we reach Basingstoke.

THE BLACKWATER AND THE LODDON

We now return to Farnborough to make a more rambling excursion, of which *Eversley* will be the first stage, and which finally brings us round to Basingstoke again by the G. W. R. route from Reading. The Blackwater gets its name through draining from peat bogs, in contrast to the *Whitewater* and other clear streams we presently find running off the chalk, to fall also into the Loddon, and thus mingle with the Thames. Curving to the west, the Blackwater forms the boundary first of Surrey, then of Berkshire, and for some miles its course takes us along the northern edge of Hants, now to be explored. This stream affords some good fishing, but it is mostly in private hands, and sport being the image of war, as we know from Mr. Jorrocks, there is rather a run upon any kind of it in such a martial neighbourhood.

Eversley is a large and scattered parish of several hamlets, with its church and rectory standing apart from all of them. To this point the distance to walk is a little over 8 miles from Farnborough, abridged a couple of miles by taking the S.-E. R. as far as **Blackwater** (*White Hart Hotel*, H. Q.), which itself makes a good centre for visiting a beautiful part of three counties. Or by going on to *Wellington College* on the same line, you reach the nearest railway station for Eversley (4 miles), and the walk hence, chiefly through Berkshire, is very fine. It starts from the *Wellington Hotel* (on the left of the station) through a grand straight avenue of *Wellingtonias* planted about 35 years ago; then turns to the right over high ground wooded like a lordly park, and looking down upon the rich vale below. At *Finchhamstead* this road falls into the Wokingham-Winchfield high-road, and presently comes the only chance of going wrong, where one sign-post sends you left to *Eversley Green*, another to *Eversley Street*. Take the latter way, following a telegraph wire, till (about 3 miles) your road crosses the Blackwater, beyond which you get back into Hamp-

shire, and almost at once pass through *Eversley Street*, the oldest part of the parish. Thence, take a straight line (the Winchfield Road) to the church, avoiding turns to right and left.

These directions may, beyond Eversley, be reversed by any one who walks direct from Farnborough and would return by rail. His line is by the London road over the bridge at Farnborough Station (L. & S.-W.), till beyond the village a guide-post directs him left to *Hawley*, then he has pointers to keep him right almost all the rest of the way. After 2 miles a plain field-path on the left cuts off a corner of the road, which at 3 miles passes the new church of **Hawley**, left on the right hand. (The road turning along its other side leads down to *Blackwater* in the valley.) We are now on the broad way to Reading (not marked on some older maps), a capital road for cyclists, with a fine view of the dark heights beyond the Blackwater, their pine-clad crests broken up by many red-brick houses and large institutions. Here are *Sandhurst College*, with its lake; the *Staff College*, *Wellington College*, and *Broadmoor Asylum* for criminal lunatics, from which it is half a dozen miles' walk over Bagshot Heath to *Ascot*, where the L. & S.-W. branch joins the Reading line. The white spire of *Yorktown Church* marks the high-road from Staines to Basingstoke, which presently crosses ours to pass over Hartford Flats. In about 5 miles we reach **Yately Green**, with its three inns and church, and the broad common, over which the road runs on to *Eversley Cross* (Inn) 2 miles farther. Another mile or so brings us to a parting of roads for *Reading* and for *Heckfield*. On the former, to the right, lies *Eversley Street* and its *White Hart Inn*; the latter branch is to be taken for the Church, the pinnacled red tower of which rises behind a farm up the first turning to the left.

Eversley Church hardly suggests such a large parish, whose ecclesiastical institutions had an early connection with Westminster Abbey. It stands open, so that strangers may examine the curious painted screen which

makes its most striking internal feature, and search out two brasses, one under the tower and one on the south wall, to the memory of its famous rector. Near the gate of the churchyard, a well-trodden track on the left leads to Kingsley's grave, marked by a white Celtic Cross.

The rectory lies beyond the church, in a situation which was believed to be unhealthy. In a former edition we stated, as was then the case, that the house had become uninhabited. This is no longer so, and the present rector has to complain of the impertinent curiosity of strangers, perhaps encouraged by the belief that they are prowling round a deserted house. The rector desires us to say that he is willing to admit any one sending in a card at reasonable hours, but would prefer notice being given beforehand.

The road to the left from the church goes to *Winchfield* (see p. 162) in under 6 miles, with something to be cut off by a path for which inquiry may be made. On the way is passed the village of *Hartley Row*, not far from the fine park and Italian mansion of *Elvetham*.

The way to the right leads at once to **Bramshill Park**, seat of the lord of the manor, Sir A. Cope, who also has suffered from intrusion, hardly to be repelled by the owner of such a mansion, and such a scene, where all reminds us of the days when James I. planted the Scotch firs that figure so grandly among its avenues,—the first trees of the kind, it is said, introduced into England.

Bramshill is one of the finest Jacobean structures remaining. It appears to have been built for Prince Harry ; he died before it was completed, and so it was occupied by the builder, the eleventh Lord Zouch. From the Zouch family it passed to the Copes, and its successive owners have had the taste and feeling to spare its admirable antiquity. The wings are built of brick, with stone quoins and dressings ; the centre is all of stone, elaborately carved and decorated in the Inigo Jones fashion. Each story is divided by pilasters into richly decorated compartments, and the whole is crowned by an elaborate pediment, bearing the Prince of Wales's coronet. The interior is in keeping. The old Hall has its flooring and wainscoting of polished oak, an enriched ceiling, and walls hung with family portraits in antique frames. The tapestry is rich and quaint ; the fire-places are huge and massive ; the fittings and furnishings are all of other days.

From Bramshill, again, one can take the road south to Winchfield Station. But if our reader have a mind for a long walk, we advise him to hold on west to the Loddon. Two miles beyond Bramshill, crossing the Whitewater, he comes to **Heckfield** (the vicarage of which, American visitors should know, nursed their critic Mrs. Trollope), and the wooded grounds of *Heckfield Place*. The Church has a fine monument to Sir W. Pitt, d. 1809. Beyond this again, striking into the main Reading road, he will see a column surmounted by the statue of the "Iron Duke" that marks the principal entrance to *Strathfieldsaye*.

Strathfieldsaye.—The Roman road from London to Silchester passed through this district, hence its name—the field on the *street* or road. The estate was purchased of Lord Rivers, in 1814, by Parliament, and presented to the Duke of Wellington, to be held on the same tenure as Blenheim is held by the Churchills,—that of presenting to the Sovereign, on each anniversary of Waterloo, a flag bearing the royal arms. The park is extensive (1500 acres), and through it flows Pope's Lodona,—“The Loddon slow with silver alders crowned,” forming near the mansion a broad ornamental lake. The house is not very admirable, but contains some interesting portraits. The gardens are large, and beautifully ordered, with some good cedars of Lebanon and immense tulip-trees. From these the visitor passes into a small paddock, where is the grave of the Duke's famous charger *Copenhagen*, grandson of the noted racer Eclipse. After an old age of dignified leisure he died in 1825, and was buried with military honours—leaving a name to be remembered among those of the world's celebrated horses.

The house is not usually shown to visitors, but the grounds are open. Their chief feature is a straight avenue of Cornish elms a mile long, which leads out by the north end, under 4 miles from *Mortimer Station*. There are some fine monuments and brasses in the Church, which stands in the park near the mansion. From this another drive leads south to *Strathfield Turgis*, coming out at the Wellington Arms Inn, whence it is rather over 6 miles by high-road to Basingstoke, and 10 miles in the other direction to Reading.

The Reading road holds along the east side of Strathfieldsaye Park, beyond which it enters Berkshire. This

way would take us to the left of *Swallowfield*, another scattered place, where we are in Miss Mitford's district. It was at *Swallowfield* she died, and all around here lies the truly English scenery she described so lovingly ; but *Three Mile Cross*, 3 miles from Reading on the high-road, is the place where she spent most of her literary life, and which chiefly sat for the picture of "Our Village." Her house, turned into the "Mitford Temperance Hall," is next the inn, whose landlord once gave us some reminiscences going to show how an authoress may have little honour in her own country. ("Her rubbishy flowers are all over my garden yet!" and he seemed to be unfavourably impressed with her poetic habit of wandering out at all hours.) But this village ought rather to show gratitude for the fame given it by a writer who appears to have somewhat idealised its rather commonplace features.

From *Strathfieldsaye* one could go on westward about 5 miles to *Silchester*, which most visitors approach by way of Reading.

READING TO BASINGSTOKE, BY SILCHESTER

A branch of the Great Western Railway connects Reading with Basingstoke, and is the most convenient way of reaching *Silchester* from London. The station is *Mortimer* in Berkshire, a few miles from Reading, but *Silchester* itself lies over the Hampshire border. In summer there are sometimes found brakes to take passengers on at 1s. 6d. a head ; or a conveyance may always be had at the *Railway Inn* and elsewhere (5s. or 6s.). One can walk to the ruins by road in an hour, or less by a field-path which we shall point out presently. There are several trains a day, by some of which *Mortimer* can be reached from Paddington in not much over an hour, with a change from the main line express at Reading.

Silchester, "the camp in the forest," is the British *Cæsar Segont*, and possibly the Roman city *Calleva*, meeting-place of Roman high-roads from London, Bath, Winchester and Salisbury,

but there is some doubt as to this identification, a strong claim being made for Wallingford. Tradition makes the Emperor Constantine crowned at Silchester, and a vaguer legend attaches to it the same memory of King Arthur. It was certainly an important city of the Romans, after their departure, overthrown and buried till it became almost forgotten. In modern days accidental discoveries from time to time recalled the allusions of old writers to this once famous site, and the evident amphitheatre became sought out by curious visitors. In 1864 the Duke of Wellington, on whose property Silchester lies, encouraged Mr. Joyce, the rector of Strathfieldsaye, to carry out regular excavations which resulted in the discovery of the Forum and other buildings. In 1892 was unearthed the site of a building, believed to be the oldest Christian church in Britain. The work is now carried out by a committee which practically represents the Society of Antiquaries, but would not reject subscriptions from any source. The parts exposed have suffered so much from the weather, that the effort mainly is to discover the outlines of the city, the excavations being then filled in and the earth restored to cultivation. Some features, however, remain above ground, notably portions of the walls that may be traced round a polygonal area for about 2 miles, enclosing a space of 100 acres. The great bronze eagle found among the ashes of the Basilica, is preserved at Strathfieldsaye, but nearly all the other portable relics are in the Reading Museum, making part of the group of public buildings near the station (open free except on Thursdays). The Silchester collection is chiefly in the ante-room of the museum; and in a little room to the left hangs a large map of the city, as far as it has been disclosed. A visit to this museum would be a good preparation for one to Silchester. The "finds" for the year are exhibited at Burlington House in spring before being added to the larger collection. While excavations—usually suspended in winter and harvest time—are going on, those interested in such matters would be allowed to examine them on sending in their cards to the member of the Society of Antiquaries in charge of the work; and the *Archæologia* of this Society would, of course, be valuable for a thorough account of what has been done here, as well as the published annual reports of the Committee. We may also mention, for more popular use, the Rev. Alan Cheales' new *Guide to Silchester* (1s.), published at Reading.

From Mortimer Station, the way is not hard to find. The guide-post says 4 miles, but that is to the modern Silchester beyond the ruins. One makes for the pretty rebuilt Church, at what used to be the other end of the village, which has lately grown out upon Mortimer Heath to the right. This church stands open, and is worth a

visit. In the north wall of the chancel is a Saxon coffin dating from about A.D. 900, and behind the organ will be found some old glass representing William of Wykeham. The road holds to the right of the churchyard, but in dry weather one should take the shorter path below it which leads by a stream for about a mile, then turns up towards a large group of farm buildings on the rising ground to the right. Here one strikes into the road and keeps straight on, leaving the farm on one's right, over a steep dip (to avoid which carriages may turn down to the left), and thus the *Amphitheatre* is reached in some 2 miles from Mortimer Church. On the right hand, just short of the *Amphitheatre*, is the quaint thatched house where the key of the enclosure may be had. A horse could be put up here, and conveniences given for tea and picnics. The *Crown Inn* is at the village of Silchester more than a mile beyond.

The *Amphitheatre* is perhaps the most interesting part of Silchester to non-antiquarians, the largest in Britain except that at Dorchester. It measures 150 by 120 feet, with walls about 20 yards thick at the bottom, round which we may walk among the fine old hollies and other trees that do not conceal their outline. Ten thousand spectators may have found place in this area, which at one time came to be used as a horse-pond.

From the *Amphitheatre*, we pass the farm manor-house to the Church, a small one, but of antiquity and interest. Here we are over the buried city, but see little unless with the instructed imagination of an antiquary. "Take your stand by the churchyard gate," says Mr. Cheales, "and look into the wide irregular sweep of the walls,—there are two temples just before you, farther on the square Forum with its Basilica towering up 50 or 60 feet high. There is also a perfect forest of houses, each in its own little square, many with gardens about them, and four principal intersecting streets, constantly crowded with busy by-passers! Farther off there rises the Round Temple, with its great ring of thirty columns, latterly

made into a Christian place of worship, but for long the shrine of the Sigontian Hercules. There, too, is the Duumvir's house near the Dyers' Quarter, and the huge Imperial residence! You ask where? The answer is, 'Comfortably covered up under some four feet of earth, well mapped out and exactly known, but hardly likely to be uncovered again in our own time.'"

What can be seen with the bodily eye is at different points. At present there is no practicable way all round the enclosure, but a short walk by the road leading past the church will bring us to the *South Gate*, where may be examined the most perfect portion of the walls. The road turning off to the right beyond the Amphitheatre takes us to the *North Gate*, outside of which the burying-place is conjectured to lie. A middle road, through the farm, runs right across to the *West Gate*, passing on the way part of the Forum left exposed by Mr. Joyce, where a hypocaust and some other relics are shown in a small Museum (admission 6d.) But for the ordinary visitor, it would be enough to go on as far as the *South Gate* to see the massive construction of the walls here laid bare, and to note the course of the rest along the bank and ditch that here represent those once formidable fortifications.

A path from Silchester Church leads down to the road for *Bramley Station*, recently opened farther on the line to Basingstoke, and this is almost as near as Mortimer for those coming or going in that direction. The village of **Bramley**, scene of Miss Mitford's *Bramley Maying*, lies a little to the right of the railway. The Church contains some brasses and frescoes, one representing the murder of St. Thomas à Becket. Three miles or so west of Bramley is **Pamber** (*College Arms*), where the tower and the choir of its old *Priory* form the present Parish Church, an ivied wall marking the original length. From Pamber or Bramley it would be a walk of half a dozen miles to Basingstoke. The other points of interest near this line will be best visited from Basingstoke,

as there is no further station till here the G. W. R. joins the L. & S.-W. R.

BASINGSTOKE

Hotels: *Red Lion, Feathers (C.), etc.*

Basingstoke is an ancient market town with a population of over 8000, that has an air of not laying itself out for strangers unless they come there on business; but it might well be stopped at for a day or two. Over the station stands a picturesque ruin, to be visited between trains—the *Chapel of the Holy Ghost*, once belonging to a 16th century fraternity of that name, soon dissolved by the Restoration, or at least its purpose of general beneficence changed into the support of a Free School. This chapel seems to have replaced an older one on the ancient *Litten* or burying-ground, to which is now added the modern cemetery.

The town, extending along the main road to London from Winchester and Salisbury, mainly lies a little south of the station, from which the tower of the *Guild Hall* will be our guide across the intervening hollow.

On the right of this way rises the low tower of the church, a perpendicular building of Henry VIII.'s time. It is not a very attractive building, and the galleries seem out of keeping with its present style of ecclesiastical decoration; but it has some interest from the memory of former incumbents, *Sir George Wheeler*, the Oriental traveller, who left a Parochial Library preserved in the church, and the father of *Joseph* and *Thomas Warton*, to whom these restorers of Gothic romanticism, born here, erected a brass tablet in the chancel.

The chief recommendation of Basingstoke to tourists is at least three short walks that may be taken, with places of note as their goal.

Basing House, famed for its defence by the Marquis of Winchester against Cromwell's troops, one of the most stirring episodes of our Civil War, is only two miles off

eastward by the road running alongside the railway. The simplest way to reach it, if not quite the shortest, is by the tow-path of the canal, which begins here near the station (entrance by a large timber yard), its bed almost choked up by a rank growth of weeds, among which sanguine anglers ply their craft. By the banks of this disused water-way, at the entrance to the village, are the remains of the Cavalier mansion, the north gateway, some fragments of ivied wall, and, across the canal, a circle of thorn-grown mounds, showing what a considerable stronghold once stood here, to be plundered and burned by the stern Ironsides after withstanding several assaults. The story goes that the outworks were taken through the carelessness of some of the garrison while playing at cards. The booty is said to have been enormous. Inigo Jones was among the prisoners; Fuller, author of the *Worthies*, had escaped before the final assault. Relics of the fight were found in excavating the canal.

Farther on through the village is reached **Old Basing Church**, with its brick-pinnacled tower. A few fragments of late Norman bear witness to an earlier building than this Perpendicular church, restored 1874. The interior contains a 14th century font, and a carved Jacobean pulpit, also, in the chancel, the arched tombs of two Paulets, and the somewhat commonplace memorials of several dukes of Bolton. In a niche at the west end there is a figure of the Virgin, which escaped the iconoclastic rage of Cromwell's troopers.

From Old Basing a road would take us across country to our next goal.

Hackwood Park is entered about a mile south of Basingstoke by the road turning to the right, beyond the Red Lion Hotel. These noble grounds are open to the public, though certain parts can be visited only by special permission—such as the *Spring Wood*, a picturesque nook where an open-air theatre has been made in the turf. The house also is not to be seen without application to Lord Bolton's steward.

The original name was *Hawk* or *Hawking Wood*, where the Paulets of Basing had a hunting lodge. When Basing House was destroyed by the Roundheads, the Marquis of Winchester and his son, the first Duke of Bolton, retired to this lodge, which then came to be enlarged and improved. It assumed its present form about 1688, but has at different periods undergone considerable alterations and embellishments. Fronting the house stands an equestrian statue of George I., presented by that monarch to the first Duke of Bolton, a staunch and prudent Hanoverian. The delicate carving of Grinling Gibbons enriches the Hall, and there are some good family portraits.

Half an hour's walk through the park brings one to the village of *Winslade* on its southern border, then beyond is reached another beautiful demesne, **Herriard Park**, through which also there is a public way. Two or three miles south-west rises the moated camp of **Ellisfield**, believed to have been once a royal residence. By Hackwood and Herriard it is a road of 11 miles, with a long drop at the end, to *Alton* (see p. 79).

Three miles north of Basingstoke, near the villages of *Sherborne St. John's* and *Monk Sherborne*, is the **Vyne**, a celebrated house dating from the middle of the 16th century, and said to be named from vines planted here long before, when they were a rarity in England.

This large brick mansion was enlarged and improved by Inigo Jones, and his son-in-law Webb, during the lifetime of Chaloner Chute, Speaker of the House of Commons, 1659, who had purchased it of the Sandys family. The *Chapel*, erected by the first Lord Sandys, *temp.* Henry VIII., on the site of an earlier foundation, Horace Walpole pronounced the "most heavenly chapel in the world," and without taking him as an authority on the subject, one must fain share his admiration. The pictured windows and the figured tiles which form the pavement were brought by Lord Sandys from Boulogne after its surrender to the English. Adjoining the chapel there is a tomb-room, erected by John Chute, the friend of Gray and Walpole, containing a marble effigy of Mr. Speaker Chute, by Banks, from a portrait by Vandyck.

Mr. Challoner W. Chute has published an interesting book on the history of this house, to which strangers are admitted only by special permission of the present occupants. A walk in this direction, however, would not be

lost time, and one might go on by Pamber, or by Bramley, to Silchester.

Basingstoke to Whitchurch.—Eastward we again follow the L. & S.-W. line, from which presently the route diverges on the left for Winchester and Southampton. On the way are *Oakley* and *Overton Stations*, half a dozen miles north of which latter lies **Kingsclere** (*Swan Hotel, Crown, Q.*), beyond the line of chalk downs forming the northern border of the county, and serving here as exercise ground of Mr. Porter's celebrated training stables. The Church has been called "the finest in the county of non-conventual origin." These downs, so well praised in Cobbett's sturdy prose, might have been gained from Basingstoke, but we will strike into the heart of them from Whitchurch, which is reached along the waters of the "fitful Test." On the way between Kingsclere and Overton, we might visit **Hannington** or **Wolverton**, both with old churches. That of **Overton** village (*White Hart*), a place rather come down in the world, has a fine Early English chancel roof.

Whitchurch (*White Hart Hotel, H.Q.*) lies in the Test valley nearly a mile below the railway. At the bottom of the town is its station of the G. W. R. line from Didcot and Newbury to Winchester and Southampton. A beacon to this station will be the spire of the Church close by, from which the town gets its name, containing a Saxon tombstone, a fine brass, and a Jacobean monument of the Brook family. In the middle of the town the roads to Winchester, Basingstoke, and Newbury, each some dozen miles away, meet before the *White Hart*, an old hostelry which has had Charles Kingsley for its guest and eulogist. The Test works a silk mill which keeps the place going with about 2000 inhabitants, but to strangers its main interest will be the first-rate trout-fishing, practically monopolised, indeed, by a few Londoners able to pay for such choice of sport, which in these clear waters must be the fine art of angling.

Close to the town on the south-west side is **Hurstbourne Priors**, seat of the Earl of Portsmouth, representing the ancient Saxon name *Wallop*. The mansion with its fine library and pictures was burned down in 1891. Kingsley, in one of his sanguine moods, calls the park "the finest in the south of England"; but strangers can hardly verify this impression, as it is strictly closed, or at least has been so during the rebuilding of the mansion. The Church stands outside the enclosure on a by-road off the road to Andover. Through the park, opening out into a sheet of ornamental water, flows the Bourne, that falls into the Test a little below—this also a preserve for skilful (and not impecunious) anglers, who are bound to throw back all trout below 1 lb. weight.

Two miles east up the Test is **Laverstoke**, with a modern mansion and fine park of the Portal family, originally French refugees from the Edict of Nantes, of whom there are several memorials in the church standing by the river within the park grounds. The Test here works mills which supply the paper of the Bank of England by a process not shown to every inquiring visitor.

Down the river, by the Winchester road, one soon reaches the old church of **Tufton**, and thence can walk by the bank to **Longparish**, where the well-restored church suffers so sadly from mould as to suggest some doubt as to the salubrity of this low-lying valley. More or less closely, the river may be followed all the way to *Stockbridge*, 12 miles, marked from afar by a clump of trees on the down above (see p. 106).

But the best excursion to be taken from Whitechurch is to the group of *Cleres* lying on the chalk downs northwards—*Burghclere*, *Highclere*, and *Kingsclere*—the termination appearing to have denoted a palatial residence, or else a clearing in the forests. Kingsclere was once a royal abode, of which no trace remains; Highclere, formerly a seat of the Bishops of Winchester, is now the Earl of Carnarvon's lordly park, several miles in

circuit, enclosing some of the finest Hampshire scenery, with the parish of Burghclere as a dependency.

Highclere is open to strangers on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Bank holidays, when conveniences are provided for picnicking at the Beacon Hill Lodge and at a classic temple in the grounds. The *Castle*, standing on an eminence near the south end, contains some fine pictures, but this is not shown without special permission. The gardens are famous for their show of American plants, and in the season there is a splendid blaze of rhododendrons. More than one sheet of water is enclosed within the wide expanse of glades and lawns. At the northern end is *Penwood*, a jungle of oaks and hollies; at the southern, behind the castle, rises the thickly wooded ridge of **Sidon Hill**, with an artificial ruin on the top (887·9 feet), which only by a fraction falls short of Butser Hill (888 feet). Near the Castle, a chapel burying ground marks the site of the old Church, now rebuilt at the village of *Highclere*, which lies to the west of the park.

This spacious paradise is about half-way between Whitchurch and Newbury, on the G. W. R. line from Didcot to Winchester and Southampton. To walk to the beginning of the park from Whitchurch would be a matter of 6 miles. Nearer the north end, 8 miles, is the *Highclere* Station, from which one has to go round the park for the village of that name. There are inns at Highclere village (*Crown*, C., etc.), and the *Carnarvon Arms* at Whitway, a little south of Highclere Station, near the principal entrance to the park, but no other hostelry will be found on the thinly-peopled way from Whitchurch. Entering here, one has a choice of rambles in various directions, but the south end is the best part of the demesne, and it might be as well to get out at *Burghclere* Station, whence a mile's walk along the foot of Beacon Hill takes us to the Beacon Hill Lodge, beneath Sidon Hill. This latter height rises within the enclosure, but if it should not be the day for admittance, we might do as well, if not better, by ascending the open slopes of **Beacon Hill** to the east, crowned by a trenched encampment, which is only 30 feet lower than its neighbour, and being entirely bare, gives a clearer view in all directions, except where faced by the leafy slopes of Sidon. The

view is certainly a grand one ; to the south perhaps the most extensive in the county.

To the east, beyond the railway, is **Ladle Hill**, with another encampment, then the line of downs runs on above *Kingsclere*, for which we could make in three miles to take another road back to Whitechurch. The slopes are dotted by barrows. From the top of Beacon Hill three very marked tumuli will be seen lying to the south in the hollow beside the railway. Making for these down the ridge, here we strike the direct road (about 5 miles to Whitechurch) by **Litchfield Station**, a parish that gets its name from the corpses of a great battle between Saxons and Celts. The small Norman Church here is of antiquarian interest.

From the other side of Sidon Hill, we could follow the line of chalk downs, a few miles, to the north-western corner of the country and the lovely wilds about *Coombe*, above which, half in and half out of Hampshire, rises its highest point, **Walbury Camp** (974 feet), beyond which *Inkpen Beacon*, in Berks, forms the highest elevation of the chalk downs, rather over 1000 feet ; or we might bear round the park to *Woodhay Station*, which marks the county's northern edge on the Newbury line. Lastly, from Highclere village, a road parallel to that through Litchfield would take us back to Whitechurch by the entrenchment of **Egbury Hill** (450 feet).

Whitechurch to Andover is a run of a few miles by rail on the main line, keeping to the south of those uplands, on which a pleasant round might be made on foot (about 12 miles by road through Hurstbourne Tarrant) on foot. The first station is **Hurstbourne** (locally pronounced *Husband*) to the south of which lies *Hurstbourne Priors*, and some way to the north, up the course of the Bourne, **Hurstbourne Tarrant**, celebrated by Cobbet under its vernacular name of *Up Husband*, where the *tarrant* or *torrent*, source of the flowing trout stream below, will sometimes be found dried up till filled from overflowing reservoirs in the chalk. Hurstbourne, small station as it is, makes the junction of a branch,

which at *Fullerton* has forked from the line up the Test Valley to Andover, and seems to represent an abortive attempt at union with the G. W. R.

This railway, running up the Test and forking at *Fullerton*, cuts across between the two L. & S.-W. lines (see p. 106). On its west fork is *Andover Town Station*, and it ends a short mile beyond at *Andover Junction* on the Salisbury route, where another line (Midland and South-Western) comes in from the north-west, connecting with Cheltenham and other points of the Midland system, so that Andover is well off for communications.

Andover (Hotels : *Star and Garter* (H. Q.), *White Hart* (C.), both near Town Station) perhaps gets its name from being on the Anton, a tributary of the Test, and, like it, a famous trout stream, where angling is a matter of skill and expense. The town seems a flourishing one of nearly 6000 inhabitants, an agricultural centre with a busy Saturday market and a large sheep fair in July. It has a handsome modern church, prominently situated, and an old Grammar School, where Henry Hunt, the Radical orator, was so unmercifully flogged without the result of driving into him principles of loyal submission.

Just outside of Andover, on the south-west, with the village of *Abbots Ann* on its farther side, is **Bury Hill**, an ancient camp, which, though not very high, offers a fine view over the town and the downs beyond.

For a pleasant walk, one might follow the Anton by *Upper* and *Lower Clatford*, with their old churches, to *Fullerton*, and there turn up the valley of the Test for *Whitchurch*, or bear down it for *Stockbridge* (see p. 106), with railways to guide and help on each of these routes.

Three miles north-west of Andover, with a station on the Midland line, is **Weyhill**, where a celebrated fair is held in October. Chaucer, the poet, was at one time lord of the manor, whose old name is *Penton Grafton*. **Penton Mewsey**, 2 miles north-east, has an ancient Church, a good example of the Decorated style. About as far south-westward comes **Thrupton**, whose restored

Church has some remarkable effigies and other memorials. A path leads thence in half an hour to **Amport** and the Marquis of Winchester's pleasant park, then it is only a little farther to *Grately*, on the main line to Salisbury, the last station before it leaves Hampshire.

Grately is now a small village, but was once a residence of Saxon kings, and boasts to have had no less than 5 churches of its own. The present one is notable for some fragments of old glass removed here from Salisbury Cathedral. Above the station and the old Roman road to Silchester rises **Quarley Mount** (500 feet), one of the largest entrenchments in Hampshire—a wooded crest from which we may take our last look far and wide over this pleasant country. North of this the high-road from Weyhill to Amesbury crosses **Cholderton Hill** (544 feet) to enter Wilts near *Cholderton*, a living noted for the number of eminent churchmen by whom it has been held. Hence to Stonehenge is about 7 miles.

Still farther north of Grately, in a projecting corner of Hants, among thick woods, is **Tidworth**, once the home of that modern Nimrod, Thomas Assheton Smith, then beyond the boundary the line of heights is capped by *Sidbury Hill* rising to 735 feet. The Church of *South Tidworth* is one of the finest modern ones in the county. South of Grately extend the **Wallop Downs**, with the villages of *Over Wallop* and *Nether Wallop* marking the way to Stockbridge.

The railway runs on, in 20 minutes or so, to Salisbury, passing the Wiltshire station of *Porton*, which is the nearest to Stonehenge, but still over 6 miles off, through Amesbury, and few trains stop here. The Stonehenge excursion (9 or 10 miles) is usually made from Salisbury, as described in our *Guide to Dorset*, where we have more room to stray over the border of its proper field than in dealing with such a large county as Hampshire.

INDEX

ABBOT'S WORTHY, 105
Aldershot, 74
 Alice Holt Wood, 78, 133
 Alresford, 84
Alton, 79
 Alum Chine, 13
 Alverstoke, 153
 Amport, 180
Andover, 179
 Anglesea, 153
 Ashley, 107
 Avington, 86

BARTON CLIFFS, 71
 Basing House, 172
Basingstoke, 172
 Bassett, 109
 Beacon Hill (Meon Valley), 160
 — (Highclere), 177
 Beaulieu, 63
 Beckton Bunny, 24
 Bentley Station, 79
 Bere, Forest of, 139
Bevis of Hampton, Legend, 118
 Binstead, 80
 Bishopstoke, 107
 Bishops Waltham, 127
 Bitterne, 123
 Blackwater, the, 164
 Boarhunt, 158
 Bolderwood, 50
 Boldre, 67
 Boscombe, 11
 Botley, 127
Bournemouth, 1
 Bramley, 171

Bramshaw, 54
 Bramshill Park, 166
 Breamore, 58
 Brockenhurst, 61
 Buckland Rings, 68
 Buckler's Hard, 65
 Burghclere, 177
 Buriton, 138
 Burley, 49
 Bursledon, 127
 Burton, 22
 Bury Hill, 179
 Butser Hill, 137

CAESAR'S CAMP, 77
 Canford Cliffs, 26
Cathedrals, comparative dimensions of, 91
 Chandlersford, 109
 Chawton, 80
 Cheriton, 85
 Chewton Bunny, 24
 Chilcomb, 105
 Chilworth, 109
 Cholderton Hill, 180
Christchurch, 17
 Clatford, Upper and Lower, 179
 Compton Down, 104
 Coombe, 178
 Corhampton, 136
 Cosham, 159
 Crawley, 106
 Crondall, 163
 Crowd Hill, 105

DANEbury, 106

Dogmersfield, 163
 Droxford, 137
 Durley Dean Chine, 13

EAGLEHURST, 65
 Eastleigh Junction, 107
 East Meon, 135
 Easton, 105
 East Tisted, 83
 Egbury Hill, 178
 Ellingham, 59
 Ellisfield, 174
 Emsworth, 139
 Eversley, 164
 Exbury, 65

FAREHAM, 128
Farnborough, 160
 Farnham, 78
 Fleet Pond, 162
 Fontley Abbey, 129
 Fordingbridge, 58
 Freemantle, 122
 Fullerton Junction, 106, 179

GOSPORT, 152
 Grateley, 180

HACKWOOD PARK, 173
 Hamble, 125
 Hambledon, 137
 "Hangers," the, 80, 135
 Hannington, 175
 Haslar Hospital, 153
 Haslemere, 131
 Havant, 139
 Hawkey, 133
 Hawley, 165
 Hayling Island, 159
 Headborne Worthy, 105
 Heckfield, 167
 Hengistbury Head, 25
 Herne Court, 21
 Herriard, 174
 Highclere, 177
 Highcliff, 24
 Hill Head, 157
 Hindhead, 131
 Hinton, Admiral, 61

Holdenhurst, 16
 Holmesley, 60
 Holybourne, 80
 Hordle, 70
 Horsebridge Station, 107
 Hursley, 104
 Hurstborne Priors, 178
 ——— Tarrant, 176
 Hurst Castle, 60
 Hyde Abbey, 101
 Hythe, 126

IBSLEY, 59
 Itchen, the, 85, 122
 ——— Abbas, 85
 ——— Stoke, 85
 ——— Village, 123

KINGSCLERE, 175
 Kingsley, 78
 King's Sombourn, 107
 King's Worthy, 105
 Knightwood, 50

LADLE HILL, 178
 Lainston, 106
 Laverstoke, 176
 Leap, 65
 Lee on Solent, 156
 Leigh Park, 139
 Liphook, 132
 Liss, 133
 Litchfield, 178
 Loddon, the, 167
 Longparish, 176
Lymington, 166
Lyndhurst, 47

MARK ASH, 50
 Martyr's Worthy, 105
 Medstead Station, 83
 Meonstoke, 136
 Meon Valley, 135
 Micheldever, 74
 Milbrook, 122
 Milford-on-Sea, 69
 Milton, 70
 Minstead, 51

Monk Sherborne, 174
 Moordown, 15
 Mortimer Station, 168
 Mottisfont, 107
 Moyle's Court, 59
 Mudford, 23

NATELEY SCURES, 163
 Needs Ore Point, 65
Nelson Monument, the, 158
 Netley Abbey and Hospital, 124
New Forest, 39
 Nore Hill, 83
 North Camp Station, 75
 ——— Stoneham, 109
 Nursling, 58

OAKLEY, 74
 Odiham, 163
 Old Winchester Hill, 136
 Otterbourne, 108
"Our Village," 168
 Overton, 175

PAMBER, 171
 Parley Common, 37
 Pear Tree Green, 123
 Penton Mewsey, 180
Petersfield, 134
 Piper's Weight, 54
 Porchester, 157
 Portsdown, 159
 Portsea, 150
 Portsmouth, 140

QUARLEY MOUNT, 180

REDBRIDGE STATION, 107
 Ringwood, 60
 Rockbourne, 59
Romsey, 56
 Ropley Station, 83
 Rowland's Castle, 139
Rufus Stone, the, 51

ST. CATHERINE'S HILL (Winchester), 103
 ——— (Christchurch), 21
 St. Cross, Hospital of, 101

St. Denys Station, 108
 St. Leonards, 65
 Selborne, 80
 Sherborne St. John's, 174
 Shirley, 122
 Sidon Hill, 177
 Silchester, 168
 Soberton, 137
 Somerley Park, 60
 Sopley, 22
Southampton, 110
 ——— Common, 122
 Southborne-on-Sea, 24
 Southsea, 147
 South Stoneham, 109
 Southwick, 158
 Sowley Pond, 66
 Sparsholt, 106
 Steventon, 74
 Stockbridge, 106
 Stokes Bay, 153
 Stoneham, 109
 Stoner Hill, 135
 Stoneycross, 50
Stour Villages, the, 37
 Strathfieldsaye, 167
 Stratton, 74
 Swathling Station, 108

TALBOT, 15
 Thruxton, 180
 Tichborne, 84
 Tidworth, 180
 Titchfield, 129
 Tufton, 176
 Twyford, 103
 Tyrrell's Ford, 23

"UP HUSBAND," 178

VYNE, the, 174

WALBURY CAMP, 178
 Wallop, Over and Nether, 180
 Waltham Chace, 127
 Warblington, 139
 Warnford, 136
 Waterloo, 159

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Weeke, 106 | Winchester, 86 |
| Westbourne, 14 | Winchfield, 162 |
| West End, 123 | Winkton, 22 |
| —— Meon, 136 | Winton, 15 |
| —— Tisted, 83 | Wolverton, 175 |
| Wey, the, 79 | Woodhay Station, 178 |
| Weyhill, 179 | Woolmer Forest, 83, 132 |
| Wheatham Hill, 135 | Worlbury Hill, 106 |
| Whitchurch, 175 | "Worthies," the, 105 |
| Wickham, 128 | |
| Wight, Isle of, 71, 126, 155 | YATELEY GREEN, 165 |

THE END

ADVERTISEMENTS

Hotels arranged Alphabetically according to Locality.

THE

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY

(LIMITED).

General Indiarubber
Manufacturers.

WORKS:

CASTLE MILLS,
EDINBURGH.

Large Stock to select from, and
being bona-fide Manufacturers,
their products can be warranted
first quality.

**WATERPROOF
WATERPROOF
WATERPROOF
WATERPROOF
WATERPROOF
WATERPROOF**

Coats and Capes.
Walking Coats.
Driving Coats.
Fishing Coats.
Shooting Coats.
Fishing Trousers.
Fishing Stockings.
Brogues.
Gaiters.
Sea Boots.

PRICES STRICTLY MODERATE.

WAREHOUSES

LONDON . . .	57 MOORGATE STREET, E.C.
MANCHESTER . .	69 & 71 DEANS GATE.
LIVERPOOL . . .	9 LORD STREET.
LEEDS	65 & 66 BRIGGATE.
NEWCASTLE . .	39 GRAINGER STREET.
GLASGOW . . .	60 BUCHANAN STREET.
EDINBURGH . .	106 PRINCES STREET.



THE GRAND HOTEL, ABERDEEN.

THIS magnificent new Hotel, opened in 1893, has been erected from designs by Mr. MARSHALL MACKENZIE, A.R.S.A., occupies the finest central situation in the city, and is sufficiently removed from Street and Railway traffic to secure complete quiet.

In convenience of arrangement, perfect appointments, luxury, and real comfort, it ranks with the first establishments in the Kingdom. The Cuisine is of the most refined description. Wines and Cigars of the finest Vintages and Brands are specially imported.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING THROUGHOUT. PASSENGER ELEVATOR.

POSTAL AND TELEGRAPHIC OFFICE IN HOTEL. CHARGES MODERATE.

Excellent Salmon and Trout Fishing on the Rivers Dee and Don provided for Visitors, and within easy access.

NOTE.—Special Omnibus and Porters from the Grand Hotel meet each Train, and can be obtained on application to the Guard or Porters.

CHARLES MANN, *Proprietor.*

ABERDEEN.

THE FORSYTH HOTEL

90 TO 104 UNION STREET.

Apply The Manager.

ABERDEEN.

IMPERIAL HOTEL

Personally Patronised by their Royal Highnesses

The Duke of Edinburgh,

The Duke of Connaught,

The late Duke of Albany,

Princess Beatrice,

*The late Prince Henry of
Battenberg,*



*Princess Louise (Marchioness
of Lorne),*

Prince and Princess Christian

The King of the Belgians,

*Prince Frederick William of
Prussia,*

and other distinguished Visitors.

THIS well-known Hotel has been recently very much enlarged, redecorated, and refurnished throughout; a Patent Safety Hydraulic Lift, the Electric Light, and all the latest improvements have been introduced, and the house will now be found replete with every comfort for Visitors and Families.

The Hotel occupies the most central position in the City, close to the Station, Post and Telegraph Offices, Docks, and Golf Course; and within easy access of the fishings on the Dee and Don.

The Coffee Room is the largest and most handsome in the City. Separate Tables for Table d'Hôte. Private Suites of Rooms, handsomely and comfortably furnished, for Families.

LADIES' DRAWING ROOM, READING, BILLIARD, AND SMOKING ROOMS.

BATH ROOMS ON ALL THE FLOORS.

CUISINE AND WINES OF THE CHOICEST DESCRIPTION.

TARIFF ON APPLICATION.

ABERDEEN.

THE PALACE HOTEL

(WITHIN THE STATION)

OWNED BY THE GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY COMPANY.

EQUIPPED with every accommodation for comfort. Electrically lighted throughout, and mechanically ventilated. Hydraulic Lifts.

EXCELLENT CUISINE.

MODERATE CHARGES.

Personally patronised by their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of Wales, The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian and Princess Victoria, Princess Henry of Battenberg, The Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Adolphus of Teck, H.R.H. The King of Portugal, H.I.H. the Empress Eugenie, Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Serge, Grand Duke Paul of Russia, and many distinguished visitors.

Covered way from Station Platform.

Luggage removed to and from the Hotel free of charge.

Miss M'KILLIAM, *Manageress.*

DEESIDE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, HEATHCOT, NEAR ABERDEEN.

THE Climate of Deeside is the healthiest in Scotland. Residents at this Establishment have the privilege of preserved Salmon and Trout Fishing in the River Dee, as it runs through the Estate of Heathcot, a distance of two miles.

The Turkish and other Baths are constructed with all the latest improvements necessary for the practice of Hydropathy.

Terms per week, £2, 10s. ; for two having same Bedroom, £2, 5s. each : winter terms, £1, 15s.

For particulars apply to Dr. STEWART, Medical Superintendent, Heathcot, near Aberdeen.

ABERDOUR.

FORTH VIEW PRIVATE HOTEL,

Aberdour, Fifeshire.

THE Hotel is opposite the New Pier, where the pleasure boats from Leith call regularly to and from the Forth Bridge during the Season.

Charges: for Boarding 7s. 6d. per day, Hot and Cold Salt-water Baths; Bedroom from 2s. 6d., Private Sitting-Rooms 3s. per day; other charges equally moderate.

Letters and Telegrams promptly attended to.

THE MANAGER.

ABERFOYLE.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE HOTEL.

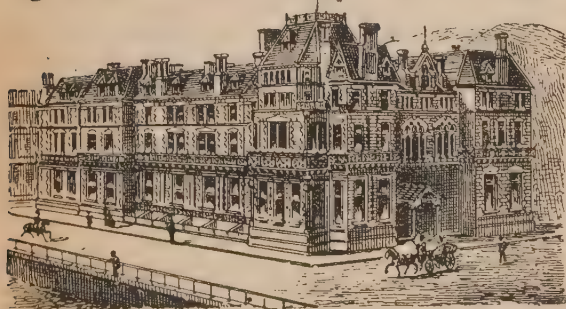
EXCELLENT accommodation for Visitors. Coaches to and from the Trossachs daily in connection with the Steamer on Loch Katrine. Boats on Loch Ard and Loch Chon. Billiards. Tennis. Golf. Posting.

Aberfoyle Railway Station. Post and Telegraph Offices are two minutes' Walk from Hotel.

J. BLAIR, *Proprietor.*

ABERYSTWYTH.

QUEEN'S HOTEL.



FACING THE SEA.
Soft Atlantic Breezes, Pure Water from Plynlimon, and excellent drainage. The late Sir James Clarke, M.D., said "A fortnight at Aberystwyth is equal to a month at most watering-places."

THIS Hotel is situated on the Marine Terrace facing the sea, and contains several Private Sitting Rooms, Coffee Rooms, Ladies' Drawing Room, Library, and all its Bedrooms are pleasantly situated. Lighted by Electricity.

Table d'Hôte at 7.30 o'clock during the Season.

Boarding Terms from 2½ Guineas per Week, or 12s. 6d. per Day.

TARIFF ON APPLICATION.

Arrangements made for Families.

W. H. PALMER, *Proprietor.*

ABERGAVENNY.

ANGEL FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

FISHING and Sporting quarters. The above Hotel affords some of the best Salmon and Trout water on the famous river Usk, sufficient private water for twenty rods, also tickets for the Abergavenny Association water close to Hotel, the upper Usk within three miles. Large Coffee Room. *Table d'Hôte*. Charming drives to Raglan, Llanthony, Crickhowell Valley. Near Monmouthshire Golf Links.

JOHN PRICHARD, *Proprietor*.

AMBLESIDE.

THE WINDERMERE WATERHEAD HOTEL.

STANDING in its own grounds on the margin of the Lake, adjoining Steamboat Pier, the Terminus of the Furness and Midland Railway Systems.

M. TAYLOR & SON, Proprietors of the Salutation and Queen's Hotels (both of which will be carried on by them as heretofore), have taken over the above First-Class Hotel, recently enlarged and refurnished, which will be conducted on a liberal and popular tariff.

Taylor's Four-in-Hand Stage Coaches run from the Hotel, also from the Salutation and Queen's, to Keswick, Coniston, Ullswater, and the Langdales, two or three times daily during the season (Sundays excepted), affording special facilities for exploring the district in every direction.

N.B.—Boats, Fishing Tackle, &c., supplied.

ARDARA, DONEGAL HIGHLANDS.

NESBITT ARMS HOTELS.

The above Hotels having been rebuilt and furnished in the most modern style, will be found most comfortable for Tourists visiting the Donegal Highlands. Cars meet trains (6 miles distant) by appointment.

Splendid Fishing and Charming Scenery in the Neighbourhood.

TERMS MODERATE.

Sea Bathing Convenient.

N. MCNELIS, *Proprietor*.

DONEGAL COTTAGE INDUSTRY.

The Proprietor has a depôt for the sale of Home-spun and Hand-wove tweeds in the village, and a special selection is always on exhibition at the Hotel.

ASHBOURN NEAR DOVEDALE.

FANNY WALLIS.

Family & Commercial Posting House,

GREEN MAN & BLACK'S HEAD HOTEL.

BILLIARDS. CHOICE WINES & SPIRITS. OMNIBUS TO AND FROM EVERY TRAIN.

ASHBURTON, DEVON.

GOLDEN LION HOTEL.

E. JNO. SAWDYE, Proprietor.

THIS Hotel, the principal one in the Town, is replete with every convenience for the comfort of Tourists and Travellers. It contains spacious Suites of Private Apartments, has an extensive Garden attached, and is in the immediate neighbourhood of the finest of the Dartmoor Tors, Haytor Rocks, the Buckland and Holne Chase Drives, the upper reaches of the celebrated river Dart, and some of the most picturesque of the world-famed Devonshire Scenery.

Posting Horses and Carriages of every description.

Excellent Trout and Salmon Fishing may be had in the neighbourhood on payment of a small fee. Particulars can be obtained on application to the Proprietor of the Hotel.

AUCHANAULT.

AUCHANAULT HOTEL.

THIS HOTEL IS
NOW OPEN TO RECEIVE VISITORS

Who may wish for a quiet retreat or for
FISHING ON LOCH AUCHANAULT.

Whereon Boats can be had.

The House has lately undergone a thorough repair and refurnishing.

MRS. JANE M'IVER, *Proprietrix.*

AUCHNASHEEN HOTEL

Connected with the Auchnasheen Station of the Dingwall and
Skye Railway.

THIS HOTEL is situated amid very fine scenery, varied with mountain, loch, and river, and is the starting-place of Tourists for Loch Maree, Gairloch, &c.

The Coach for these places starts from the door daily, and seats can be secured by letter or telegram addressed to Mrs. M'iver, the Proprietrix of the Hotel and Coach. Comfortable and well-aired Bedrooms, and careful attention in every way.

Posting in all its Branches.

MRS. M'IVER, *Proprietrix.*

AYR.

THE AYR STATION HOTEL.



Adjoins the Railway Station.

FIRST-CLASS HOUSE FOR FAMILIES AND GENTLEMEN.

HANDSOME PUBLIC ROOMS.

SUITES OF APARTMENTS.

LARGE AND WELL-APPOINTED BEDROOMS.

PASSENGER ELEVATOR.

MODERATE TARIFF.

PHILIP BLADES, Hotel Manager.

Glasgow and South-Western Railway.

BALLATER (NEAR BALMORAL).

INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL

THE Hotel is pleasantly situated on the Banks of the Dee in the midst of the finest Scenery in Deeside, and most centrically and conveniently situated for parties visiting the Royal Residence, neighbouring Mountains, and other principal places of interest on Deeside.

The Hotel has recently undergone extensive alterations and improvements, and for comfort will compare favourably with any *First Class Hotel* in Scotland.

Parties BOARDED by the WEEK on SPECIAL TERMS, excepting from 15th July to 15th September.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

(By Special Appointment Posting Master to Her Majesty the Queen.)

Coaches during the Season to Balmoral and Braemar.

Letters and Telegrams promptly attended to.

Telegraphic Address—

"Invercauld Arms," Ballater.

ALEX. M'GREGOR.

Proprietor.

BALLATER (near BALMORAL). LOIRSTON HOUSE.

(Greatly enlarged and improved.)

Every Comfort for Visitors.

Board and Tariff Moderate.

Posting, Golfing.

GEORGE T. LAMOND, *Proprietor.*

TELEGRAMS:—LAMOND, BALLATER.

BANBURY.

RED LION HOTEL.

JOHN W. BLOOMFIELD,
Proprietor.

BANGOR FERRY.

THE GEORGE HOTEL.

THIS high-classed and old-established Hotel and Posting House, standing in its own grounds, is beautifully situated on the banks of the Menai Straits, close to the Suspension and Tubular Bridges, and will be found the most central Hotel for visiting the various places of interest in North Wales.

SPECIAL SANITARY CERTIFICATE.

Boating.

Billiards.

Lawn Tennis.

Moderate Charges.

Omnibus meets trains at Bangor Station. Liverpool steamers land passengers at Menai Bridge Pier immediately opposite Hotel.

BARMOUTH, N. WALES.

The Riviera of the United Kingdom. Summer and Winter Residence.
**THE CORS-Y-GEDOL HOTEL, THE MARINE HOTEL,
ST. ANN'S MANSIONS (Private Boarding House).**

All facing the sea with a south-west aspect.

Specially reduced charges for the Winter Months, October to March inclusive.

GOLF LINKS.

TARIFF ON APPLICATION.

BENJAMIN J. ALLSOP, *Managing Director.*

BATH.

CASTLE HOTEL.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED and most CENTRAL for Families, Private
and Commercial Gentlemen.

*NIGHT PORTER.***JOHN RUBIE, Proprietor.****ALSO WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,**

24 & 25 NEW BOND STREET, BATH.

BELFAST.

LOMBARD CAFÉ

16, 18, and 20 LOMBARD STREET,

FIRST-CLASS TEMPERANCE RESTAURANT
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Hot Luncheons and Dinners from 12 noon till 4.30 p.m.

OPEN FROM 7 A.M. TO 7.15 P.M.

BELFAST.

INTERNATIONAL TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

7 COLLEGE SQUARE, E.,

Opposite grounds of Royal Academical Institution, in the
centre of the city. Breakfast or Tea from 1s. 3d. Apartments
from 2s. Attendance, 9d.

Telegrams :—"HOMELY, BELFAST." Telephone No. 974.

WM. WILKINSON, *Proprietor.*

BERKELEY.

BERKELEY ARMS HOTEL.

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.

Half-mile from Station. General Posting.

E. BROWN, *Proprietor.*

BETTWS-Y-COED.

ROYAL OAK HOTEL.

THIS celebrated Hotel, for which the signboard by David Cox was painted in 1847, has an unrivalled situation, and is very suitable as a centre from which the most beautiful scenery in North Wales may be visited. It contains every accommodation for visitors, considerable additions having been recently made.

POSTING. FIRST-CLASS STABLING.

BILLIARDS. TENNIS.

Private Road to Station.

OMNIBUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.

Well-appointed Four-horse Coaches are run daily by the Proprietor to Llanberis and back, Beddgelert and back, Portmadoc, and Bangor, through the finest scenery of North Wales, including the Passes of Llanberis, Gwynant, Aberglaslyn, and Nant Ffrancon.

E. PULLAN, Proprietor.

BIDEFORD.

Central for the whole of North Devon.

Including WESTWARD HO! CLOVELLY, HARTLAND, BUDE, ILFRACOMBE, and LYNTON.

COACHES IN THE SEASON TO ABOVE PLACES.

Adjoining
Railway Station.

ROYAL HOTEL,

Overlooking the River
Torrige & Old Bridge.

BIDEFORD.

The Most Modern Hotel in West of England.

Replete with every
convenience and
comfort.

**COMPLETELY SHELTERED FROM
E. & N.E. WINDS.**

Lofty, perfectly
ventilated, and
handsomely fur-
nished rooms.

Delightful Winter Resort—one of the mildest and healthiest in the Kingdom.

First-Class Horses and
Carriages of every de-
scription always ready.

CONTINENTAL COURTYARD.

Finest Stabling and
Lock-up Coach-house
in Devonshire.

Specially reduced Winter Tariff.

Porters attend
every Train.

SAVE OMNIBUS & PORTERAGE.

French and Ger-
man spoken.

WINTER ATTRACTIONS.

Hunting (Wild Stag, Fox, Hare), Shooting, Fishing, Golfing.

The Royal Hotel, originally a private mansion, built in 1688, contains the interesting old oak rooms in which Charles Kingsley wrote portions of *Westward Ho!* and from its size and the admirable way in which it is fitted out must be regarded as one of the best Hotels in the West of England. For situation the Royal is probably unequalled in the North of Devon.—*Vide* PUBLIC PRESS.

"Bideford, chiefly remarkable for having a first-rate hotel."—*Punch*, 5th Oct. 1889.

BIDEFORD.

NEW INN FAMILY HOTEL.**THE OLDEST, LARGEST, AND PRINCIPAL HOTEL IN THE TOWN.**

PPRIVATE SITTING ROOMS, with excellent views. The House is pleasantly situated in the centre of the Town, overlooking the River Torridge, and other Hotels. Has recently undergone extensive additions and improvements. Is well known for its superior accommodation combined with moderate charges. Proprietor of and Booking Office for the Clovelly and Bude Coaches in connection with the L. & S.W. Railway. Hot and Cold Baths. Billiards, two tables.

H. ASCOTT, Proprietor.

BIDEFORD, NORTH DEVON.

TANTON'S HOTEL.

THE Finest and best situated First-class Family Hotel. Has recently been extensively enlarged, and combines comforts of a private house with conveniences of first-class hotel. Lofty, well-ventilated Coffee, Commercial, Billiard, and Smoke Rooms, over 30 good Bedrooms, Private Suites of Apartments, Hot and Cold Baths. Booking Office for the Clovelly and Westward Ho! Coaches. Private entrance for Visitors.

Posting and Livery Stables.

Omnibuses and Porters meet all Trains.

W. GIDDIE, Proprietor.

BIRMINGHAM.

THE GREAT WESTERN HOTEL COMPANY, Ltd.,**Refurnished and Renovated.****PASSENGER LIFT.****Spacious Coffee Room communicating with Drawing Room.****Table d'Hôte 6.30 to 8.***Telegraphic Address—Hostelry, Birmingham.**T. W. HUSSEY, Manager.*

BLACKPOOL.

PARK HOTEL,
CLAREMONT PARK.

REBUILT AND ENLARGED. 50 Bedrooms. Electric Light. The Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Smoking, and Private Sitting Rooms, all face the Sea. Fresh and Sea-Water Baths. The most perfect Hotel in the District. National Telephone, 103.

*Tariff and Press Notices on Application.***RALPH RUSHTON, Proprietor.**



BLAIR-ATHOLL.
ATHOLL ARMS HOTEL.

Adjoining the Railway Station.

THE SITUATION is unequalled as a centre from which to visit the finest Scenery of the PERTSHIRE HIGHLANDS, comprising KILLIECRANKIE; LOCHS TUMMEL and RANNOCH; GLEN TILT; BRAEMAR; the FALLS OF BRUAR, GARRY, TUMMEL, and FENDER; DUNKELD; TAYMOUTH CASTLE and LOCH TAY; the GROUNDS of BLAIR CASTLE, etc.

This is also the most convenient resting-place for breaking the long railway journey to and from the North of Scotland.

TABLE D'HÔTE daily during the season in the well-known magnificent DINING HALL, with which is connected *en suite* a spacious and elegantly furnished DRAWING ROOM.

Special terms for Board by the week, except during August.

Tariff on Application.

THE POSTING DEPARTMENT is thoroughly well equipped.

Experienced Guides and Ponies for Glen Tilt, Braemar, and Mountain Excursions.

Telegraphic Address—HOTEL, BLAIRATHOLL.

D. MACDONALD & SONS, *Proprietors.*

BLAIRGOWRIE.

ROYAL HOTEL.

THIS Old-Established First-Class Family and Tourist Hotel. Patronised by Royalty. Two minutes from Railway Station. Orders for Rooms and Conveyances will receive Immediate Attention.

Job and Posting Establishment. Coaches to Braemar daily, during July, August, and September. Royal Mail Coach to Kirkmichael daily at 10 A.M., and to Coupar-Angus at 11.25 P.M. Seats booked at the Hotel.

'BUS meets all trains.**ROBERT GUNN, PROPRIETOR.***13 years in MacGregor's Royal Hotel, Edinburgh.*

BOURNEMOUTH.

ROYAL & IMPERIAL EXETER PARK HOTEL**"Patronised by the Royal Families of Europe."**

THE
HISTORIC
HOUSE
OF
BOURNEMOUTH

THE
HISTORIC
HOUSE
OF
BOURNEMOUTH

The Residence of H.I.M. The Empress of Austria—Queen of Hungary, and H.I. and R.H. The Archduchess Marie Valerie.—April 1888.

NEWLYN'S ROYAL & IMPERIAL EXETER PARK HOTEL. Beautifully Sheltered Position. In Private Grounds. One minute from the Pier. As a Winter Residence unrivalled. Close to Pavilion. Table d'Hôte at 7 at separate tables. Omnibuses at East Station.

HENRY NEWLYN, Proprietor.

Seven Years Caterer to H.R.H. Prince of Wales; H.R.H. Duke of Cambridge; H.S.H. Prince Edward Saxe-Weimar; and the Officers of Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards, Guards' Club, London.

BOURNEMOUTH.

APARTMENTS (Superior) or HOUSE.**"MONTAGUE," DURLEY ROAD.**

BEST part of West Cliff. Detached. Spacious Grounds. Sea Views. Near Pier, Gardens, Golf, Tennis, etc. Sanitary Certificate. Stamp.

MR. & MRS. HARRIS.



BOURNEMOUTH.

THE ROYAL BATH HOTEL.

Caution—The ONLY Hotel or Licensed Establishment
on "EAST CLIFF."

PATRONISED BY

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

H.M. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS,

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY,

H.I.M. THE EMPRESS EUGENIE,

T.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK AND

PRINCESS ROYAL OF SWEDEN,

THE LATE LORD BEACONSFIELD,

And all the most distinguished Personages visiting Bournemouth.

THE LEADING HOTEL IN BOURNEMOUTH.

"It has a unique and unrivalled position, being completely protected by Pine Woods from north and east winds. Standing in its own Grounds of 5 Acres, with a Sea Frontage of 1000 feet due south, and within three minutes' walk of the Pier and Post Office. The only Hotel on the East Cliff. The Cliff, par excellence."—*Court Journal*, 16th August 1879.

Moderate Fixed Tariff. Comparison Invited.

Table d'Hote at separate tables.

The Hotel private Omnibus meets Trains.

NIGHT WATCHMAN. SANITARY CERTIFICATES.

BILLIARD ROOM WITH TWO TABLES.

Tariff, &c. sent on application to Manager.

BOWNESS, WINDERMERE.

CROWN HOTEL.

SITUATE in extensive grounds, immediately overlooking the Lake. Families boarded by the week or month. Coaching and Posting to all parts daily. Omnibuses and Servants attend arrival of all Trains and Steamers. Tennis Court. Billiards. Hot and Cold Baths. Table d'Hôte daily. Charges Moderate.

Address—PROPRIETRESS.



BRAEMAR, BY BALMORAL

FIFE ARMS HOTEL.

First-Class Family Hotel.

Patronised by the Royal Family and the Court.

Coaches during the Season between Braemar and Ballater, and Braemar, Blairgowrie, and Dunkeld.

Posting in all its Branches.

Lawn Tennis.

SALMON FISHING.

L. MACDONALD, *Proprietor.*

2/6 WHERE SHALL WE GO?

A Guide to the Watering-places and Health Resorts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

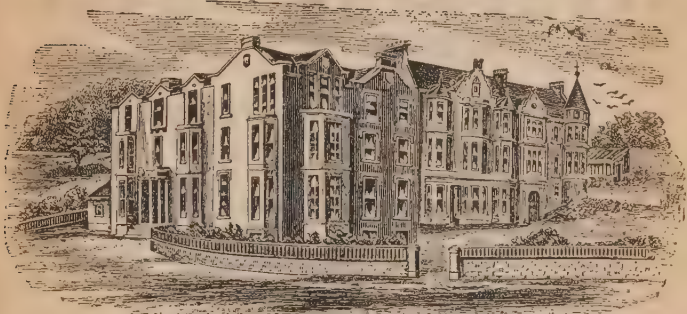
Twelfth Edition. Edited by A. R. HOPE-MONCRIEFF.

In 1 vol. fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. ; or boards, price 2s. 6d.

"It is edited in a workmanlike way, and provided with good maps, information as to hotels, boarding houses, and all other needful details."—*London Quarterly Review*

BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

PHILP'S ROYAL HOTEL.



THE finest Hotel in the district, about one hour by rail from Edinburgh and Glasgow, and 3 miles from Stirling. Most convenient for Tourists breaking their journey to and from the Highlands. Bus to and from Railway Station.

An extensive Carriage-Hiring Establishment.

Telephone No. 516.

Telegrams:—"Hotel, Bridge of Allan."

R. PHILP, *Proprietor.*

BRIDGE OF ALLAN HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, NEAR STIRLING.

BEAUTIFULLY situated and sheltered by the Ochils, on a dry and porous soil. The House is replete with every comfort and convenience. Elegant Suite of Baths, including Turkish, Russian, Vapour, Spray, &c., all on the most approved principles.

Terms from £2:12:6 per week.

Qualified Medical man in daily consultation, who has studied Hydropathy at Smedley's, Matlock.]

Massage Treatment.

Golf Course in Vicinity of Establishment.

Applications to be addressed to WILLIAM G. SPRUNT, *Manager.*

BRIDLINGTON QUAY.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL.

UNEQUALLED SITUATION,

Telephone No. 1.

New Passenger

FACING THE SEA,

Lift to all floors.

SPACIOUS PRIVATE GARDENS.*FIRST-CLASS CUISINE.**REPLETE WITH EVERY COMFORT.***TARIFF ON APPLICATION.**

BUXTON—DERBYSHIRE.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL

THIS old-established high-class Family Hotel has recently undergone extensive additions and improvements. Splendid Drawing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms. American Elevator. Enlarged Dining Room.

Table d'Hôte at separate tables if desired.

The Hotel, being connected by a covered colonnade with the Baths, Drinking Wells, and Gardens, is specially adapted for Visitors requiring the use of the Buxton Mineral Waters.

HARRISON & LE GROS, Proprietors.

Telegraphic Address—ANNS, BUXTON. Telephone No. 41.

*Also the great Livery Stables under the same Proprietorship.***Telephone No. 41a.***Tariffs for Livery and Hire of Carriages on application.*

BUXTON—DERBYSHIRE.

BUXTON HYDROPATHIC.

APPLY MR. H. LOMAS.**Situated over 1000 feet above sea-level.**

Central and sheltered situation, overlooking Public Gardens and close to celebrated Mineral Wells and Baths.

Sanitary, Ventilating, and Heating Arrangements on the most approved principles.

MAGNIFICENT PUBLIC ROOMS.**American Elevator.**

Every description of Hydropathic Baths, Electric Baths, Massage and Electro-Massage; also the Celebrated Nauheim Treatment for Affections of the Heart.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—"COMFORTABLE, BUXTON."

NATIONAL TELEPHONE—No. 5, BUXTON.

CRESCENT HOTEL, BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.

FIRST-CLASS for Families and Gentlemen. Best Situation. Forms wing of the Crescent. Due South aspect. Close to Railway Stations. Covered Colonnade to Baths, Wells, and Gardens. Dining, Drawing, Billiard, Smoking, and Reading Rooms. The Dining Saloon is acknowledged to be one of the finest rooms in the kingdom. Suites of apartments for Families. Rooms on ground floor level if required.

**Table d'Hôte at Separate Tables. Excellent Cuisine.
Choice Wines. Billiards.**

TELEGRAPHIC } "CRESCENT HOTEL, BUXTON."
ADDRESS }

NATIONAL } No. 20.
TELEPHONE }

JOHN SMILTER, Proprietor.

CALLANDER.

CALEDONIAN TEMPERANCE HOTEL

The only First-Class Temperance Hotel in Callander.

LARGE Dining Room, Public Drawing Room. Also, Ladies' Drawing Room. Private Sitting Rooms. Hot and Cold Baths. Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Tickets for the Trossachs Coaches to be had at this Hotel.

W. A. BIGGS, Owner and Manager.

CAPEL CURIG.

ROYAL HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL AND POSTING HOUSE.

BEST VIEWS IN WALES. Good fishing on all the Lakes, **FREE OF CHARGE** to Visitors staying at the Hotel. Boats free of charge on the Capel Curig, Ogwen, and Idwal Lakes, the Hotel being nearest to Ogwen Lake. All orders by post for private conveyance to Bettws-y-Coed Station will be punctually attended to.

Coach three times daily between Capel Curig and Bettws-y-Coed Station.

H. ROBERTS, PROPRIETOR.

CARNARVON.

SPORTSMAN ROYAL HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.

CLOSE TO THE ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE.

THE LARGEST COFFEE ROOM IN WALES.

'BUS MEETS TRAINS AND SEASON STEAMERS.

TOM ARMSTRONG, Proprietor.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

SARK, CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The Largest Hotel on the Island with a sea view,
is nearest to the landing stage, and
possesses excellent sleeping accom-
modation. Public Drawing
and Smoking
Rooms.

BEL-AIR HOTEL.

Large Dining
Room (separate tables).

"The most bracing spot in
the Channel Islands."

D. ROBIN, *Proprietor.*

N.B.—Steamers leave Guernsey daily for Sark after the
arrival of Southampton and Weymouth Boats.

CHELTENHAM.

TATE'S PRIVATE HOTEL.

VISITORS RECEIVED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

TERMS MODERATE.

Also Private Suites of Apartments under the personal
management of the Proprietor.

CHESTER.

THE GROSVENOR HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS. Situated in the centre of the City, close to the CATHEDRAL and
other objects of interest.

Large Coffee and Reading Rooms; Ladies' Drawing Room for the convenience of
Ladies and Families; Smoking and Billiard Rooms.

Open and close Carriages, and Posting in all its Branches.

Omnibuses for the use of Visitors to the Hotel, and also the Hotel Porters attend
the Trains. A Night Porter in attendance. Tariff to be had on application.

J. M. SIEGERS, *Manager.*

CHIRK HAND HOTEL.

Family and Commercial Hotel.

SIX minutes' walk from Chirk Station; one and a half mile from Chirk
Castle, which is open to visitors on Mondays and Thursdays;
situated on Offa's Dyke at base of Ceiriog Glen; surrounded by some
of the most interesting scenery in North Wales.

POSTING IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Fishing Tickets for the River Ceiriog free for Visitors staying at the Hotel.

Cricket Ground within 200 yards.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH, *Proprietress.*

CHRISTCHURCH.

NEWLYN'S FAMILY & COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

CHARMING views of Priory Church, Norman Ruins, River Avon, and Gardens from the Balcony. Splendid Fishing free to Visitors staying at the Hotel. Billiards, Boating, etc. One and a half miles from sea.

Proprietor—ALBERT WHALEY.



COLWYN BAY, NORTH WALES.

POLLYCROCHAN HOTEL

(Late the Residence of Lady Erskine).

THIS First-Class Family Hotel is most beautifully situated in its own finely-wooded park in Colwyn Bay, commanding splendid land and sea views. It is within a few minutes' walk of the Beach, and ten minutes' of Colwyn Bay Station, and a short drive of Conway and Llandudno. A desirable Winter Residence, sheltered and also warmed.

Sea-Bathing, Tennis, Golf, Billiards, Posting.

J. PORTER, *Proprietor*.

CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL

For Families and Gentlemen.

THIS old-established Family Hotel has recently undergone complete alterations, is really comfortable, and is admirably situated. It is near the Victoria Rooms, New Theatre, Downs, and Suspension Bridge. Stabling and Posting. The Trams from the Station and from the City Draw-Bridge pass the door every ten minutes.

All communications please address

CLARA NUNNEY, *Proprietress.*

COMRIE.

ROYAL HOTEL.

THIS old-established Hotel is pleasantly situated on the main road between Crieff and Lochearnhead. The Hotel is replete with every comfort for Families and Tourists, who can be boarded on the most moderate terms by the week or month. Capital Trout Fishing is to be had on the Rivers Earn, Ruchil, and Lednock.

Carriages for Hire. Golf Course within Five Minutes' walk.

Hotel 'Bus waits all Trains.

D. HAMILTON, *Proprietor.*

CRIEFF.

DRUMMOND ARMS HOTEL

AND

POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND TOURIST HOTEL.

W. C. S. SCOTT, *PROPRIETOR.*

DEAL.

DEAL HOUSE.

FACING SEA. The Principal Boarding Establishment. Spacious sea front Dining, Drawing, and Smoking Rooms. A good Recreation Room (oak floor). Forty Bedrooms. Every possible comfort. Excellent table. Afternoon tea. Dinner 6.30. Close to Pier and Baths. Omnibus meets all trains.

Established 1881.

Proprietor.

DUBLIN.

Charming situation, overlooking Stephen's Green Park.

Central Position.

Moderate Charges.

SHELBOURNE

HOTEL, DUBLIN.

Electric Light. Hydraulic Passenger Elevator.

Telegraph Office and Telephone in Hotel.

DUBLIN.

NASSAU HOTEL,

16 to 20 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, AND 12 NASSAU STREET.

ONE of the most comfortable and the best Temperance Hotel in Ireland. Electric Lighting, and all modern improvements.

Noted for cleanliness and attention. Handsome and well-furnished rooms. Moderate charges. Special terms *en pension*.

Letters and Telegrams, NASSAU HOTEL, DUBLIN.

DUBLIN.

EDINBURGH TEMPERANCE HOTEL

(LATE BILTON HOTEL),

56 UPPER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

R. G. MACKAY, PROPRIETOR.

DUBLIN.

MARTIN'S

PRIVATE FAMILY HOTEL,

38 & 39 LOWER BAGGOT STREET,

DUBLIN.

DULVERTON, G.W.R.

CARNARVON ARMS FAMILY HOTEL.

(CLOSE TO THE RAILWAY STATION.)

QUITE in the country. The Earl of Carnarvon reserves five miles' trout-fishing in rivers Exe and Barle free to visitors at this hotel, which is at 425 feet altitude, and has perfect water and drainage. It is convenient for the fixtures of the Devon and Somerset Staghouids. Good billiard room, also Golf links adjoining. Hunters and harness horses. Also the Edgcott Hotel and hunting stables at Exford.

CHAS. W. NELDER.

DUMFRIES.



DUMFRIES.

STATION HOTEL.

(NEWLY ERECTED.)

HANDSOME PUBLIC ROOMS. PRIVATE SITTING ROOMS.

Single Bedrooms from 3s. 6d.

Double Bedrooms from 5s.

*Including all Attendance and Electric Light.***Hotel Porters meet all through Trains.**PHILIP BLADES, *Manager.*

DUMFRIES.

**WOODBANK MANSION,
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.**

Standing in its own Grounds of 3 Acres, overlooking lovely stretch of the River Nith.

Convenient to all parts of the Town and Railway Station.

MODERATE TERMS.

Apply Proprietor, CHAS. PALMER.



PHILP'S DUNBLANE HYDROPATHIC, DUNBLANE, PERTHSHIRE.

SITUATED in one of the Healthiest and Loveliest parts of Scotland, forming a most excellent WINTER and SPRING RESIDENCE. *Climate*—Mild and equable, completely sheltered from north and east winds. The arrangements of the house are, beyond all question, unsurpassed in Britain. A most complete system of heating is adopted over the whole house. NEW RECREATION AND BILLIARD ROOMS; FULLY EQUIPPED GYMNASIUM; LAWN TENNIS COURTS; GOLF COURSE; MINERAL WELL. *Baths*—Turkish, Russian, Electric, Pine, &c.; Massage Treatment under Trained Attendants. The Sanitary arrangements are perfect. About an hour by rail from Glasgow and Edinburgh.

For Prospectus apply to the Manager.

T. W. DEWAR, M.D.,
Resident Physician.

DUNBLANE.

STIRLING ARMS HOTEL.

RECENTLY enlarged. Beautifully situated on the River Allan where fishing is free. Near to Cathedral and Railway Station. Posting in all its branches.

CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

MRS. MARSHALL, *Proprietress.*

DUNOON.

ARGYLL HOTEL,

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN DUNOON.



Commanding a Magnificent View of the Firth of Clyde, and close to the Pier.

Visitors staying at this Hotel will have the opportunity of visiting all the following places of interest, and returning the same day, viz. :—Arran; Kyles of Bute, per steamer *Columbia*; Inveraray, Loch Fyne, &c., per *Lord of the Isles*; Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Trossachs, Gareloch, &c. Coaches leave the Hotel daily for Loch Eck, which is the favourite new route for Inveraray and Oban. *Table d'hôte* at 7. Special reduced rates for parties staying a week or longer. This Hotel is now under new management, and thoroughly refurnished, &c.

Splendid Sea Fishing. "Boots" waits arrival of all Steamers.

OTTO LORENZ, *Proprietor.*

DUNOON.

McCOLL'S HOTEL,

NEAR STEAMBOAT PIER

(ADJOINING CASTLE HILL), WEST BAY, DUNOON.

THE principal and only first-class Hotel in Dunoon, standing in its own pleasure grounds. Large additions recently completed, including Dining and Billiard Rooms, Lawn Tennis. Celebrated for comfort and moderate charges. With all the latest sanitary improvements in perfect working order.

HUGH McKINNON, *Proprietor.*

EASTBOURNE-SOUTHBOROUGH HOUSE,

CARLISLE ROAD,

SUPERIOR Boarding Establishment, under personal supervision of proprietor and family, centrally situated near the Sea and Golf Links, and opposite Devonshire Park. Spacious Reception Rooms and Bed-rooms, Smoking Room, Conservatory, large Garden for Lawn Tennis and other games, excellent Cuisine, terms moderate.

EDINBURGH.

DARLING'S HOTEL,



20 WATERLOO PLACE (Princes Street).

FIRST-CLASS TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

Under personal management of Miss DARLING.

EDINBURGH.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

MEUSE LANE.

Off South St. David Street, opposite Scott's Monument.

Unsurpassed for comfort and quietness. Charges very moderate.
Tariff on application.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, and Suppers *a la carte*
in the Restaurant.

G. RIETZ, *Proprietor and Manager.*

THE WINDSOR HOTEL, 100 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

(Opposite the Castle.)

THE WINDSOR HOTEL, 250 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

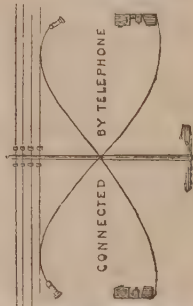
A. M. THIEM, Purveyor to Her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner.

Also to the Duke of Edinburgh, Salisbury, Rosebery, Tercentenary, and
Balfour Banquets.

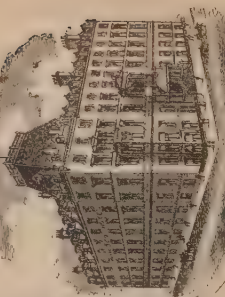
TELEPHONE No 273.



WINDSOR HOTEL
EDINBURGH



TELEPHONE No 3502.



WINDSOR HOTEL
GLASGOW

A. M. THIEM, PROPRIETOR.

FIRST-CLASS HOTELS FOR FAMILIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Greatly enlarged. Exceedingly Comfortable and Prices Moderate. Passenger Elevator.

Highly Recommended by Appleton's Guide-Books.

EDINBURGH.



THE COCKBURN HOTEL,

Adjoining the Station and overlooking the Gardens.

NO INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

JOHN MACPHERSON, PROPRIETOR.

Passenger Elevator.

Electric Light.

ROXBURGHE HOTEL,

CHARLOTTE SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

In Connection with the above is CHRISTIE'S PRIVATE HOTEL.

J. CHRISTIE, Proprietor.

EDINBURGH CAFÉ COMPANY,

70 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

High-Class Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen.

BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEA, COFFEE, &c.

ELEGANT SALOON FOR LADIES. CLOAK-ROOMS, &c.

Table d'Hôte (5 Courses), 2/6 per head.

MILNE'S

COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL,

145 LEITH STREET, EDINBURGH.

(Late 24 GREENSIDE STREET.)

Two minutes from G.P.O. and Waverley Station. Established 1837.

THE above Hotel is considered one of the most comfortable in the City.
Tram Cars pass the Hotel door to all parts of the City.

E. H. ROBERTS, *Proprietor.*

VEITCH'S PRIVATE HOTEL.

127-133 GEORGE STREET.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

COFFEE ROOM. PUBLIC DRAWING ROOM.

APARTMENTS en Suite.

GEORGE C. OCLEFORD, *Proprietor.*

THE BRAID HILLS HOTEL.

MORNINGSIDE, EDINBURGH.

THIS charmingly situated Hotel is now open for residence. Most completely appointed. Every modern luxury. Splendid Billiard, Reading, and Smoking Rooms. Uninterrupted Views of the City, the Braid and Pentland Hills, with the Firth of Forth and the Highland Hills in the distance. Unrivalled as a Golfing Centre. Splendid Public Course adjoining Hotel. Seventeen Golf Courses within a radius of 14 miles. Beautiful Walks and Drives in the neighbourhood. Terms from £2 12s. 6d. Moderate Tariff from Friday or Saturday to Monday. Dinners, Luncheons, Wines, etc. Club House. Attractive to Golfers and economical and convenient for Visitors. The Home of Golf.

Train and Tram from Hotel to all parts of City.

For descriptive Brochure apply to Manager

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

CRANSTON'S
W A V E R L E Y
TEMPERANCE HOTELS.

EDINBURGH—

OLD WAVERLEY, 43 PRINCES STREET. Telegrams, "Waverley, Edinburgh."

ACCOMMODATION FOR 200 VISITORS. PASSENGER ELEVATOR.

Largest Temperance Hotel in Kingdom. Specially adapted for families. Recommended by *Bradshaw's Tourist Guide* as "the cheapest and best Temperance Hotel they had ever seen," and by the late Mr. J. B. GOUGH "as the only Home he had found since leaving his own."

NEW WAVERLEY, WATERLOO PLACE.—Telegrams, "Ivanhoe, Edinburgh."

First-class Commercial House. Well-lighted Stock-Rooms on ground floor from 2s. upwards.

LONDON—

37 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.—Telegrams, "Redgauntlet, London."

The unrivalled position of the London Waverley in the business centre of the City offers exceptional advantages to persons visiting London, either on business or pleasure.

GLASGOW—

172 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.—Telegrams, "Waverley Hotel, Glasgow."

The Business here now carried on by Mrs. MASON, daughter of the late Mr. CRANSTON. The Hotel is situated in one of the finest and busiest thoroughfares in the City.

UNIFORM CHARGES at all the Waverleys:—Breakfast or Tea, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s. ;

Public Dinner, 2s. ; Bedroom, 1s. 6d. ; Service, 1s. ; Private Parlours, 3s.

CAUTION:—Parties are particularly requested to see that they are taken to **CRANSTON'S WAVERLEYS.**

EDINBURGH.

THE RUTLAND HOTEL,

West end of Princes Street, adjoining the New
Caledonian Railway Station.

THIS well-known First-Class Hotel for Families and Gentlemen is replete with every comfort, while the charges are strictly moderate. Splendid views from every window of the Hotel.

PERSONAL SUPERINTENDENCE.

TELEGRAMS:—RUTLAND HOTEL.

Restaurant Attached.

A. M'GREGOR, *Proprietrix.*

THE PALACE HOTEL,

PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

THE finest site in Edinburgh, immediately opposite **The Castle**, overlooking the **Public Gardens**. First-Class House. Sanitation Complete. Elegance and Comfort, combined with Moderate Charges. **American Standard Elevator** by Otis Brothers, New York, to Every Floor. Telephone, etc. Personal Management.

JOHN FERGUSON, *Proprietor.*

DOUGLAS HOTEL,

27 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Opposite the Waverley Railway Station.

THE BEST POSITION IN TOWN. FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.
FOR FAMILIES AND GENTLEMEN.

PASSENGER ELEVATOR. MODERATE TARIFF.

J. G. EHRLICH, *Proprietor.*

Telephone No. 58.

NOVELTIES IN SILVER MENU STANDS.



Queen Mary, 8/ each.

FAMILY CRESTS OR COATS-OF-ARMS MADE TO ORDER, 10/ TO 30/ EACH.

Silver NAPKIN RINGS, with Crest or Monogram inside garter, 18/ to 30/ each.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS SENT.

SOLE MAKERS—

WILSON & SHARP,

Scottish Jewellers and Silversmiths,

139 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

In paper covers, price 1/ ; in cloth gilt, gilt top, 2/.

NOTES ON THE

DISTRICT OF MENTEITH

FOR TOURISTS AND OTHERS.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

A. & C. BLACK, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

McVITIE & PRICE'S

OATCAKES.

‘The Oat furnishes more food for brain and muscle than any known grain.’

ROBERT M'DOWELL & SONS'

UNRIVALLED SPECIALTIES.

Scotch Shortbread

and Pitcaithly Bannocks.

In Tins, per parcel post, from 2s. 9d. upwards.

PETTICOAT TAILS SHORTBREAD.

In Tins, per post, at 3s. and 5s. 3d. each.

SCOTCH CAKES.

Sultana.	Seed.	Trocadero.	Tennis.
Alexandra.	Acacia.	Victoria.	Duchess.
Tivoli.	Adelaide	Plum.	Apricot.
Genoa.	Simmel.	Melon.	Ginger, &c.

60 George Street, 19 Frederick Street, & 1 Wemyss Place, Edinburgh.



TO ALL INTERESTED IN THE SCOTTISH METROPOLIS.

*In Two Handsome Volumes, medium quarto, bound, price 25s.;
or royal quarto, on handmade paper, £3:3s.*

MEMORIALS OF EDINBURGH

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

NEW EDITION

By SIR DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., F.R.S.E.,

Late President of the University of Toronto, and formerly Acting-Secretary of the
Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

Illustrated by 41 Plates and 100 Wood Engravings of Old Edinburgh buildings from drawings by the Author, and a bird's-eye view of the City as it appeared in 1647, by Gordon of Rothiemay. Forming an interesting and authoritative record of the local antiquities, traditions, and historical associations of the Scottish Metropolis.

"Produced in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired."—*Scotsman*.

"The bibliophile will value it as much for its material excellence as the antiquary or its quaint lore."—*Glasgow Herald*.

LONDON: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK: SOHO SQUARE.

ENNISKILLEN AND LOUGH ERNE.

ROYAL HOTEL.

First-Class, recently rebuilt and enlarged, possesses every requisite for the comfort and convenience of visitors.

COMMERCIAL and Coffee Rooms. Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Ladies' Drawing Room. Private Sitting Rooms and Large, Airy Bedrooms. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths. Good Cooking and Attendance. Gaze's and Great Northern Railway Co.'s "Hotel Coupons" accepted.

'Bus meets all trains.

Posting.

Telegraphic Address, "Royal," Enniskillen.

EXETER.**POPLE'S****NEW LONDON HOTEL.**

Patronised by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL is near the CATHEDRAL, and adjoining NORTHERNHAY PARK.

LARGE COVERED CONTINENTAL COURTYARD.

TABLE D'HOTE. NIGHT PORTER.

HOTEL OMNIBUSES AND CABS MEET EVERY TRAIN.

POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Telegrams—"Pople, Exeter."

Also Proprietor of the **GLOBE HOTEL**, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.

EXETER.**ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL,**

FACING GRAND OLD CATHEDRAL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY. TABLE D'HOTE, 7 O'CLOCK.

Lighted with Electric Light.

Quiet and Comfort of Country Mansion. Moderate Tariff.

J. HEADON STANBURY, Proprietor.

Also GRAND HOTEL, PLYMOUTH.

FOLKESTONE.

PENSION SCHMITT,

12 CLIFTON CRESCENT.

FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE HOTEL. Noted for comfort, moderate inclusive charges, and excellent Cuisine. For Tariff, apply to Proprietor. C. C. SCHMITT.

Winter Terms 6s. to 9s. per day inclusive.

Season Terms 8s. to 10s. 6d. per day inclusive.

FOLKESTONE.

SKELMERDALE HOUSE,

THE LEES.

First-Class Pension and Private Hotel.

ABSOLUTELY facing the Sea. Perfect Sanitary Arrangements. Telephone. Tennis Lawn. High-class Cuisine. Central Station nearest. Smoking Room facing the Sea.

Address—Proprietor.

FOLKESTONE.

HAVERSTOCK HOUSE, CLAREMONT ROAD.

FOLKESTONE, Best Part. Select Private Temperance BOARDING HOUSE, conducted on Christian Principles. Home Comforts. Good Diet. 42s. to 52s. 6d. inclusive weekly. Not far from Turkish Baths. Lock-up for Cycles.

MISS WOODWARD.

FORT-WILLIAM.

STATION HOTEL

(WEST HIGHLAND).

THIS magnificent and sumptuously furnished Hotel, recently erected on an elevated and commanding site, overlooking an extensive panorama of the grandest Loch and Mountain Scenery in the Highlands, Loch Linnhe, Loch Eil, The Great Glen of Caledonia, and Ben Nevis. Pleasure Grounds extending over Three Acres. Terraced Walks, Tennis Courts, Golf Course, Boating, Fishing. Ponies and Guides for Ben Nevis, etc. Over 100 Apartments. Every Room commanding a Magnificent View, absolutely unsurpassed in the Highlands. Electric lighting throughout. Sanitary arrangements on the most modern principles. Posting.—Moderate charges. The hotel porters and omnibuses meet all trains and steamers. In connection with the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness.

GEORGE SINCLAIR, Proprietor.

*The nearest and most convenient for any wishing
to ascend the Ben.*



*MRS. DOIG Proprietress.
Moderate Charges.*

FORT-WILLIAM.
THE ALEXANDRA HOTEL,
PARADE, FORT-WILLIAM.

STEWART'S PRACTICAL ANGLER.



Tenth Thousand. 12mo. Price 3s. 6d.

The Art of Trout Fishing more particularly applied to Clear Water.

"Mr. Stewart's admirable Practical Angler."—KINGSLEY.

LONDON: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, SOHO SQUARE.

GALWAY.

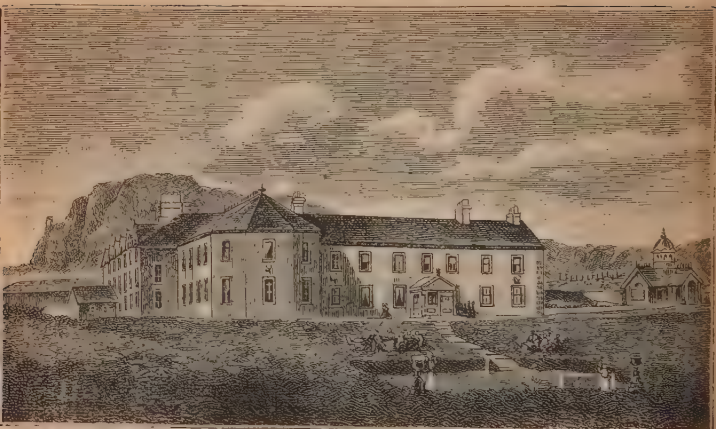
MACK'S ROYAL HOTEL.
(FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.)

*John Jameson's 7-Year-Old Whisky, guaranteed direct from the Distillery.
Henry Persse's 10-Year-Old Whisky, guaranteed direct from the Distillery.*

GEORGE MACK, PROPRIETOR.

The Hotel Omnibus attends all Trains and Steamers free of charge.
Posting in all its Branches. Good Horses and Steady Drivers.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.



CAUSEWAY HOTEL AND ELECTRIC TRAMWAY.

THIS beautifully-situated Hotel is worked in connection with the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY ELECTRIC TRAMWAY. It is the most central spot for Tourists visiting the district, being close to the Giant's Causeway, and with Dunluce Castle, Dunseverick Castle, Ballintoy, and Carrick-a-Rede in the immediate neighbourhood.

The Hotel stands in its own grounds of 40 Acres, and has been greatly enlarged within the last few years to meet the growing popularity of the Establishment, and will be found replete with every comfort. The Hotel is lighted throughout with the Electric Light. There are Asphalte and Grass Lawn Tennis Courts, and Golf Links, about half a mile distant, free to visitors staying at the Hotel.

Guides, Boats, and Posting are attached to the Hotel, with fixed scale of charges.

Tram Cars leave Portrush Railway Station on the arrival of all trains, with through booking to the Causeway Hotel. Tourists are landed in the Hotel grounds without any trouble or change of Cars. There will be an increased service of Tram Cars on the Tramway during the summer months. The Antrim coast Tourists' Cars start from the Causeway Hotel, twice daily, for Ballycastle. Orders to view the Electric Generating Station at Walkmills, and trout-fishing in the River Bush, can be obtained at the Hotel.

Postal and Telegraph Address—The MANAGER, Causeway Hotel, Bushmills.

Note.—Always ask for through Railway Tickets to the Giant's Causeway.

CRANSTON'S

WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTEL, GLASGOW,

172 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

GLASGOW (Note new address).	172 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
EDINBURGH, "Old"	43 PRINCES STREET.
EDINBURGH, "New"	16 WATERLOO PLACE.
LONDON	37 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

CAUTION.—As another Waverley Hotel has been opened in Glasgow under the name of "Old Waverley," with which we have no connection, parties going to Cranston's Waverley are particularly requested to see that they are taken to Sauchiehall Street.

Telegraphic address—"WAVERLEY HOTEL."

Telephone No. 128.



Telegraphic Address—"Comfort," Glasgow. Telephone No. 3523.

NORTH BRITISH STATION HOTEL,

(Late "THE GEORGE" and "THE QUEEN'S")

Opposite City Chambers, Exchange, and General Post Office.

GEORGE SQUARE (THE FINEST SQUARE), GLASGOW.

THE best and most conveniently situated, *most central and oldest-established First-Class Hotel in the City of Glasgow.* The Hotel (in which there is the most perfect accommodation) adjoins the Queen Street Station of the North British Railway Company, from which arrive and depart the St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Dundee, and Inverness Trains *via* the Celebrated Forth and Tay Bridges; the West Highland Railway *via* Spean Bridge and Fort-William; the London Trains *via* the Favourite East Coast Route; and the Trains in connection with all the Favourite Tours, including the Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Trossachs, and Aberfoyle Tours.

CARS and BUSSES to all parts of the City.

The BUFFET and RESTAURANT adjoin the Station.

LUNCHEON AND DINNER BASKETS SUPPLIED.

In connection with the above Hotel and under the same management

THE RANFURLY HOTEL, BRIDGE OF WEIR.

The bonniest and cosiest

Hotel within twenty miles of Glasgow, adjoining the Station. Only 22 minutes' by express trains from Glasgow. The Hotel grounds are large and beautifully planted, and command extensive panoramic views. Bowling Green within the grounds. The famous Ranfurly Castle Golf Links and Fishing within a few minutes' walk. The air is pure and invigorating, and the walks and drives in the district are beautiful.

Special Terms to Boarders.

J. FRITZ RUPPRECHT, Proprietor.

LONDON. | GLASGOW.

PHILP'S COCKBURN HOTELS,

13 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,

LONDON

(New Cockburn.)

Telegrams —
"PROMISING."

{ Very quiet Bedrooms for 150 Guests. Large and numerous Public Rooms. Newly Furnished. Passenger Elevator. Electric Light. Telephone. Very moderate Tariff, Excellent position, in close proximity to the Strand. Trafalgar Square, Westminster, New Law Courts, and all places of Amusement and Railway Stations.

PHILP'S COCKBURN HOUSE,

Telegrams —
'LUNCHEONS.'

9 & 10 Endsleigh Gardens.

Opposite
EUSTON.

PHILP'S COCKBURN HOTEL

AND TURKISH BATHS,

141 Bath Street, GLASGOW.

Elevator.

Mrs. A. D. PHILP, *Proprietrix.*

BAIKIE'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

222 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

BEDROOMS

with ATTENDANCE

Single—1s. 6d.

2s. 0d.

2s. 6d.

Double—2s. 6d.

3s. 6d.

4s. 6d.

Breakfasts and Teas from
1s. upwards.



COMMERCIAL GENTLEMEN and TOURISTS visiting this Hotel, will not be disappointed in finding Home Comforts.

GLASGOW.

CITY COMMERCIAL RESTAURANT

(WADDELL'S).

CENTRAL AND COMMODIOUS.

Within Three Minutes' Walk of the Principal Railway Stations.

Proprietors—

CITY COMMERCIAL RESTAURANT CO., LIMITED.

60 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASGOW.



THE BATH HOTEL,

152 BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

The most comfortable First-class Hotel in Glasgow. Very Moderate Charges.

P. ROBERTSON, PROPRIETOR.

GLASGOW.

ST. ENOCH STATION HOTEL.



Adjoins the
Glasgow Terminus of the
Glasgow and South-Western
Midland Railways.

CONVENIENTLY SITUATED.

Magnificent Public Rooms. Suites of Apartments.

LARGE AND AIRY BEDROOMS.

PASSENGER ELEVATOR, ELECTRIC LIGHT EVERYWHERE.

MODERATE TARIFF.

J. HILIP BLADES, Manager.

FRAZER & GREEN'S LAVENDER WATER

"DOUBLE DISTILLED." "WORLD FAMED."

In Actinic Bottles, at 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., and 8s. 6d.
Postage for 3 smaller sizes, 3d.; for larger sizes, 6d.

CHEMISTS TO THE QUEEN,

127 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE HOTEL, GLENELG.

THIS beautifully-situated Hotel has been greatly added to and almost rebuilt, and is now one of the most comfortable Hotels in the North.

THE COFFEE ROOM is 40 ft. by 20 ft., and the BEDROOMS are VERY AIRY.

HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER BATHS. BILLIARD ROOM. TENNIS.

GENTLEMEN staying at the GLENELG HOTEL have the privilege of SALMON and SEA-TROUT FISHING FREE on the GLENELG RIVER; also SHOOTING, by the Week or Month, at a MODERATE CHARGE.

EVERY COMFORT FOR VISITORS, AND STRICT ATTENTION.

Magnificent Scenery, and easy access by Steamer from Oban daily.

Among places of interest near are the Pictish Towers of Glenbeg, Cup-Marked Stones, Glenbeg Waterfalls, Loch Duich, Loch Hourm, Glenshiel, Falls of Glomach, Shiell Hotel, &c.

Letters and Telegrams should be addressed, "THE HOTEL, GLENELG, STROME FERRY."
Telegraph Office—GLENELG. DONALD MACDONALD MACINTOSH, Lessee.

HOW WHY?

**Suffer from CORNS and
BUNIONS, or ENLARGED
TOE JOINTS** when a packet of
**THOMPSON'S
CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER
WILL CURE YOU.**

It is as thin as silk, and can be worn
with tightest boot. No pain. Instant
relief. Packets from best Chemists, or
Post Free for 14 stamps from—

M. F. THOMPSON,
HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMIST,
17, GORDON ST., GLASGOW.

Beware of Imitations.



EVERY LADY

should use **Dr. Simpson's
Arsenical Pearls.** They
will produce the most
lovely complexion, clear,
fresh, freed from blotch,
blemish, coarseness, red-
ness, freckles, or pimples
and are perfectly harm-
less. Bottles, **2/9** and
4/6, post free, from

M. F. Thompson,
**17 GORDON ST.,
GLASGOW.**

Ask for Thompson's Guide to Health, free.

GLOUCESTER.

THE BELL HOTEL,

SITUATE in the centre of the City, near the Cathedral, the Leading
Hotel for Families and Gentlemen.

EXCELLENT STABLING. POST HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

FULL FUNERAL EQUIPMENTS.

Omnibuses to and from every Train. Night Porter.

MISS GRIMSTEED, Manageress.

GRASMERE—ENGLISH LAKES.

PRINCE OF WALES LAKE HOTEL.

ONLY HOTEL NEAR THE LAKE.

First-class. Coaches to Windermere, Keswick, Ullswater,

Coniston, The Langdales, and The Round of Thirlmere.

Beautiful and Secluded Pleasure Grounds.

Home and Burial Place of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Great Centre for Mountain Climbing, Tennis, Billiards, Boating, Fishing, etc.

Route.—Via Windermere, L. and N.-W. and Midland and Furness from the South
by Keswick from the North. Carriages meet Trains when ordered.

J. COWPERTHWAIT, Proprietor.

(From Fraser's Loch Awe Hotel.)

GREENOCK.

TONTINE HOTEL.

ARDGOWAN SQUARE.

FIRST-CLASS Hotel, pleasantly and quietly situated, three minutes from Princes Pier and Station (Midland Railway), eight from Caledonian Railway, West Station. Perfect sanitary arrangements. Belfast Steamers arrive and leave from Princes Pier, also "Columba," "Lord of the Isles," "Culzean Castle," and Magnificent New Fleet of Glasgow and South-Western Railway Co.'s Steamers. Steamer for Helensburgh in connection with West Highland Railway.

GUERNSEY.

**RICHMOND BOARDING-HOUSE,
CAMBRIDGE PARK.**

THE principal Boarding-House in Guernsey, it has a splendid sea view from every room, facing south; large Garden; close to the Candie Library and public grounds; ten minutes' walk to boats; Terms, 5s. 6d. per day. Also from July 1st, 1897, **GRANGE HOUSE, GRANGE ROAD.** will be opened as a Boarding Establishment in conjunction with the above.

PROPRIETORS MR. & MRS. HART.

GUERNSEY.

**OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE HOTEL,
GUERNSEY.**

Formerly the Official Residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Island.

THIS long-established and first-class Hotel for Families and Gentlemen is famed for its excellent *Cuisine*, its choice Wines, and the thorough comfort of all its arrangements, combined with the most moderate charges.

Standing in its own grounds, and situated in the higher and best part of the town of St. Peter-Port, it commands from its windows and lawn unrivalled views of the entire Channel Group—including Alderney on the north; Jersey on the south; Sark, Herm, and Jethou immediately opposite; with the distant and historic coasts of Normandy beyond.

An extensive new wing has been added, comprising about forty additional apartments—including spacious and lofty Bedrooms, with southern aspect and magnificent sea views. Hot and Cold Baths. Smoking Rooms, and all the modern improvements. Tariff on application. Special arrangements during the Winter months.

The finest Dining Saloon in the Channel Islands, capable of accommodating two hundred guests. Table d'Hôte. Separate Tables. **Splendid new Billiard Room**, with two tables, by Burroughes and Watts.

Private Carriages. Ici on parle Française. Hier man spricht Deutsch.

Five minutes' walk from the Landing Stages. A Porter from the Hotel attends the arrival of all Steamers. Rooms may be secured by letter or telegram.

Registered Telegraphic Address—"GOV. GUERNSEY."

JOHN GARDNER, Proprietor.

GUERNSEY.

GARDNER'S ROYAL HOTEL, ESPLANADE.

Patronised by H.I.H. PRINCESS STEPHANIE.

This Hotel, which occupies the finest position in Guernsey, has had extensive additions and improvements; it will now be found most complete, with every modern requisite conducive to the comfort of Visitors. The public rooms consist of Dining Room (the largest and best appointed in the Channel Islands), Drawing, Reading and Writing, and Smoking Rooms; there is also a magnificent Billiard Room, and large and pleasant Gardens in the rear.

Table d'Hôte, separate Tables.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—"ROYAL, GUERNSEY."

HARROGATE.

"THE GRANBY," HIGH HARROGATE, FACING THE STRAY.

THIS First-Class Family Hotel stands in its own extensive grounds, and is beautifully situated in the best part of Harrogate. Good Lawn-Tennis Court. Great alterations have lately been made in the House, and Visitors will find in it every convenience. Carriages to the Wells and Baths every morning free of charge. Ten minutes' walk from the Station. For Terms, &c., apply

W. H. MILNER, *Proprietor.*

Good Stabling and Standing for Cycles.

Carriages on Hire.

Elevator to all Floors.

HEXHAM, NORTHUMBERLAND.

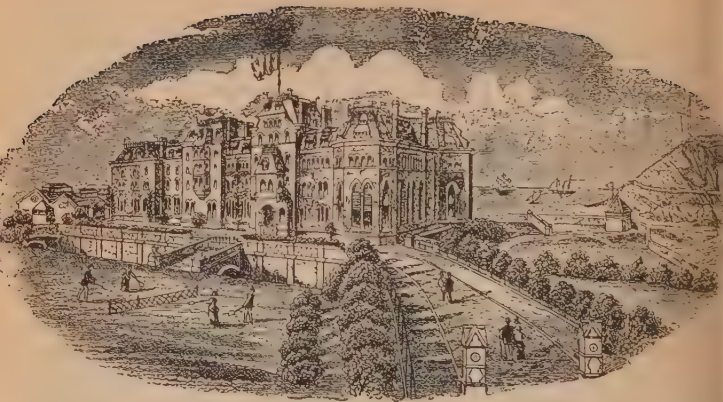
TYNDALE HYDROPATHIC MANSION,

A Favourite Health Resort, beautifully situated,
overlooking the Valley of the Tyne.

PURITY OF AIR UNSURPASSED. REPLETE WITH EVERY COMFORT.

TERMS, FROM £2 : 2s. PER WEEK.

FRANK G. GRANT, *Proprietor.*



AN IDEAL POSITION.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.

THE PRINCIPAL AND ONLY HOTEL ON THE SEA SHORE.

THE FINEST PRIVATE MARINE ESPLANADE IN THE KINGDOM.

Unrivalled Sea Frontage and Open Surroundings.

Grounds 5 Acres. 250 Apartments. Lawn Tennis. Croquet Lawn.

Elegant Salle à Manger. Drawing, Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms, and Sumptuous Lounge Hall on the Ground Floor. Moderate Tariff.

There is attached to the Hotel **one of the Largest Swimming Baths** in the United Kingdom (the temperature of which is regulated). Also well-appointed Private Hot and Cold Sea and Fresh Water Baths, Douche, Shower, &c.

H. R. GROVER, Manager,

To whom all communications should be addressed.

THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL CO., LTD.

ILFRACOMBE.

Summer and Winter Resort. Close to the Beaches, Parade, etc. Commanding full view of the Sea. Large Dining and Drawing Rooms.

CHALLACOMBE'S COLLINGWOOD

Private Hotel and Boarding House.

Billiard and
Smoke Rooms. 100 Bedrooms.
Hot and Cold Baths. Dark Room for Photos.
Moderate Tariff. Under personal management of the Proprietor.

ILKLEY, YORKSHIRE.

MIDDLETON HOTEL,

FACING THE MOORS.

THIS First-Class Family HOTEL stands in its own extensive grounds on the banks of the picturesque River Wharfe, six miles from the famous Bolton Woods. Spacious Dining, Drawing, and Coffee Rooms. Billiard and Smoke Rooms. Suites of Apartments, &c.

TABLE D'HOTE, SEPARATE TABLES.

TENNIS COURTS.

GOOD STABLING.

TARIFF ON APPLICATION TO THE PROPRIETOR & MANAGER.

C. DILLY.

WHERE TO GO ABROAD.

EDITED BY A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.

A Guide to the Watering-Places and Health Resorts of Europe, the Mediterranean, &c., including a trip through India

"It is very good reading for those who, as we do, like Guide-Books to read when they are neither merely dry nor ambitiously funny, and it gives a great deal of information without pretending to omniscience."—*Saturday Review*.

"So complete and pleasant a work ought to be in everybody's hands as the holiday season draws near."—*Record*.

3/6

A. & C. BLACK, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W

'INNELLAN.

On the beautiful Firth of Clyde, between Dunoon and Rothesay.

ROYAL HOTEL.



J. MAITLAND begs to announce that he has purchased the above large and commodious Hotel, which has lately undergone extensive alterations and additions, including one of the largest and most handsome Dining Rooms and Ladies' Sitting Rooms of any Hotel on the Firth of Clyde; also Parlours with Suites of Bedrooms on each flat. The Hotel is within three minutes' walk of the Pier, and being built upon an elevation, commands a Sea view of the surrounding country, including Bute, Arran, The Cumbræes, Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, and Dumbartonshire, making the situation one of the finest in Scotland. The grounds of the Hotel being laid out in walks, and interspersed with shrubs and flowers, are quiet and retired for Families. There are also beautiful drives in the vicinity. Steamers call at the Pier nearly every hour for the Highlands and all parts of the Coast. Tourists arriving at the Hotel the night before can have Breakfast at Table d'Hôte at 9 a.m., and be in time to join the *Columba* at 10 a.m. for the North, calling at Innellan on her return about 4 p.m. The *Cuisine* and Wines are of the finest quality.

Large Billiard Room attached. Hot, Cold, and Spray Baths.

Horses and Carriages kept for Hire.

FAMILIES BOARDED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

INVERARAY.

ARGYLL ARMS HOTEL,

INVERARAY.

SITUATE near the head of Lochfyne, is one of the most beautiful Resorts for Tourists in the West Highlands. The Hotel is fitted up with every Comfort.

Excellent Salmon, Sea and Brown Trout Fishing in the Rivers Aray and Douglas and the Dhu-loch—a tidal water. There is also good Sea-Fishing. Episcopal Church close to Hotel. Golf Course within five minutes' walk of Hotel.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

CHARGES MODERATE.

B. B. BANTOCK, Proprietor.

INVERARAY.

ST. CATHERINE'S HOTEL,

LOCH FYNE, FACING INVERARAY.

DONALD SUTHERLAND, *Proprietor.*

GOOD Shooting, Grouse, Black Game, &c., for Visitors; also Stream and Loch Fishing. Coaches in connection with Glasgow Steamers start from and stop at St. Catherine's. Posting. Carriages on Hire.

Moderate Charges.

INVERNESS.—THE CALEDONIAN HOTEL.

FACING the Railway Station, and within one minute's walk. Under new management. This well-known first-class Family Hotel is patronised by the Royal Family and most of the nobility of Europe. Having recently added fifty rooms, with numerous suites of Apartments for Families, and all handsomely re-furnished and re-decorated throughout, it is now the largest and best appointed Hotel in Inverness, and universally acknowledged one of the most comfortable in Scotland. Magnificent Ladies' Drawing Room overlooking the River Ness. Spacious Smoking and Billiard Rooms. In point of situation this Hotel is the only one overlooking the River Ness, the magnificent view from the windows being unsurpassed, and extending to upwards of fifty miles of the surrounding Strath and Mountain scenery of the great Glen of "Caledonia."

Every modern convenience and comfort, under the personal supervision of the Proprietor. The Sanitary arrangements are entirely renewed, and the house throughout is now in the highest state of efficiency. An omnibus attends the Canal Steamers. The Hotel Porters await the arrival of all Trains. Posting. Tariff very moderate. In connection with Station Hotel, Fort William. *GEORGE SINCLAIR, Proprietor.*

INVERNESS.

WAVERLEY HOTEL,

UNSURPASSED

FOR

SITUATION AND COMFORT,

COMBINED WITH

MODERATE CHARGES.



One Minute's walk from the Railway Station

Porter of the Hotel attends all Trains, and an Omnibus runs in connection with the Caledonian Canal Steamers.

Telegraphic Address--"WAVERLEY."

D. DAVIDSON, *Proprietor.*

INVERNESS.

MACRAE & DICK,
Job and Post Masters,
INVERNESS.

Patronised by the Comte de Paris and other Members of the Royal Family of France.

INVERORAN HOTEL.

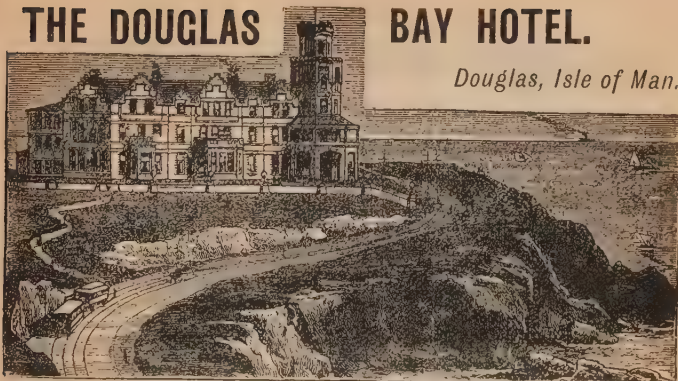
**BRIDGE OF ORCHY, WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY,
 ARGYLLSHIRE.**

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to intimate to sportsmen, tourists, and the public generally that, owing to the extensive improvements which have been recently executed in the above Hotel, they can rely on finding every comfort. Visitors are allowed the privilege of fishing free of charge on the beautiful River Orchy, one of the best salmon rivers in the west of Scotland. Splendid trout-fishing on different waters, lochs, and part of the River Caw. Boats free of charge. Parties boarded by the week or month. Posting in all its branches. Daily excursions can be arranged to Falls of Orchy, Corry, Caw, Buchaille Etive, Queen's View of Glencoe, Auchalder Castle, etc.

DUNCAN A. FORBES.

THE DOUGLAS BAY HOTEL.

Douglas, Isle of Man.



THIS Magnificent New Hotel, standing in its own grounds of five acres, and situated at the North end of the Bay, commands the Finest Marine and Landscape Views in the Island. The Hotel has been constructed on modern principles, containing 100 Rooms, and is complete in every respect; special attention having been paid to the sanitary arrangements. All Bedrooms on first and second floors. Lighted throughout with Electricity. The Cuisine and Wines are perfect. The Douglas Bay (Howstrake) Golf Links are contiguous to the Hotel. Tariff forwarded on application.

Telegrams—"BAY HOTEL, DOUGLAS."

JERSEY.

THE GRAND HOTEL

IS the only first-class modern Hotel facing the Sea, standing in its own grounds with Gardens and Terraces. It is the largest, the best appointed, and the leading Hotel in the Channel Islands.

THE HOTEL BUSES MEET ALL BOATS.

Telegraphic Address, "GRAND, JERSEY."

D. DE LEIDI, *Manager.*

JERSEY.

BREE'S ROYAL HOTEL.

Formerly called the STOPFORD HOTEL.

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

THE Hotel is placed in the highest and healthiest part of St. Helier. In summer heat 20° cooler than the sea front, in winter sheltered from boisterous winds. It has accommodation for a hundred guests, and general rooms unsurpassed by any in the Channel Islands, and combine a Liberal Table and comfortable apartments with a moderate Tariff. Bath Rooms, Music Room, Smoking Rooms, Billiards, etc.

Bed, Breakfast, and Attendance, from 5s. 6d.

Room, Service, Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner, from 8s. 6d.

Special monthly terms during the winter.

Omnibus attends all Boats, good Carriages at short notice.

Telegrams, "Bree's, Jersey."

YORK HOTEL,

ROYAL SQUARE, JERSEY.

THE Oldest Established and most centrally situated Family and Commercial Hotel in St. Helier's. Ladies' Room. Moderate Tariff with Home Comforts.

Six Stock Rooms.

'Bus meets Steamer.

E. CHAPMAN, *Proprietor.*PUBLISHED ANNUALLY.**WHO'S WHO, 1897.**

FORTY-NINTH YEAR OF ISSUE.

(Entirely remodelled.)

Edited by DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Contains nearly 6000 Biographies—mostly Autobiographies, Of the leading men and women of the day, besides being a complete Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, etc.

In crown 8vo, 832 pp. bound in cloth gilt, with gilt edges, and rounded corners.

Price 8s. 6d. net.

London: A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square.

COUNTY KERRY.

SOUTHERN HOTELS, LIMITED.**HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS.**

SHOOTING, FISHING, GOLF, BOATING, BATHING, Etc., Etc.

SOUTHERN HOTEL, PARKNASILLA.

DELIGHTFULLY situated in own grounds (upwards of 100 acres), on an inlet of the sea. Magnificent and romantic scenery. An ideal holiday resort in Summer, and owing to its sheltered position and mild climate, a veritable Irish Riviera in Winter.

Coaches to Waterville and Kenmare daily, from May 1st.

A large new Hotel, one of the finest in the United Kingdom, is rapidly approaching completion here, and will be fitted with Turkish, and hot and cold sea-water Baths.

SOUTHERN HOTEL, WATERVILLE.

On the shore of Lough Currane, and within half a mile of the sea. Salmon and Trout Fishing commences here on February 1st, and the house is already well known to Anglers from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. This Hotel has been enlarged, and every modern improvement introduced.

Coaches to Parknasilla and Kenmare, and also to Cahirciveen daily, from May 1st.

SOUTHERN HOTEL, CARACH LAKE.

Within half a mile of Great Southern and Western Railway Station. Beautifully situated on the shore of Caragh Lake, and surrounded by unrivalled scenery. The Company has secured extensive and exclusive Fishing and Shooting rights, and good Golf Links for the use of its guests. This Hotel has also been enlarged and improved, and now contains spacious Coffee Room, Drawing Room, Billiard Room, Smoking Room, large and lofty Bedrooms, Private Sitting Rooms, etc.

SOUTHERN HOTEL, KENMARE.

This house has been quite recently built, and will be found replete with every modern comfort and convenience. It is just on the outskirts of the Town, and commands a grand view of the Kenmare Sound, and surrounding country.

Coaches run daily during the Tourist Season from this Hotel to Parknasilla, Waterville, and Cahirciveen, also to Glengarriff and Killarney. Passengers on either of these famous Coach Routes will find Kenmare a convenient and attractive resting place.

Full particulars of any of the above Hotels may be obtained on application to the General Manager,

EDGAR J. CLEAVER,
Parknasilla, Kenmare, County Kerry.

Illustrated pamphlet—"The Lakes and Fjords of Kerry," post free.

KILLARNEY LAKES.

By Her Most Gracious Majesty's Special Permission.

THE
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL.

MAGNIFICENTLY SITUATED ON LOWER LAKE,
 FACING INNISFALLEN.

Highly recommended for its Superior Comfort.

JOHN O'LEARY, *Proprietor.*

KIRKWALL HOTEL.

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOUSE has been specially constructed with a view to the comfort and convenience of the Travelling Public. The Accommodation consists of COFFEE and COMMERCIAL ROOMS, PRIVATE PARLOURS and LADIES' DRAWING ROOM, BILLIARD, SMOKING, and STOCK ROOMS. LIGHT and AIRY BEDROOMS. Elegantly Furnished throughout (by some of the Best Houses in the Trade). The Sanitary arrangements are the Latest and most Approved. Hot, Cold, and Salt Water Baths. Lavatories and Closets on each floor. There are also rooms *en suite* for Families and Private Parties.

The Hotel occupies a Central Position, overlooking the Harbour, and commands an Extensive View of the Bay and surrounding Islands (including Stronsay, Sanday, Eday, Westray, Ronsay, Gairsay, Eglishay, Weir, Shapinsay, some of the South Isles, and the Mainland of Scotland). First-rate Cuisine. Charges Strictly Moderate. Posting in all its Branches, with careful and steady Drivers. WILLIAM DUNNET, *Proprietor.*

LANARK (FALLS OF CLYDE).

CLYDESDALE HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND TOURIST.

Posting in all its Branches.

Omnibus awaits all Trains.

Tickets of Admission to Falls supplied at the Hotel.

W. CRICHTON, *Proprietor.*

LANGHOLM, DUMFRIESSHIRE, N.B.

ESKDALE TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

One Hour by Rail from Carlisle.

ONE of the most Comfortable Hotels in South of Scotland, and situated midst lovely scenery, near the *Border Esk*, famed for good *Salmon*, *Herling*, and *Yellow Trout Fishing*.

EVERY ACCOMMODATION FOR FAMILIES. PARTIES BOARDED.

POSTING IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. 'BUS ATTENDS TRAINS.

Charges strictly Moderate.

20 Different Drives in neighbourhood.

Tariff on Application to WM. DOUGLAS, *Proprietor*.

THE "ESKDALE ROYAL MAIL COACH" DAILY FROM HOTEL. THIRTY MILES DRIVE AMONG THE SCOTCH HILLS FOR 3s. 6d.!

LARNE HARBOUR (COUNTY ANTRIM).

OLDERFLEET [STATION] HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, facing Sea. Two minutes' walk, Mail Steamers to Stranraer and Rail to Belfast, Portrush, &c.

Address—THE MANAGER.

LAUNCESTON.

WHITE HART

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

Within a few Seconds of the Fine Old Castle and Beautiful Church.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

BRENDON PARSONS, *Proprietor*.

LEAMINGTON.

ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA.

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS for Families and Gentlemen. Surrounded by its most magnificently laid-out grounds, sloping to the River Leam, facing the Pump-Room Gardens, and in close proximity to both Railway Stations—thus making it one of the prettiest places of resort in the Kingdom. The Hotel has been considerably enlarged; furnished with all modern comforts. Handsome Coffee and Ladies' Drawing Room, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. French and English Cuisine. Table d'Hôte at Seven o'clock.

POSTING, &c. SPLENDID NEW BOXES FOR HUNTERS.

ROBERT LAMPLOUGH, *Proprietor*.

(And of the Pavilion Hotel, Scarborough, late White Hart Hotel, Harrogate.)

Telephone, No. 542.

LEICESTER.

STAG AND PHEASANT HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

E. HART, Proprietress.

LERWICK.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,

AT LERWICK, SHETLAND.

TOURISTS and Commercial Gentlemen will find this Hotel replete with every comfort and convenience. The Queen's, in Lerwick, is the largest and oldest established, and has the finest view overlooking the harbour. Has also SEA BATHING from the Hotel, and GOLF COURSE within five minutes' walk. The Proprietor has the management under his personal superintendence, and Visitors are assured of every comfort and attention.

All the Fishing on Hayfield Estate is preserved for Visitors at the Hotel.

TH. GOED, *Proprietor*.

LIMERICK.

ROYAL GEORGE HOTEL

FIRST-Class Family and Commercial, most Central in City; has undergone extensive alterations, newly refurnished—also ten newly furnished Bedrooms added; Hot and Cold Baths. Splendid Billiard Room. Sanitary arrangements perfect.

Cook's and Gaze's Coupons accepted. 'Bus meets all Trains.

P. HARTIGAN, *Proprietor*.

LIVERPOOL.

LAURENCE'S

COMMERCIAL & FAMILY TEMPERANCE HOTEL

CLAYTON SQUARE.

(Within Three minutes' walk of Lime Street and Central Stations, and the Chief Objects of Interest in the Town).

CONTAINS upwards of One Hundred Rooms, including Coffee Room. Private Sitting Rooms, Billiard and Smoke Rooms, Large and Well-Lighted Stock Rooms.

LIMERICK.

THE GLENTWORTH HOTEL.



THIS elegant and centrally situated Hotel has been prepared with great care and at considerable expense for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen visiting Limerick, and possesses the freshness, neatness, and general comfort which distinguish the best English and Continental establishments.

The GLENTWORTH claims the support of the general public for the

SUPERIORITY OF ITS ARRANGEMENTS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Including splendid Coffee Room, Commercial Room (Writing Room attached), Sitting Rooms, Bedrooms, Bath Rooms (hot and cold water), &c., &c. 21 new Bedrooms added to Hotel.

Commercial gentlemen will find our STOCK ROOMS all that can be desired.

It is the nearest Hotel in the city to the Railway Station, Banks, Steamboat Offices, Telegraph and Post Office, and to all places of Amusement.

P. KENNA, Proprietor.

* * Omnibus attends the arrival of all trains and steamers.
 * Porter attends the night mails.

LIVERPOOL.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY
EXCHANGE STATION HOTEL

(*Under the Management of the Company.*)

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: STATION HOTEL, LIVERPOOL.

TELEPHONE: No. 1173.

*In close proximity to the Town Hall, Landing Stage, Exchange,
and Principal Centres of Business.*

LIGHTED THROUGHOUT BY ELECTRICITY.

THE Hotel offers every accommodation for Visitors and Families at moderate charges. Rooms may be telegraphed for, free of charge, from any principal station on the Railway, on application to the Stationmaster or Telegraph Clerk. Further particulars can be had on application to THE MANAGER.

Refreshment Rooms at the following Stations are under the management of the Company:—

Accrington, Ashton, Bolton, Blackburn, Bradford, Fleetwood, Halifax, Liverpool, Manchester, Rochdale, Salford, Southport, Sowerby Bridge, Wakefield, and Wigan.

LIVERPOOL.



SHAFTESBURY HOTEL.

MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

About Three Minutes' walk from Central and Lime Street Stations, and Ten Minutes' from Landing Stage. A Porter in uniform meets any train, on receipt of letter or wire, to bring luggage to Hotel FREE OF CHARGE.

GOOD STOCK ROOMS.

NO ALCOHOLIC DRINKS SUPPLIED.

LLANDUDNO.

MARINE HOTEL.

First-Class Family Hotel, fronting the Parade and Sea.

CONTAINING spacious Dining, Drawing, and Reading Rooms. Smoking and Billiard Rooms. Private Suites of Apartments.

The Residence of Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania, Season 1890.

MODERATE TARIFF, AND TERMS EN PENSION.

Apply PROPRIETOR.

800 feet above the
level of the sea.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS.

90 minutes from
Shrewsbury.

PUMP HOUSE HOTEL.

(With its renowned Saline and Sulphur Springs, used medicinally
for upwards of 200 years.)

ESTABLISHED 1696.

REBUILT AND REFURNISHED 1888.



THIS Old-Established Hotel, standing in its own Ornamental Grounds of upwards of 100 acres, adjoins the Old Pump Room and Baths, and with the new wing just added contains 150 Rooms, which comprise Handsome Table d'Hôte Dining Room, and Elegantly Furnished Drawing Room, Private Sitting, Bed, and Dressing Rooms *en suite*. Coffee, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms on Ground Floor. Large Reading and Writing Room adapted for Dancing. Bath Rooms, Lavatory, and all modern conveniences. A Private Band, exclusively engaged by the Hotel, plays in the Hotel Grounds at intervals during the day. **ELECTRIC LIGHT.**

Within 100 yards of the Hotel is an Ornamental Lake, with a large supply of Boats, and adjacent are Golf Links, Lawn Tennis Courts, Bowling Green, etc. Fishing in Preserved Waters. Horses, Carriages, etc., etc.

LLANDUDNO.

IMPERIAL HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL, situated in the centre of the Bay. Extended Sea Frontage. All modern improvements, including Hydraulic Elevator and Electric Light. Contains 120 well-appointed Sitting and Bedrooms. In conjunction with the Llandudno Golf Links.

Stabling. Private Omnibus meets Trains.

For moderate Tariff apply

JOHN CHANTREY, *Proprietor.*

LLANGOLLEN.

ROYAL HOTEL.

THE above first-class Hotel is now under the Proprietorship of JAMES S. SHAW (several years with Mr. MEHL, at Queen's Hotel, Manchester, and at County Hotel, Carlisle). The extensive alteration and enlargement which have been recently carried through make it one of the most convenient and best appointed Hotels in North Wales, while its Cuisine, comfort, and situation are unsurpassed.

HOTEL OMNIBUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.

LLANGOLLEN.

EDWARDS' HAND HOTEL.

Unequaled for the Beauty of its situation on the Banks of the Dee.

Several Bedrooms and Sitting Rooms have been added to the House to suit the requirements of Families visiting this delightful neighbourhood.

TABLE D'HOTE, 7.

BILLIARDS.

Omnibuses from this Hotel meet all Trains.

LOCHALSH, ROSS-SHIRE.

BALMACARA HOTEL.

In the midst of beautiful scenery. Most central Hotel for visiting the far-famed Loch Duich, Loch Long, Falls of Glomach, Duncraig, and Skye. Magnificent views of Skye Hills from Hotel. Splendid Drives.

Routes:—Rail to Strone Ferry, thence drive eight miles; steamers *Claymore* and *Clansman* from Glasgow and Oban; or swift passenger steamer from Oban during tourist season. Parties coming by steamer should order conveyance, as landing-place is over a mile from Hotel.

Every attention paid to Comfort of Visitors.

Posting.

Boating.

Sea and Loch Fishing.

Bathing.

Telegrams:—"Macleod, Hotel, Lochalsh."

JOHN S. MACLEOD.

THE LOCH AWE AND DALMALLY HOTELS, ARGYLLSHIRE.

The extensive additions to the Loch Awe Hotel are now completed.

Large alterations have been done at Dalmally Hotel.

THE scenery round these well-known Hotels is certainly the finest in the Highlands. Situations unsurpassed. The great centres for tourists. Numerous delightful Excursions by coach, rail, and steamer.

Capital Salmon and Trout Fishing, Boating, Tennis, Billiards, etc.

Splendid Steam Launch "Mona," for towing Boats to best Fishing-Ground, and for Hire with Excursion Parties.

The centre of numerous Daily Excursions to Places of Great Beauty and Historical Interest. N.B.—Parties holding through tickets are permitted to break the journey at either Loch Awe or Dalmally.

DUNCAN FRASER, Proprietor.

LOCH AWE.

PORTSONACHAN HOTEL.

THIS Hotel has superior advantages, being away from the noise and bustle incidental to railroad Hotels, and easy of access, only half an hour's journey from Lochawe Station (Callander and Oban Railway), where the Hotel steamer *Caledonia* makes connection with the principal trains during the season. Letters delivered twice, and despatched three times daily. **Postal, Telegraph, and Money Order Office** in Hotel buildings. **Presbyterian and Episcopalian Churches** within easy walking distance of Hotel. **Tennis court, beautiful drives, first-class boats, experienced boatmen.** Posting and Coaching. Charges moderate. **Thomas Cameron, Proprietor,** Originator of the Oban, Lochawe, and Glenant circular tour. Telegraphic address, **CAMERON, PORTSONACHAN.**

DRUMMOND ARMS HOTEL, ST. FILLANS, BY GRIEFF.

Post and Telegraph within three minutes' walk.



THIS Commodious Hotel, under New Management, beautifully situated at the foot of Lochearn, is well adapted for Families and Tourists. St. Fillans is one of the loveliest places to be met with anywhere. Boats for Fishing and Carriages for Hire. Caledonian Coaches pass daily during the summer months. Charges moderate.,

JAMES CARMICHAEL, Proprietor.

Late Head Waiter, Loch Awe Hotel, Argyllshire.

LOCH EARN HEAD (PERTHSHIRE).

LOCH EARN HEAD HOTEL,

(Under Royal Patronage. Twice visited by the Queen.)

THIS Hotel, which has been long established, has excellent accommodation for Families and Tourists, with every comfort and quiet, lies high and dry, and charmingly sheltered at the foot of the Wild Glen Ogle (the Kyber Pass). It commands fine views of the surrounding Hills and Loch, the old Castle of Glenample, the scenery of the Legend of Montrose, in the neighbourhood of Ben Voirlich, Rob Roy's Grave, Loch Voil, Loch Doine, and Loch Lubnaig, with many fine drives and walks. Posting and Carriages. Boats for Fishing and Rowing free. A 'Bus to and from the Hotel for principal trains during Summer. **An Episcopal Church.**

EDWIN MAISEY, Proprietor.

LOCH LOMOND. INVERNAID HOTEL.

THIS Hotel is centrally situated in the Scottish Lake District amidst unrivalled scenery. In the neighbourhood are many places of interest, such as Rob Roy's Cave, the islands on Loch Lomond, on some of which are the remains of feudal strongholds, and within a few yards of the Hotel, Inversnaid Falls, rendered famous by Wordsworth in his poem "To a Highland Girl."

Coaches to and from Loch Katrine in connection with all the sailings of the steamer there to and from the Trossachs.

LAWN TENNIS. BOATS. BILLIARDS, &c.

TROUT FISHING ON THE LOCH FREE.

Parties Boarded by Week or Month, except in August.

Post and Telegraph Office in the Hotel.

ROBERT BLAIR, *Proprietor.*

LOCH LOMOND.



THE TARBET HOTEL, LOCH LOMOND.

THIS Hotel has lately undergone considerable alterations with extensive additions, comprising Billiard Room, Sitting Rooms, Ladies' Drawing Rooms and Bedrooms, &c. Boating. Fishing. Croquet. Lawn Tennis. Posting in all its branches. Parties boarded on moderate terms.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

Post and Telegraph—HOTEL, TARBET, LOCH LOMOND.

Coaches at Railway Station and Loch Long Steamers.—Passengers for Tarbet Company's Coaches are requested NOT to take coach tickets on Arrochar pier.

On route of the New West Highland

LOCH MAREE, ROSS-SHIRE, N.B.

KENLOCHEWE HOTEL

The Hotel is situated near the head of Loch Maree and ten miles from Auchnasheen Station, where a public coach awaits conveyance of passengers; private carriages can be obtained by wiring "Hotel," Kinlochewe. Boats for fishing free on Loch Maree. Fine drives in different directions. The drive to Loch Torridon, past Loch Clare and through Glen Torridon, being one of the finest in Scotland. Ben Slioch (3216 feet) is easily reached from the Hotel. A Steamer plies up and down the Loch daily, lying at this end over night. It starts every morning at 8.30 and in the afternoon at 2.30. Families boarded by week or month.

Lunch always ready for passengers arriving by Steamer *en route* for Auchnasheen Station.

Carriages and horses for Hire. Wines, Spirits, etc., of the finest quality.

Letters and Telegrams carefully attended to.

MRS. MACDONALD, *Proprietrix*.

LONDON.

WILD'S**TEMPERANCE HOTEL,****34 to 40 LUDGATE HILL.**

ALSO AT

70 and 71 EUSTON SQUARE.

*3 minutes' walk from London & North-Western, Midland,
and Great Northern Railway Stations.*

HOME COMFORTS.**CLEANLINESS AND QUIET.****CENTRAL FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.****DEVONSHIRE HOUSE HOTEL,**

12 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.

H. G. CHALKLEY & SONS, *Proprietors*.*A First-Class Temperance Hotel.*

VISITORS to London will find this one of the most central positions from which, whether by Rail, Omnibus, or Tram, they can reach all parts. The Hotel is fitted with every modern improvement. The Public Rooms and Private Sitting Rooms are handsomely furnished, and the Bedrooms will be found most comfortable. Every attention paid to Visitors. Reduced Charges are made during the Winter Months, and liberal arrangements made with those staying a lengthened period.

A Porter is in attendance all night.

TARIFF FREE ON APPLICATION.

Telephone No. 2495. Telegraphic Address—"EXTERIOR, LONDON."

LONDON.

LONDON.

SHIRLEY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

37 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

THIS Hotel has been established over 40 Years. Thousands have recorded their unqualified approval of its Management in the Visitors Books, which lie on the Coffee Room Tables.

Bedrooms from 1/6.

Plain Breakfast or Tea 1/3.

Tariff and Prospectus on Application.

TRANTER'S HOTEL, LONDON.

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL TEMPERANCE.

Over 50 Bedrooms. Good Coffee, Sitting, and Smoking Rooms.

6 to 9 Bridgewater Square, Barbican, close to Aldersgate St. Railway Station near St. Paul's Cathedral, G.P.O., and all places of interest. Beds from 2/, no charge for attendance. Perfect Sanitary arrangements. Established 1859, five times enlarged. Write for "*How to spend a Week in London*," with Tariff and Testimonials combined, post free. Night Porter. Clean, Quiet, and Home-like.

Electric Light in Public Rooms.

Telegraphic Address—"HEALTHIEST, LONDON."

LONDON.

GLENBURN HOUSE HOTEL

(LATE COCKBURN HOUSE),

6 MONTAGUE PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.

(Back of British Museum. Within 1s. Cab Fare of Principal Stations.)

MODERATE CHARGES.

Telegrams—"Occupying, London."

*No connection with any other House in London.*JAMES PHILP (late of Cockburn Hotel, Glasgow), *Proprietor.*

In connection with Philp's Hydropathics, Glenburn, Rothesay, and Dunblane, N.B. Prospectuses can be had at above HOTEL.

LONDON.

LOCK'S HOTEL AND RESTAURANT.

50 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.

CLOSE TO CHARING CROSS STATION.

Noted for Cleanliness and Excellent Quality of Food.

BED and BREAKFAST, 3s. 6d.

Call here before going elsewhere.

LAMBERT,

Goldsmiths, Jewellers, and
Silversmiths
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.



LARGEST COLLECTION OF
Antique and Modern Diamond Work and Plate
IN THE WORLD.

Sacramental and Presentation Plate.

10, 11, 12 COVENTRY STREET,
PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

PRIVATE HOTEL AND RESIDENTIAL CLUB, THRALE HALL, STREATHAM, S.W.

London's healthiest suburb. Pure, bracing, yet balmy air.

Board and residence with comforts and enjoyments on very moderate terms. Noble Reception, Reading, Smoking, Billiard, and Recreation Rooms. Elegant ne Lounge. Corridors warmed in Winter. Breakfast, 7.45 till 9.30 A.M., Hot Luncheon 1 P.M. Tea, 4 P.M., and exceptionally good Table d'hôte, at 7 P.M.

Frequent Concerts, Dances, Theatricals, etc. Lawn and Asphalt Tennis Courts. Good Cycle Accommodation.

LONDONDERRY.

CITY HOTEL, FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.

RECENTLY rebuilt and supplied with every Modern Appointment. Enlarged and handsomely refurnished. Its situation is healthy and Picturesque. Convenient to General Post Office, Banks, and other Public Buildings. From its Central position it is most Convenient for Commercial Gentlemen, Tourists, and other Visitors. Patrons will find Comfort, Attention, and Moderate Terms.

'Bus attends all Trains.

MRS. TOYE, *Proprietress.*
WM. DOHERTY, *Manager.*

LONDONDERRY.

IMPERIAL HOTEL.

THIS FIRST-CLASS FAMILY and COMMERCIAL HOTEL is situated in the best part of the City, stands within the City Walls, and is in close proximity to the Cathedral, County Court House, City Hall, etc.; most central for business of all kinds.

THOMAS MARSHALL HEGAN, *Proprietor.*

Owing to recent Extension of the Railway System, Londonderry will be found the most central and convenient starting-point to the County Donegal.

LYNMOUTH (NORTH DEVON).

THE TORS HOTEL.

First Hotel passed by Minehead Coaches

Quite unequalled for Views, Sunshine, and Comfort. Stands in its own lovely private grounds, 300 feet above and facing the Sea.

Newly Furnished and Decorated.

Billiards.

AN EXPERIENCED CHEF.

W. & K. RIDDELL, *Owners.*

LYNTON, NORTH DEVON.

THE ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL.

Patronised by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and other Members of the Royal Family.

THIS Hotel, standing in its own grounds of 12 acres, commands uninterrupted views of the Valleys of the East and West Lynn, the Welsh Coast, and the far-famed Valley of Rocks. Elegant Suites of Private Apartments. Table d'Hôte, Coffee Room, and Ladies' Drawing-Room,—to which have been added, *New and Commodious Smoking and Billiard Rooms, all facing the sea.*

Excellent Cuisine. Moderate Charges. Electric Lighting.
GOLF. FISHING.

Post Horses. First-class Stabling.

Coaches in the Season to Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, and Minehead.

TARIFF ON APPLICATION.

THOMAS BAKER, Proprietor.

MALVERN.

THE ABBEY HOTEL.

IN EXCELLENT SITUATION.

MOST COMFORTABLE FAMILY HOTEL.

Coffee Room, Drawing, Billiard, and Reading Rooms.

Inclusive terms during Winter months.

Perfect Sanitary Arrangements.

MISS SCHNEIDER, *Manageress.*

MALVERN.

THE FOLEY ARMS HOTEL

(PATRONISED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY).

"THE first time we visited Malvern, when shown into an upper chamber in the 'FOLEY ARMS,' we were literally taken aback. We can hardly say more than that the prospect struck us as far finer than from the terrace over the Thames at Richmond, etc., etc."—*Extract from article in "Blackwood," August 1884.*

Coffee Room and Drawing Room for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Perfect Sanitary Arrangements.

MISS YOUNGER, *Manageress.*

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL

ENJOYS the highest reputation for its cuisine, comforts, and general arrangements. It is heated throughout with hot-water pipes, thereby making it a most desirable Winter Residence. Nearest Hotel to Golf Links.

BILLIARD AND SMOKE ROOMS.

Under the immediate supervision of

J. WILSON, Proprietor.

MALVERN.

Dr. FERGUSON'S HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,

(LATE DR. RAYNER'S)



MALVERN,

FOR

PATIENTS, VISITORS.
REST, CHANGE.

Delightful Residence,
500 feet above the sea.
Air Bracing, Dry, and
Sunny. Equable Cli-
mate, Purest of Water,
Gravelly Soil. Perfect
Sanitary arrangements.
Electricity in all its forms.
"Weir-Mitchell" Treatment.
Massage for Stiff Joints and
Lameness a Speciality.
Administered by Dr. per-
sonally. *Prospectus on
Application.*

Sheltered Position. Every Hydropathic Appliance.

MALVERN.

WELLINGTON HOTEL.

THIS Hotel is situated in the best part of Malvern. Large
Tennis and Croquet Lawns. Liberal Table. Sanitary
Arrangements perfect.

MRS. STREET, *Proprietress.*

MANCHESTER.

GRAND HOTEL

COMPANY OF MANCHESTER, LIMITED.

AYTOUN STREET. PORTLAND STREET.

One of the Best Hotels in the City. Every Modern Convenience.

Lift. First-Class Cuisine and Cellar.

VERY MODERATE TARIFF.

GEO. SCHMIEDER, *Manager.*

MATLOCK BATH, DERBYSHIRE.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

WITH Hydropathic Baths of every kind and Bath Attendants, for use of visitors. A palatial building beautifully situated within its own private grounds, commanding one of the most beautiful views in Derbyshire.

Billiards.**Lawn Tennis.****Golfing.****Six Miles of Fishing.****A Large Swimming Bath.**

'Bus meets each Train.

Medical Man attends Daily.

TERMS EXCEEDINGLY MODERATE.

Places of Interest within easy reach by Rail or Coach—**Buxton, Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Castleton, Dovedale, Wingfield Manor Hardwick Hall.**

T. TYACK, *Proprietor.*

MATLOCK BRIDGE.

ROCKSIDE HYDROPATHIC.

FIRST-CLASS HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT.

800 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

PURE MOUNTAIN AIR.

DRY, BRACING, HEALTH-GIVING.*Resident Physician* :—MARIE GOODWIN, L.R.C.P.I., L.R.C.S.I., ETC.

As a Residence for Visitors and Patients, Winter or Summer, it is unrivalled. Commands magnificent views for many miles of Hill and Dale, Wood and Water.

Extensive Grounds finely situated. Tennis, Bowls, Croquet, Billiards, Bagatelle, etc. Excellent Recreation Room specially floored for Dancing.

Hydropathic Treatment under Medical Direction.

HIGH-CLASS CUISINE. TABLE D'HOTE, 6.30 p.m.*Near the Golf Links. Good Fishing.***CABLE TRAM FROM STATION TO FRONT GATE.****Terms £2:2s. to £3:3s. per week.***Write for Descriptive Prospectus to*MISS GOODWIN, *Manageress.*

MELROSE.

THE

WAVERLEY HYDROPATHIC.

ONE hour from Edinburgh, one and a half from Carlisle. Baths, Billiards, Bowling, Lawn Tennis, Trout Fishing in Tweed included. First-Class Table. Dinner, 7 P.M.

*For Terms apply—*MANAGER.

MELROSE.

**THE ABBEY HOTEL, ABBEY GATE,
AND
GEORGE AND ABBOTSFORD HOTEL,
HIGH STREET, MELROSE.**

THE only first-class Hotels in Melrose, both overlooking the ruins, and only 2 minutes' walk from the Railway Station. The Hotel Buses attend all Trains. First-Class Horses and Carriages for Abbotsford, Dryburgh, etc., can be had at both establishments.

G. HAMILTON, PROPRIETOR.

NAIRN.

**ROYAL MARINE HOTEL,
NAIRN.**

A First-Class Hotel for Families and Tourists, at Moderate Rates.

Hot and Cold Salt-Water Baths in the Hotel.

EXCELLENT GOLF COURSE.

DAVID SUTHERLAND, *Proprietor.*

NORTH BERWICK, N.B.

MARINE HOTEL

THE FINEST SEASIDE HOTEL IN SCOTLAND.

FAMOUS HEALTH AND GOLF RESORT—35 MINUTES FROM EDINBURGH.

Unequalled for bracing seaside air, natural scenery, and as a golfing centre.

Extended Golf Links. Hydraulic Lift.

HIGH-CLASS HOTEL, thoroughly well appointed, and recently enlarged by an addition of forty rooms. All the Public Rooms overlook the Links and Firth of Forth. Numerous Private Apartments *en suite*, with bathrooms, lavatories, etc. Extensive system of Baths (heated), Salt-Water, Ozone, etc. Lawn Tennis Courts. Post and Telegraph Office in the Hotel.

W. NIEBECKER, *Manager.*

NORWICH.

ROYAL HOTEL, NORWICH.

THE principal Family and Commercial Hotel (facing the Market Place). The two businesses in separate blocks. Smoking Rooms, Ladies' Drawing Room, Stock Rooms, and every convenience. Tariff moderate. Electric Light. Night Porter.

The new premises will be open in the autumn opposite the G.P.O. and Agricultural Hall, and will be furnished and equipped with all modern appliances and improvements.

Registered Telegraphic Address—"PRIMUS, NORWICH."

C. BUTCHER, Manager.

6d. **Black's Large Tourist Map of Scotland.**

SCALE—4 Miles to the Inch. Divided into 12 Districts.

DISTRICT 1. ISLAY, CANTYRE, N.E. OF IRELAND.—DISTRICT 2. SOUTH-WESTERN COUNTIES.—DISTRICT 3. SOUTHERN COUNTIES.—DISTRICT 4. FORTH AND TAY COUNTIES.—DISTRICT 5. GLASGOW, TROSSACHS, AND OBAN.—DISTRICT 6. MULL, JURA, AND ISLAY.—DISTRICT 7. SKYE, NORTH AND SOUTH UIST.—DISTRICT 8. INVERNESS AND SOUTH ROSS.—DISTRICT 9. NORTH-EASTERN COUNTIES.—DISTRICT 10. CAITHNESS, ORKNEY, AND SHETLAND.—DISTRICT 11. SUTHERLAND AND NORTH ROSS.—DISTRICT 12. LEWIS AND HARRIS.

6d.

OBAN.

THE HOTEL.**THE GREAT WESTERN.**

Tariff on application.

Reduced Tariff and Special Terms for Boarders
up to 30th June.

The Golf Course of the Oban Golf Club is free to Visitors on very moderate terms.

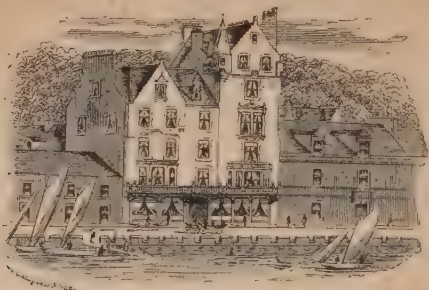
An Omnibus attends the arrival and departure of Trains and Steamers.
Visitors conveyed to and from the Hotel free of Charge.

MRS. M. SUTHERLAND, *Proprietrix.*

OBAN.

OBAN.

KING'S ARMS HOTEL



HAS a commanding sea view; is adjacent to the railway station and steamboat wharf; and possesses home comforts, combined with moderate charges. Rebuilt and Enlarged. In connection with Richmond Arms Hotel, Tomintoul, by Ballindalloch.

LADIES' DRAWING ROOM. BILLIARD, SMOKING, and BATH ROOMS.
Tariff on application. Parties boarded on moderate terms. Table d'Hôte daily.
 Boots waits the arrival of Trains and Steamers.
 Telegraphic address, "MTAVISH," Oban.

OBAN.

STATION

HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS.

J. G. FLEISCHMANN, *Manager.*

G. CAMPBELL, *Proprietrix.*

OBAN.

WHEN YOU ARE IN THE HIGHLANDS VISIT

MACLACHLAN'S

THE ROYAL CLAN TARTAN WAREHOUSE, OBAN,

Manufacturer to the Queen of Homespuns, Scotch Plaids.

GENUINE HANDMADE SCOTCH GOODS. Tweeds, Hosiery, Knitted Shawls, Bonnets, etc., and all the CLAN and FAMILY TARTANS. LADIES' TAILORS by Royal Appointment. SPORTSMEN'S TAILORS and KILTMAKERS to ROYALTY. *MacLachlan's* Scotch Travelling Rugs as manufactured for and supplied to H.R.H. Princess May, H.R.H. Princess Louise, H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia.

"Your Charming Scotch Travelling Rug."—Extract of Letter from Princess May.

Outside Warehouse designed Tartan, and Tartan Ensign.—MACLACHLAN, Oban.

KILMELFORD.

CUILFAIL HOTEL,

PASS OF MELFORT, NEAR OBAN.

When tired an' fourfouchen,
When hoastin' and coughin',
When ill wi' the bile
Or the wee deevils blue—

Take yer rods an' yer reels,
Throw the doctor his peels,
And come down to Cuilfail
Wi' yer friens leal and true.

FIRST-CLASS Trout Fishing free—Season, 1st of April to end of September. The Hotel has been greatly enlarged and comfortably furnished; has splendid Billiard Room, Hot and Cold Baths, and all conveniences connected with Hotels. Families boarded by the week or month. The Lochs are well stocked with Trout, and gentlemen can rely on excellent sport, as for fifteen years the supply has been annually kept up by drafts of Loch Leven and Great American Brook Trout from Howietoun Fishery, Stirling, while this year the Hotel-keeper has introduced several hundreds of yearling Rainbow Trout from Wryesdale Fishery, Lancashire. Boats and steady boatmen are kept for the use of Anglers. There is excellent deep-sea fishing and delightful sea-bathing. The scenery about is magnificent, including the famous Pass of Melfort, which is within a few minutes' walk from the Hotel. Postal delivery daily. Route by Caledonian Railway to Oban, thence coach daily in Season, or by Steamer "Columba," to Ardrishaig, thence Coach daily.

A Dark Room for development of Negatives has been added to the Hotel for the convenience of Amateur Photographers.

Lawn Tennis.

Address—

JOHN M'FADYEN, CUILFAIL HOTEL, KILMELFORD, *By* LOCHGILPHEAD, N.B.

Telegraph Office—KILMELFORD, 20 yards from Hotel.

OXFORD.

THE MITRE HOTEL,

SITUATED in the centre of the finest Street in Europe, is one of the most ECONOMICAL First-Class Hotels in the Kingdom. Billiard Rooms and Good Stabling.

OBAN.

VICTORIA HOTEL

FIRST-CLASS—TEMPERANCE.

IN close proximity to Railway Station, Landing Pier, and Post Office, overlooking the Bay with a Magnificent View of Mountain and Loch Scenery. *Special Feature, Low Charges.*—Bedrooms, 1s. 6d. and 2s. Teas and Breakfasts, 1s. 6d. and 2s. Dinners, *Table d'hôte* and *à la carte*, 2s. 9d. Baths—Hot and Cold.

Registered telegraphic address, "MACLACHLAN," Oban.

PENRITH.

THE GEORGE HOTEL.

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOUSE AND POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

FAMILIES, Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and Visitors are specially recommended to this Hotel for comfort and attention combined with strictly moderate charges. It is the largest and most central in town, and Buses meet all Trains. Night Porter in attendance. Cyclists' Headquarters by appointment. Wines and Cuisine of the highest order. Ullswater, to which Coaches run from the Hotel during the Season. Lowther Castle, Brougham Castle (ruins), Airey Force, and the Nunnery, etc., are within driving distance, and are well worth visiting. Orders by Letter or Telegram receive prompt attention.

FRED. ARMSTRONG, PROPRIETOR.

PENZANCE.

MOUNTS BAY HOTEL.

THIS First-Class Family Hotel is situated on the Esplanade, close to and facing the sea.

Ladies' Coffee and Drawing Rooms.

Private Sitting Rooms, with splendid Sea Views. Hot and Cold Baths.

Table d'Hôte. Horses and Carriages.

Omnibus and Hotel Porter meet all trains.

MODERATE TARIFF. EN PENSION FOR WINTER MONTHS.

C. BALL, *Proprietor.*

PENZANCE.

WESTERN HOTEL.

THIS old-established Family and Commercial Hotel will be found replete with every comfort for Families, Tourists, and Commercial Gentleman. Centrally situated. Good Coffee and Commercial Rooms. Billiard and Smoke Rooms. Ladies' Drawing Room. Posting in all its branches. Omnibus meets all trains.

MITCHELL & CO., *Proprietors.*

PLYMOUTH.

GRAND HOTEL.

Finest Position in Europe. The only Hotel facing the Sea and the South, the Sound, the Breakwater, and Mount Edgecombe. Splendid Coffee Room, Drawing Room, and Sitting Rooms with three Balconies. Mail Steamers anchor in sight. Climate equally Good in Winter and Summer. MODERATE TARIFF. This splendid Hotel is now the property and under the personal supervision of the new Proprietor,

J. HEADON STANBURY.

Table d'Hôte, 7 o'clock.

Telephone 148.

Passenger Lift. 'Buses meet Trains. Winter Tariff.

PLYMOUTH.

DUKE OF CORNWALL HOTEL.*(Opposite the Millbay Railway Terminus.)*

SPACIOUS COFFEE ROOM. LADIES' DRAWING ROOM.

HOT AND COLD BATHS, BILLIARD AND SMOKING ROOMS.

PASSENGER LIFT.

Recently redecorated, and under entirely New Management.*Table d'Hôte daily.*

N.B.—This Hotel is the most commodious and convenient in Plymouth. It is distant only five minutes' walk from the SEA, and from the business centre of the Town.

Telegraphic Address—"DUKOTEL, PLYMOUTH."

PONTEFRACT.

ELEPHANT HOTEL.

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL

AND

POSTING HOUSE.ROBT. AUSTERBERRY, *Proprietor.***PORTSALON HOTEL, COUNTY DONEGAL.**

THIS excellent tourist Hotel is situated amidst the most lovely scenery in Ireland, with southern aspect, and within 50 yards of the shores of Lough Swilly.

The Portsalon Golf Links (18 holes) which adjoin the hotel are reputed to be among the finest and most sporting in the country. Good Lake and Sea Fishing. Safe bathing. Sailing and rowing boats for hire. Billiard Room with Burroughs & Watts table. Tennis Courts in grounds. The Seven Arches and other objects of interest and beauty in the neighbourhood. Route—Rail from Londonderry to Fahan, and steamer thence—twice daily during summer—to Portsalon. Post and Telegraph Office at Hotel.

Telegrams—"HOTEL, PORTSALON."

For Particulars apply to the Proprietor.

RHYL, NORTH WALES.

THE WESTMINSTER FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

Beautifully Situated facing the Sea. Golf Links.

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL,

COLWYN BAY.

Tennis Ground.

Within a short distance of St. Winefride's Well.

RIPON, FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

UNICORN HOTEL AND POSTING HOUSE.

PATRONISED BY H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

THE largest, best appointed, and most liberally managed Hotel in the City. Carriages of every description.

Telegrams: UNICORN, RIPON.

Telephone: No. 4.

BERNARD EVANS,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT, *Proprietor*

ROTHESAY.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

(Two Minutes' walk from Pier).

THE rooms in this Hotel are large and airy, and are most comfortably furnished throughout on a modern style.

The Public Rooms consist of spacious Coffee, Ladies' Drawing, Reading and Writing, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, all facing the Sea.

The Private Sitting, and many of the Single and Double Bedrooms have a commanding view of the Bay and surrounding scenery.

Bathrooms and Lavatories on each floor.*Table d'Hôte at 7.**Parties boarded by the Week or Month.*

ROTHESAY.

BUTE ARMS HOTEL.

THIS establishment is situated in front of the pier, where steamers arrive and depart almost every half-hour, and affords magnificent views of the Bay, Loch Striven, and the Kyles of Bute. Tourists by the *Columba*, *Iona*, *Lord of the Isles*, or other steamers will find the BUTE ARMS one of the most comfortable resting-places on the Western Coast of Scotland, and being under the direct superintendence of the Proprietor, visitors may depend on every attention. The Sanitary arrangements are entirely new throughout the house. Table d'Hôte, 6.30. Billiard Room. Parties boarded by the week or month. Charges strictly moderate.

ROBERT SMITH, *Proprietor*.

ST. ANDREWS.

BURNETT'S
ROYAL **HOTEL.**

Enlarged and thoroughly renovated; occupies one of the finest positions in the City, overlooking Madras College and Black Friars Monastery; Superior Accommodation and Moderate Charges; Boarding terms according to requirements.

G. W. BURNETT, *Proprietor*.

SALISBURY.

**THE WHITE HART HOTEL.**

The Largest and Principal Hotel in the City.

AN old-established and well-known first-class Family Hotel, nearly opposite Salisbury Cathedral, and within a pleasant drive of Stonehenge. This Hotel is acknowledged to be one of the most comfortable in England. Table d'Hôte Meals at separate Tables two hours each meal daily.

A Ladies' Coffee Room, a Coffee Room for Gentlemen, and first-class Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Carriages and Horses of every description for Stonehenge and other places of interest at fixed inclusive charges. Excellent Stabling. Loose Boxes, etc.

Posting-Master to Her Majesty.

Tariff on application to H. T. BOWES, Manager.

SCARBOROUGH.

THE CROWN HOTEL,

ESPLANADE.

Manager: DOUGLAS GORDON.

THIS HIGH-CLASS HOTEL is situated in the centre of the Esplanade on the South Cliff, directly facing the sea. Acknowledged by all to be the finest position in Scarborough. Immediately opposite the Hotel is an entrance to the magnificent Spa. All rooms not facing the sea have a splendid view of the surrounding country. The Sanitary arrangements are perfect in every respect, the Hotel holding a certificate to this effect from the Sanitary authorities.

**Electric Light in all Public Rooms, Bedrooms,
and Sitting-Rooms.**

There is a perfect system of Electric Bells to all rooms. The Public Dining Room has lately been enlarged and thorough ventilation ensured.

A HANDSOMELY FURNISHED POMPEIAN ENTRANCE LOUNGE, seventy-five by forty-five feet, six new Bathrooms, and an Electric Passenger Lift have been added. Also a First-Class Billiard Room. Ladies' Toilet Rooms on each floor.

Since the season 1896 the Hotel has been refurnished and redecorated throughout by Messrs. Waring and Son of London.

Tariff on application to the Manager.

SHANDON HYDROPATHIC ON THE CARELOCH.

CHARMING RESORT.

WEST SHANDON CASTLE

Is one of the most elaborately beautiful Residences in the West of Scotland. Every Comfort, Invigorating Mountain Air. Sea Breezes. Magnificent Sea Water Swimming Bath. Turkish, Russian, and other Baths. First-class Golf Course. Boating, Bowling, Tennis, Drives, Billiards. Central for Excursions to West Highlands, Loch Lomond, and Firth of Clyde, and finest scenery in Scotland. Moderate charges, Day, Week, or Month. One hour Glasgow. Illustrated Prospectus. Railway now open direct to Shandon.

Address **MANAGER, SHANDON, N.B.**



SHETLAND.

CLOUSTA HOTEL,

BIXTER, SHETLAND.

CCHARMINGLY situated at the head of the beautiful land-locked Voe of Clousta. Shooting over 20,000 acres. Fishing for Brown Trout and Sea Trout in 18 lochs. Good Boating, Bathing, and Sea Fishing.

ROUTE:—Aberdeen to Lerwick or Walls, thence drive.

Telegraph and Post Office 4 miles.

For further particulars apply to **J. C. GRIERSON**, Solicitor, Lerwick, Secretary to the Proprietors.

SILLOTH, CUMBERLAND.

SKINBURNESS MARINE HOTEL,

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

Handsomely Furnished Coffee Room and Drawing Room and Rooms en suite.

Billiards.

Tennis.

Bowls.

Hot and Cold Sea and Spring Water Baths. Golfers conveyed to and from Course *free*. Tariff on application to *Proprietor*.

SLIGO.

VICTORIA HOTEL

(FIRST-CLASS).

PATRONISED BY ALL THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

TTOURISTS, Anglers, and Families will find every convenience, combined with cleanliness and moderate charges.

PRIVATE ROOMS, LADIES' SITTING ROOMS.

BATHS—HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER. BILLIARDS, GOLF.

Gentlemen staying at this Hotel have the privilege of Free Fishing for Salmon and Trout on Lough Gill. Boats for hire. Posting in all its branches. Omnibus attends all trains.

J. A. HALL, Proprietor.

ISLE OF SKYE.

SLIGACHAN HOTEL.

NEAREST Hotel to Loch Scavaig and Loch Coruisk. "Sligachan in Skye is the rock-climbing centre 'par excellence' of the British Isles." See Badminton Library, Vol. *Mountaineering*, p. 342. Beautifully situated at the Foot of the Coolin Hills. Ponies and Guides for Loch Scavaig and Loch Coruisk. Splendid Drives. Parties living in the Hotel have the privilege of good Sea-Trout Fishing on the River Sligachan; also good Loch and Sea Fishing.

BOATS FREE OF CHARGE.

BOATMEN, 4s. PER DAY.

Parties landing at Coruisk can have Ponies or Guides sent to meet them at Camasunery, or the hill above Coruisk, by sending Letter or Telegram the day previous.

Post and Telegraph Offices adjoining Hotel.

POSTING.

W. SHARP, *Proprietor.*

SOUTHAMPTON.

RADLEY'S HOTEL.

Opposite Railway Terminus and Docks.

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATION.

LONG ESTABLISHED.

Both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Coffee Rooms.

Drawing Room

SOUTHPORT.

SMEDLEY HYDRO.

BIRKDALE PARK.

TERMS from 7s. 6d. per day, including Turkish, Russian, Plunge, and other Baths. Well adapted for Summer or Winter residence, for either Invalids or Visitors.

LAWN TENNIS, BILLIARDS, ETC.

For Prospectus, apply MANAGER.

SOUTHPORT.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL.

BEST Position. 120 Rooms. Handsomely Furnished. Billiard Room, 4 Tables.

Strictly Moderate Charges.

Special Week-end Terms.

TELEGRAMS: "Prince, Southport."

TELEPHONE 15.

SOUTHSEA.

ROYAL PIER HOTEL,

SOUTHSEA, PORTSMOUTH.

Manageress:—Mrs. NICHOLLS.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,

SOUTHSEA, PORTSMOUTH.

Manageress:—Miss RICKARDS.

BOTH of these First-Class Hotels have been redecorated and refurnished. They are situated in the best part of Southsea, and are the most convenient for Naval, Military, and Official Gentlemen and Families.

The spacious Dining and Drawing Rooms, as well as the principal Bedrooms, immediately overlook the Common, the Channel, and the Isle of Wight.

Tariffs very moderate. Modified terms arranged for large parties or for long periods.

Book to Portsmouth Town Station, from which the Hotels are only about five minutes' drive.

STANLEY, PERTHSHIRE.

VICTORIA MAY HOTEL.

Beautifully and centrally situated. Near to river Tay. Close to Stanley Junction (Highland and Caledonian Railways).

First-Class Angler's, Tourist's, and Family Hotel.

SPACIOUS BILLIARD ROOM.

POSTING.

WILLIAM WHITE, *Proprietor.*

STIRLING.

WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

Formerly CARMICHAEL'S. Established over Fifty Years.

Within three minutes' walk of the Station, and on the way to the Castle. Also Restaurant in Connection.

First-Class Hotel for Families, Tourists, & Commercial Gentlemen.

MODERATE CHARGES.

P. M'ALPINE, *Proprietor.*

STRATHPEFFER SPA (ROSS-SHIRE).

M'GREGOR'S PRIVATE HOTEL

Nearest Hotel to the Spa, and Three Minutes Walk from the Railway Station.

BILLIARDS.

MRS. M'GREGOR, *Proprietrix.*

MUNRO'S

STRATHPEFFER HOTEL. HIGHLAND SPA.

**NEAREST HOTEL TO THE RAILWAY STATION, THE WELLS,
AND NEW GOLF COURSE.**

EVERY HOME COMFORT WITH MODERATE CHARGES.

A SELECTION OF WINES AND SPIRITS OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

JOHN M. MUNRO, *Proprietor.*

SPA HOTEL.

THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED & LEADING HOTEL

HIGHEST SITUATION (400 feet above Sea-level).



THE SPORTING HOTEL OF THE HIGHLANDS.

SALMON & TROUT FISHING FREE.

BOATING. GOLF. TENNIS.

CLOSE TO GOLF COURSE.

Extensive additions have just been completed.

CONTAINS Spacious Public Rooms, Private Apartments *en suite*, Recreation and Ball Rooms, Conservatories, and is secluded enough to ensure to visitors the Privacy and Quiet of an ordinary Country Residence.

Cycle Court with Professional attendants.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

A. WALLACE, *Manager.*

STRATHYRE, PERTHSHIRE.

STRATHYRE INN.

ONE minute's walk from Railway Station, Post and Telegraph Offices. The Surrounding District is unsurpassed in Magnificent Scenery and Historical Interest. The District is the Healthiest and amongst the most Beautiful in the Perthshire Highlands. Fishing on Loch Lubnaig Free—Boats. Waggonette kept during Summer. Charges Moderate. Home Comforts. *Places of Interest near* :—Chapel of St. Bride, Loch Lubnaig, Loch Voil, Loch Earn, Braes of Balquhiddy, Rob Roy's Grave, etc.
 MRS. MACLAREN, *Proprietrix*.

TENBY.

THE COBOURG HOTEL.

UNRIVALLED POSITION. FACING THE SEA.

Ladies' Drawing Room, Private Sitting Rooms, Hot and Cold Bath Rooms. *Tariff*—From Three Guineas per week. Special Terms for Winter Season. Omnibus to all Trains.

Also of the Royal Station Hotel, Bath.

MRS. J. HUGHES, *Proprietress*.

TENBY.

ROYAL GATE HOUSE HOTEL.

IMMEDIATELY OVERLOOKING THE SEA.

Under the Distinguished Patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Lords of the Admiralty.

PENSION FROM THREE GUINEAS PER WEEK. LIVERY STABLES.

Billiards. Omnibus to all Trains.

REDUCED TERMS DURING WINTER SEASON.

Proprietor.—H. J. GREGORY.

TOTLAND BAY,

NEAR ALUM BAY, FRESHWATER, AND YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

*Route via Lymington (L. & S. W. Ry.) and Yarmouth or Freshwater.***TOTLAND BAY HOTEL.**

MAGNIFICENT SEA VIEWS.

COMFORT with Moderate Charges. Billiard Room. Bracing air, excellent Sands and Promenade Pier. Close to Golf Links. Good Boating and Bathing.
Apply to MANAGER.

TORQUAY OLD ESTABLISHED HIGH-CLASS BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.



SOUTH aspect, grand Sea View. Close to Royal Terrace, Gardens, Rock Walks, Promenade Pier, Town Station. House stands in its own Grounds. Lawn Tennis Courts free to Visitors. Terms on application. MRS. MANN, *Kistor House, Belgrave Rd.*

TOTNES.

THE SEYMOUR FAMILY HOTEL

And Posting House.

ON THE BANKS OF THE DART.

Patronised by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Omnibus meets all Trains and Steamboats.

G. & F. MITCHELL, *Proprietors.*

NOW READY. Price 3s. 6d.

FERRETS:

THEIR MANAGEMENT IN HEALTH AND DISEASE,

With Remarks on their Legal Status.

BY

NICHOLAS EVERITT.

With numerous Illustrations. Small crown 8vo. cloth.

LONDON: A. & C. BLACK, SOHO SQUARE.



THE TROSSACHS HOTEL, LOCH KATRINE.

R. BLAIR, Proprietor,

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL is beautifully situated in the midst of the classic scenery of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and is the **ONLY HOTEL** in the Trossachs.

Parties staying for not less than a week can be boarded on **SPECIAL TERMS**, excepting from 15th July to 15th Sept.

During the season Coaches run from Callander Railway Station to the Trossachs, in connection with all Trains, and in connection with all Steamers on Loch Katrine. These Coaches all stop at this Hotel, giving passengers time to Lunch.

Excellent Fishing in Lochs Katrine and Achray. Boats engaged at the Hotel, and at the Boathouse Loch Katrine Pier.

BILLIARDS. LAWN TENNIS.

Address **THE TROSSACHS HOTEL,**
Loch Katrine,

By CALLANDER, N.B.

R. BLAIR, Proprietor.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN HOTEL.

TROSSACHS.
STRONACHLACHAR HOTEL,
HEAD OF LOCH KATRINE.

DONALD FERGUSON, PROPRIETOR.

THIS Hotel, the only one on the shores of Loch Katrine, is most beautifully situated in the heart of ROB ROY'S Country; GLENGYLE and the romantic GRAVEYARD of CLAN GREGOR, both described at page 77 of "Perthshire Guide," being in close proximity; and as a fishing station it is unsurpassed. The trout at this end of Loch Katrine average fully three-quarters of a pound each, and in favourable weather baskets of from two to three dozen and upwards are very often made. Excellent boats and experienced boatmen are kept for parties staying at the Hotel.

The Hotel is replète with every comfort, and is reached either by way of Callander and Trossachs and the Loch Katrine Steamer, or by the Loch Lomond Steamer and Coach from Inversnaid, there being a full service of Coaches and Steamers by both these routes during the season.

Post and Telegraph Office in Hotel.

BOARD BY WEEK OR MONTH.

Carriages and other Conveyances kept for Hire.

ADDRESS: STRONACHLACHAR, by Inversnaid.

TRURO.

RED LION HOTEL
(FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL).

ESTABLISHED 1671. Birthplace of Foote the Tragedian. Close to Cathedral. The principal Hotel in the City. Ladies' Coffee Room. Drawing Room, Smoke and Billiard Rooms.

Manager, Miss CARLYON.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

WELLINGTON HOTEL,
MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Under the distinguished patronage of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G., the leading Nobility and Gentry, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

The HOTEL is 422 feet above sea level; south aspect; magnificent scenery; elegantly furnished; piano in every sitting-room; Cuisine, English and French wine connoisseur; Table d'Hôte, separate tables. Large dairy farm, supplies daily. Laundry. Under the management of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Boston, late of Royal Sussex Hotel, St. Leonards-on-sea.

TYNDRUM.

ROYAL HOTEL, TYNDRUM, PERTHSHIRE.

800 feet above sea-level, and gravel soil. Bracing, clear mountain air. Picturesque scenery. Trout fishing good and free of charge. Large modern rooms.

CHARGES MODERATE.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

JOSEPH STEWART, *Proprietor.*

WARWICK.

WOOLPACK HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS Family and Commercial, refurnished throughout. Ladies' Coffee Room. Drawing and Bath Rooms. Well patronised by Americans. Headquarters of the C.T.C. Excellent Stabling. Charges moderate.

Heated throughout in Winter.

ANNE KNAPP, *Proprietress.*

WATERVILLE, CO. KERRY.

BUTLER ARMS HOTEL.

BEST Situation. Commanding all the magnificent views of Bay and Mountain. Spacious Airy Rooms, Splendid Dining. Drawing, Coffee, and Smoking Rooms. Private Sitting Rooms.

FISHING FREE. GOLF. TENNIS. BATHING.

P. McELLIGOTT, *Proprietor.*

WEXFORD.

WHITE'S HOTEL

(ESTABLISHED 1795),

WEXFORD.

Posting in all its Departments. Hearses, Mourning Coaches, &c.

TOURISTS visiting WEXFORD will find at WHITE'S HOTEL First-class Accommodation and Moderate Charges. There is an extensive Posting Establishment attached, and Visitors can be supplied with Cars and Carriages.

An Omnibus attends all Trains.

HUGH MCCARTHY, *Manager.*

BELSFIELD HOTEL,

WINDERMERE.



"BELSFIELD HOTEL" has justified its claim to the premier position among the leading hotels of the neighbourhood. This palatial building—originally erected as a private mansion—stands within no fewer than eight acres of charmingly designed and well-wooded grounds that are remarkable as vantage-points for some of the most picturesque views. The interior has been superbly decorated, the ceilings and mural embellishments being really remarkable as works of art, while equal taste has been displayed in the details of the costly furniture. Indeed, such handsome surroundings are rarely to be met with at Hotels either in or out of London.

**Private Omnibus attends all Trains, and also at the
Steam Yacht Pier, Bowness Bay.**

**Four-in-hand Coaches leave the Hotel daily for all parts of the
Lake District.**

GOLF. BILLIARDS. FISHING. TENNIS.

Lighted by Electricity.

Under the Personal Superintendence of the Proprietor,

TELEPHONE No. 123.

A. D. M'LEOD

TELEGRAMS
BELSFIELD, WINDERMERE.

(Late Manager, Gairloch Hotel, Ross-shire).

WORCESTER.

THE BELL HOTEL.

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.

F. WILLIAMS, *Proprietor.*

GREAT YARMOUTH.

RANDELL'S NEW CAFÉ. CENTRAL RESTAURANT.

42 MARKET PLACE.

Only three minutes from Railway Station and Beach.

Penny Bus runs past daily from each Station.

Speciality, Bed and Breakfast 2s. 6d. each person ; or 5s. per day Board and Lodging.

S. RANDELL, *Proprietor.*

YORK.

HARKER'S YORK HOTEL,

ST. HELEN'S SQUARE.

THIS long-established and well-known First Class Hotel is in the best situation in the City, being the nearest Hotel to the Minster and the Ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, within five minutes' walk of the Railway Station, and free from all noise of trains, is surrounded by Wood Pavement, and most convenient for Families and Tourists. Excellent Livery, Hunting, and Bait Stables.

TELEPHONE No. 74.

CHAS. W. SIMMONS, *Proprietor.*

THE

BRAEMAR, DUNKELD, BLAIRGOWRIE, AND GLENSHEE COACHES

WILL COMMENCE RUNNING ABOUT 1st JULY,

Leaving BRAEMAR at 8 A.M., DUNKELD at 9 A.M., BLAIRGOWRIE at 11 A.M.
every lawful day.

FIVE ARMS HOTEL, BRAEMAR, *May 1897.*

NORTH DEVON.

LYNTON AND MINEHEAD.

The Well-appointed Fast Four-Horse Coaches

"LORNA DOONE" & "RED DEER"



Run for the Season, commencing on Easter Monday, between Railway Station, Minehead, and Royal Castle Hotel, Lynton. For particulars see G. W. Railway Time Tables and Bills.

THOMAS BAKER, Proprietor.

ROYAL CASTLE HOTEL, LYNTON, 1896.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY,



The Shortest, Quickest, and most direct route to the South-West and West of England, EXETER, BARNSTAPLE, LYNTON, BIDEFORD, ("Westward Ho!") ILFRACOMBE, NORTH and SOUTH DEVON, NORTH CORNWALL, BUDE *via* HOLSWORTHY, TAVISTOCK, LAUNCESTON, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, WEYMOUTH, SWANAGE, CORFE CASTLE, BOURNEMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH, STOKES BAY, and ISLE OF WIGHT.

FAST EXPRESSES AT ORDINARY FARES, AND FREQUENT FAST TRAINS.*The quickest and best Route to and from London and Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.**Trains run alongside the Steamboats.*

BOURNEMOUTH.—FAST EXPRESS TRAINS, performing the journey from and to LONDON in two and a half hours. Special Cheap Return Tickets, 28s. 6d. First, 19s. Second, and 12s. Third Class, are issued by all trains on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, from Waterloo, Kensington, Chelsea, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Wimbledon, and Surbiton Stations to Bournemouth. The 1st and 2nd Class Tickets are available to return up to and including the Monday week following the day of issue, and the 3rd Class by any train up to the Tuesday (day of issue included). **PULLMAN CARS** are run by the 9.30 a.m., 12.30, 2.15, and 4.55 p.m. trains from Waterloo, and by the 7.50, 9.15, and 11.0 a.m., and 1.55 p.m. trains from Bournemouth, W. (and the E. Station 10 mins. later) to London.

Cheap Tourist & Excursion Tickets are issued during the Season to all Parts.

Through Tickets in connection with the London and North-Western, Great Northern and Midland Railways.

New and Improved Mail Steam-Ships, *via* Southampton, to and from the CHANNEL ISLANDS, JERSEY, GUERNSEY. Also Fast Steam-Ships for HAVRE, ROUEN, and PARIS, ST. MALO, CHERBOURG, GRANVILLE, and HONFLEUR. The Company's Steam-Ships are not surpassed in Speed or Accommodation by any Channel Vessels. *Full particulars may be obtained from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.*

CHARLES SCOTTER, General Manager.

WATERLOO STATION, LONDON, March 1897.

MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CONNEMARA, ACHILL, AND WEST OF IRELAND

CIRCULAR TOURS

From Dublin to the Tourist, Angling and Shooting Resorts in the West of Ireland.

** Reduced Fares for Parties of Two to Four Passengers.

*** Extra Coupons issued for extended Tours from Dublin, Broadstone Terminus, to the North and South of Ireland.

Public Cars run during the Season, from Clifden to Westpool passing through Letterfrack for Renyyle, Kylemore, and Leenane.

The M. G. W. R. Company's 6d. **ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK** to the WEST OF IRELAND

Contains 16 full-paged toned Lithographs and numerous Woodcuts.

Application for Time Tables, Tourist Programmes, and information as to Fares, Routes, Hotels, &c., may be made at the Irish Tourist Office, 2 Charing Cross, London, or to the Company's Agents—Mr. J. Honey, 60 Castle Street, Liverpool, and Mr. J. F. Pitson, 178 Buchanan St., Glasgow, or to the undersigned.

Broadstone Station, Dublin.

TOURIST TICKETS

From the principal Towns in ENGLAND and SCOTLAND for the Connemara Tour, or combined Tour, including Killarney.

Issued at the Offices of the Railway and Steam-packet Companies and Tourist Agencies.

JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager.

FURNESS RAILWAY.

LAKE-LAND.—THE PARADISE OF TOURISTS.

Boating, Bathing, Fishing (Sea, River, and Lake), Golfing, Coaching, and Mountaineering.

THE FURNESS RAILWAY possesses the advantages of running through the finest most picturesque scenery in the country, and affords at the same time a means of communication to some of the most beautiful and healthful pleasure resorts. Along the whole route a series of charming views present themselves in quick succession to the tourist.

TOURIST TICKETS available for two calendar months are issued from 1st May to 1st October from all the principal Railway Stations to Grange, Bowness, Coniston Lake, Ambleside, Ravenglass, Ulverston, Furness Abbey, Seascale, Windermere (Lake Side), St. Bees, and holders of these tickets are allowed to break their journey at any intermediate Station on the Furness Railway between Carnforth and their destination.

CHEAP WEEK-END AND TEN DAYS' TICKETS are issued every Friday and Saturday from the principal manufacturing towns in Derbyshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Lake Counties to the Lake District and Furness Coast Stations (including Ulverston). **Week and Fortnightly Tickets from London** (Euston and St. Pancras) are issued every Saturday during July, August, and September to **Windermere and Coniston Lakes**, and principal Coast Stations on the Furness Railway, available for return on the following Monday, Monday week, Saturday week, or Monday fortnight. These tickets are also issued from the chief stations on the Furness Railway to London for similar periods.

GRANGE combines with its natural beauties a salubrious climate, and is one of the best known health resorts in the kingdom.

ARNSIDE, CARK, KENTS BANK, and SILVERDALE are delightful places of resort, close proximity to the Sea and Windermere Lake. Cartmel Priory is within a short distance of Cark Station.

ULVERSTON, beautifully situated near the shores of Morecambe Bay, and a central point for the Lake District. Two miles from the historical Conishead Priory, now a **Hydropathic Establishment**.

WINDERMERE (LAKE SIDE), BOWNESS, AMBLESIDE, and CONISTON are the centres of the English Lake District.

FURNESS ABBEY. Visitors to the Lakes, Isle of Man, and Belfast should not fail to visit the far-famed ruins of Furness Abbey. The Furness Abbey Hotel, under the management of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, from 1st July 1897, is one of the most comfortable hosteleries in England.

SEASCALE and ST. BEES are seaside watering-places with a bracing climate. The sea is unsurpassed, and safe bathing may be had at all states of the tide. At Seascale there are extensive Golf Links.

CIRCULAR TOURS. During the summer months various Circular Tours by Rail, Steam Yacht, and Chars-a-banc, embracing the principal places of interest in the Lake District, can be made from Stations on the Furness Railway.

CHEAP DAY TICKETS by ordinary Trains at a single fare for the return journey issued daily from April to October, and **WEEK-END TICKETS**, at a fare and a sixth are issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday *all the year round*, available to return on the Sunday and following Monday or Tuesday, to and from all Pleasure Resorts and the principal Stations on the Furness Railway.

WEEKLY AND FAMILY TICKETS ON WINDERMERE AND CONISTON LAKES.

For full particulars of Circular Tours, Day and Week-end Tickets, Weekly and Family Tickets, etc., see Bills and Programmes issued by the Company gratis.

Time Tables, Tourist Programmes, List of Furnished Lodgings, &c., may be obtained from any of the Company's Stations, also from Mr. F. J. RAMSDEN, Superintendent of the Line.

BARROW ROUTE TO THE ISLE OF MAN AND BELFAST.

SWIFT STEAMERS, DAILY. From Barrow to Douglas (Isle of Man), from 1st June to 30th September, and Direct Daily Service, **BARROW TO BELFAST, all the year round.**

The New Fast Steamer "Duchess of Devonshire" (20 knots), will be ready for the Isle of Man season, and for the remainder of the year will run between Barrow and Belfast. Full particulars as to Times of Sailing, Fares, etc., can be obtained in application to Messrs. JAMES LITTLE & Co., Barrow-on-Furness or Belfast.

BARROW-ON-FURNESS, March 1897.

ALFRED ASLETT,
GENERAL MANAGER.

THE INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR AND EUROPEAN EXPRESS TRAINS CO.

TRAINS DE LUXE.

(HOTEL TRAINS.)

- Orient Express**—London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, and Egypt.
Sud Express—London, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, etc.
Mediterranean Express—London, Paris, The Riviera, etc.
Peninsular Express—London, Brindisi, and Egypt, and the East (Overland Mail).
Ostend-Vienna Express—London. Cologne, Frankfort, Nuremberg, Vienna, Trieste, etc., and Constantinople and Egypt.
Nord Express—London, Cologne, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.
Engadine-Interlaken Express—to Switzerland.
Carlsbad Express—In the Season, Daily.

And 102 OTHER SERVICES.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE COMPANY'S HOTELS

ARE—

- CAIRO**—The Ghésireh Palace.
NICE—The Riviera Palace, Cimiez.
CONSTANTINOPLE—The Pera Palace.
THERAPIA—The Summer Palace, on the Bosphorus.
LISBON—The Avenida Palace.
BRINDISI—The Grand Hotel International.
OSTEND—Grand Hotel de la Plage.
MALOJA (Engadine)—The Maloja Palace.
-

For ALL Railway, Circular, and Sleeping Car Tickets for the above Services and for the Continent generally, and for all information concerning the Trains and Hotels, apply or send for "The Continental Traveller," the Official Journal, Time Book, and Guide of the International Sleeping Car and European Express Trains Company, to the

Chief London Offices, 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.

CAMBRIAN RAILWAYS.

TOURS IN WALES.

Bathing, Boating, Fishing (Sea, River, & Lake), Golfing, Coaching, Mountaineering.

TOURIST TICKETS available for two months, issued throughout the year, from London and all principal Stations in England, Scotland, and Ireland to **Aberystwyth, Borth, Machynlleth, Aberdovey, Towyn, Dolgelley, Barmouth, Harlech, Portmadoc, Criccieth, Pwllheli, Llanidloes, Rhayader, Builth Wells, and Brecon.**

CHEAP WEEK-END & TEN DAYS TICKETS are issued every Friday or Saturday **Throughout the Year**, from **SHREWSBURY, BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON, STAFFORD, BURTON, DERBY, LEICESTER, PETERBORO, LEEDS, HUDDERSFIELD, STOCKPORT, OLDHAM, MANCHESTER, PRESTON, BLACKBURN, ROCHDALE, BRADFORD, WAKEFIELD, HALIFAX, BOLTON, WIGAN, WARRINGTON, CREWE, LIVERPOOL, STOKE, BIRKENHEAD**, and other Stations to the **CAMBRIAN WATERING-PLACES.**

Every Saturday during June, July, August, and September. **Cheap Weekly or Fortnightly Tickets** will be issued from London to the Cambrian Coast and certain inland stations, available to return on Monday, Monday week, or Monday fortnight, also on the following Saturday or Saturday Week by one **ordinary Train.** Tickets at same Fares are also issued during the same period on **Every Monday to London**, available to return on the following Saturday or Saturday week.

ABOUT 30 RAIL AND COACH EXCURSIONS DAILY

Are run from the Cambrian Railway, during the Summer Months, through the finest Scenery in the Principality.

Cycling and Walking Tours at cheap fares, through the Mountain, River, and Lake Districts.

For particulars see Rail and Coach Excursions' Programme, issued gratis.

EXPRESS TRAINS WITH 1st AND 3rd CLASS LAVATORY CARRIAGES LIGHTED WITH GAS

(LONDON to ABERYSTWYTH 6½ hours; BARMOUTH 7¼ hours)

Are run daily during the Season in connection with Fast Trains on the London and North-Western and other Railways, between London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Stafford, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Merthyr, Cardiff, Newport (Mon.), &c., and Aberystwyth, Barmouth, &c.

See the Cambrian Railway's new and beautiful album "**A SOUVENIR**," **Gems of picturesque scenery in Wild Wales. 55 SUPERB VIEWS.** Price 6d. At the principal Railway Bookstalls, the Company's Stations, and the undermentioned Offices, &c.

"PICTURESQUE WALES" (Illustrated).

The Official Guide-Book to the Cambrian Railways, edited by Mr. GODFREY TURNER, price 6d., can be obtained at the Bookstalls, and at the Company's Offices or Stations, also of Messrs. W. J. Adams and Sons, 59 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

FARM-HOUSE AND COUNTRY LODGINGS.

Attention is drawn to the illustrated pamphlet issued by the Company,

"WHERE TO STAY AND WHAT TO SEE!"

Price 1d. at the principal Railway Bookstalls and Company's Stations.

Time Tables, Tourist Programmes, Guide-Books, and full particulars of Trains, Fares, &c., may be obtained from Mr. W. H. GOUGH, Superintendent of the Line, Oswestry, at any of the Company's Stations, and at the Cambrian Office, Crue-Woode Buildings, 17 Back Goree, Liverpool, or on application to the undersigned. Also at the **CAMBRIAN RAILWAY'S LONDON OFFICE, 41 GRACECHURCH STREET** (opposite Monument Station), LONDON, E.C., and at the undermentioned Offices of Messrs. Henry Gaze & Sons, Ltd., Excursion Tourist Agents—

London—142 Strand, 4 Northumberland Avenue, 18 Westbourne Grove, and Piccadilly Circus; Birmingham—Stephenson Place, New Street Station; Manchester—L. & N.-W. Booking Office, London Road; Liverpool—25 Lime Street; Dublin—16 Suffolk Street; Glasgow—Central Station.

GENERAL OFFICES, OSWESTRY,
April 1897.

C. S. DENNISS,
General Manager.

BELFAST & NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

Antrim Coast Circular Tour.—The most varied and beautiful Tour in Ireland. Rail: Belfast to Larne, and Portrush to Belfast (92 miles). Coach: Larne to Giants' Causeway (55 miles) along the famous Coast Road, affording infinite variety of scene and interest. Electric Tramway: Giants' Causeway to Portrush (7 miles), 1st class, 21s.; 2nd class, 19s.; 3rd class, 17s.

Portrush and Giants' Causeway.—Excursion Tickets every day from Belfast. Fast trains between Belfast and Portrush, and Electric Tramway, Portrush and Giants' Causeway.

Glenariff.—The loveliest of the numerous and remarkable Glens for which the County Antrim is famed. Daily excursions from Belfast to Glenariff and back by Rail; also Circular Tour, including Glenariff, part of Antrim coast and Larne, at very low fares.

Donegal Highlands and Lakes Erne.—Circular Tour including Rail: Belfast to Portrush. Electric Tram: Portrush to Giants' Causeway and back. Rail: Portrush to Londonderry, thence to Donegal *via* Strabane and Stranorlar and Ballyshannon or Bundoran to Belfast, 1st class, 40s. 6d.; 2nd class, 30s. 6d.; 3rd class, 22s. 9d.

Many other Excursions of interest can be made from Belfast, for particulars of which apply to the undersigned.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY HOTEL, PORTRUSH (Giants' Causeway),

Under Railway Management, affords First-Class accommodation to Tourists visiting the Giants' Causeway, as well as Families and Gentlemen wishing to reside at the sea-side. Grand Dining Room, Drawing, Reading, Smoke, and Billiard Rooms on the Ground Floor. Upwards of 120 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Sea-water Bath Establishment. Lawn Tennis Courts. Best Golf Links in the Country. Hotel well situated and commands splendid view of Sea and Coast. 'Bus attends all trains. For further information apply to HOTEL MANAGER, PORTRUSH.

THE SHORTEST SEA PASSAGE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND IS *via* LARNE AND STRANRAER.

Daily (Sundays excepted) and daylight sailings by the new fast Mail Steamers, "PRINCESS MAY," "PRINCESS VICTORIA," etc.

Two Services (morning and evening) each way every Week-day from
1st June till 30th September.

Sea Passage	:	:	:	:	:	80 Minutes
Port to Port	:	:	:	:	:	2 Hours.

Trains run alongside Steamer at Stranraer and Larne. Through bookings from all the principal places in England and Scotland to the North of Ireland.

For full particulars apply to

EDWARD J. COTTON, *General Manager*,
B. & N. C. Railway, BELFAST.

"What sends picturesque tourists to the Rhine and Saxon Switzerland? Within five miles around the pretty inn of Glengarriff there is a country the magnificence of which no pen can give an idea."—THACKERAY.

CORK, BANDON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

GLENGARRIFF ^{and the} LAKES of KILLARNEY

By the "Prince of Wales Route," via Dublin and Cork.

During the Tourist Season (May 1st to October 31st) Through RETURN CHEAP CIRCULAR TOUR TICKETS are issued at the principal Stations on the London and North Western and other chief English Railways, for Killarney *via* Glengarriff—the favourite and most expeditious Route.

On and after 1st May each year well-appointed Four-Horse Coaches run through the Tourist Season daily (Sundays excepted), between Bantry, Glengarriff, Kenmare, and Killarney, to meet Trains to and from Cork, stopping at Vickery's Hotel, Bantry, for Refreshments.

SOUTH OF IRELAND CIRCULAR TOUR.

CORK, BANTRY, GLENGARRIFF, KENMARE,
AND THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

VIA DUBLIN AND CORK.

GLENGARRIFF.—"What appears chiefly to impress the mind in this lovely region is the deep conviction you feel that there is no dramatic effect in all you behold, no pleasing illusions of art; that it is Nature you contemplate, such as she is, in all her wildness and all her beauty."

By this celebrated Route a direct and expeditious connection is given with the English and Dublin down and up day mails to and from Cork for Glengarriff and Killarney, *via* Bantry, as well as with the South of England, *via* New Milford or Bristol and Cork.

NOTE.—*Passengers Booking through in Ireland or England should be certain to inquire for the cheap Tickets by the "Circular Tour" Route for Glengarriff and Killarney.*

GOOD ROADS FOR CYCLING.

For full particulars see Tourist Programmes and Pictorial Time Tables, sent free upon application to undersigned; or apply to Messrs. COOK & SON; GAZE & SONS, LTD.; the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington; or at the Company's London Office, 2 Charing Cross.

SALOON, LAVATORY, & SMOKING CARRIAGES BETWEEN CORK & BANTRY.

ALBERT QUAY TERMINUS, April 1897.

E. J. O'B. CROKER,
GENERAL MANAGER.

GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE DIRECT ROUTE TO

THE LAKES AND FIORDS OF KERRY,

**KILKEE, MILLTOWN MALBAY,
AND CO. CLARE, LISMORE,
GLENGARRIFF, &c.**

TOURIST SEASON 1897.

EXTENSION OF RAILWAYS. NEW TOURS. GOOD HOTELS.

TOURIST TICKETS at reduced fares issued from all the principal Towns
in the United Kingdom to

KILLARNEY, KENMARE, GLENGARRIFF, KILKEE, Etc.

ALSO

Tickets for Circular Tours embracing **Killarney and
Valencia, Caragh Lake for Glencar,
Waterville, Derrynane, Parknasilla,
Glengarriff, Bantry, Limerick, Galway,
Connemara, Belfast, Etc.**

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS FROM IRISH STATIONS

TO

KILLARNEY AND GLENGARRIFF.

For full particulars send to the Superintendent of the Line, Kingsbridge,
Dublin, for Tourist Programme and Illustrated Guides, which are sent
free on application, or apply to Messrs. COOK & SON, Messrs. GAZE
& SON; at the principal Railway Stations, or to

R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

DUBLIN, May 1897.

CORK AND MUSKERRY LIGHT RAILWAY.

Picturesque and Direct Route to the Famous Blarney Castle.

CORK TO BLARNEY IN 35 MINUTES.

(Tourist Tickets are issued by Messrs. THOS. COOK & SON and GAZE & SON.)

THE Terminus at Blarney is situated in the Castle Grounds, and the Trains run up to the Castle Gate. On WEEK-DAYS Trains leave WESTERN ROAD TERMINUS, CORK, at 8.15 and 10 a.m.; 12.15 noon, 2.40, 4.15, and 6.15 p.m. Returning from Blarney at 9 and 11 a.m.; 1.15, 3.25, 5, and 7 p.m. Return Fare—First Class, 1s. 2d.; Third Class, 10d. On SUNDAYS, *Reduced Fares*—Trains run every alternate hour from 10 a.m. till 8 p.m.

Visitors to Blarney Castle and Grounds can obtain Admission Tickets at Blarney Station on production of this Company's Ticket or Coupon at 3d. each. Holders of other Tickets charged 6d. The Railway passes through the most beautiful and charming country in the South of Ireland, and runs close to Dripsey Castle and Shandy Hall. There is also a station at St. Ann's Hill, two minutes' walk from the celebrated Hydropathic Establishment. For further information apply at Cook's Tourist Office, Academic Street, Cork; or to J. B. WILSON, General Manager, Western Road Terminus, Cork.

GALWAY BAY STEAMBOAT CO., LIMITED.

THE cheapest, shortest, and most enjoyable route for tourists from England, Dublin, and the North of Ireland, to the beautiful scenery on the West Coast of Ireland, is by the Midland Great Western Railway, Dublin to Galway; and thence by the new steamers "Duras," or "Citic of the Tribes," to the ISLANDS OF ARRAN AND KILKERRIN. Sailings every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

For Ballyvaughan in connection with the far-famed spa, Lisdoonvarna, sailings every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday during summer.

For further particulars apply to MANAGER, Midland Great Western Railway, Broadstone, Dublin; or to JAMES A. GRANT, Secretary, 13 Eyre Square, Galway.

ENGLAND AND NORTH OF IRELAND.

The best route is by the Direct Service of Express Steamers.

"MAGIC" (Twin Screw), "OPTIC," "COMIC" (Twin Screw),
"CALORIC," "MYSTIC" (Twin Screw), &c.

Via LIVERPOOL and BELFAST.

Open Sea Passage about Six Hours.

The Steamers of the Belfast Steamship Company are lighted by Electricity, and are fitted with every modern improvement for the comfort of Passengers. The Cabins are amidships, the Saloon being on deck, with a spacious Promenade above.

From Liverpool (Prince's Landing Stage or Prince's Dock) for Belfast—Daily (Sundays excepted) at 10.30 p.m.

From Belfast (Donegal Quay) for Liverpool—Daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 10.30 p.m.

Omnibuses await the arrival of the Steamer at Liverpool, to convey Through Passengers and their Luggage to the Lime Street and Central Stations FREE of charge. Omnibuses also leave the Lime Street and Central Stations every evening, in time to convey all Through Passengers and their Luggage from all Districts to the Steamer FREE of charge.

Through bookings between all principal English Stations and Stations in the North of Ireland at fares as cheap as any other route.

For Fares, Rates, and all particulars apply to H. H. STEVENSON, 6 Brown Street, Manchester; BELFAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED, 5 Chapel Street, Liverpool; or to The Head Office, Belfast Steamship Company, Limited, Belfast.

Telegraphic Address—"Basalt, Belfast"; "Afloat, Liverpool."

99

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE AND LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS ROYAL MAIL ROUTE. FLEETWOOD TO BELFAST AND THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

EVERY EVENING (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED).

In connection with the Lancashire and Yorkshire and London and North-Western Railway Companies' Steamers, "**Duke of Lancaster.**" "**Duke of York.**" "**Duke of Clarence.**"

LEAVE FLEETWOOD FOR BELFAST

Every Evening (Sundays excepted), at 11.35 p.m., or after arrival of trains from London, Birmingham, Hull, Newcastle, Bradford, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, and all parts of the Kingdom; returning

FROM BELFAST TO FLEETWOOD

Every Evening (Sundays excepted), at 8.30 p.m., arriving in Fleetwood in time for early morning trains to the above places.

FARES.—(No Steward's Fee) **SINGLE JOURNEY**, Saloon, 12s. 6d.; Steerage, 5s.; **RETURNS** available for two months, Saloon, 21s.; Steerage, 8s. 6d. Through Tickets (single and return) are also issued from all the principal Stations of the London and North-Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire, North-Eastern, Great Western, Great Northern, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Companies, to Belfast, and *vice versa*.

SPECIAL TOURISTS' TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR TWO MONTHS

Are issued during the Summer Season, *via* the Fleetwood Route, whereby Tourists may visit all places of interest in the North of Ireland and Dublin. For particulars, see the Lancashire and Yorkshire and London and North-Western Companies' Books of Tourists' Arrangements.

At Fleetwood the railway trains run alongside the steamers, and passengers' luggage is carried from the train at the quay on board **FREE OF CHARGE.**

Fleetwood is unrivalled as a steam packet station for the North of Ireland, and the unexampled regularity with which the Belfast Line of Steamers have made the passage between the two ports for more than forty years is probably without a parallel in steamboat service, and has made this Route the most popular, as it is certainly the most Expeditious and Desirable, for Passengers, Goods, and Merchandise, between the great centres of commerce in England and the North and North-West of Ireland.

FLEETWOOD AND LONDONDERRY

Screw Steamships "**ELM**" or "**IVY.**"

From Fleetwood, every Saturday at or after 8.50 p.m. From Derry, every Friday at or after 5 p.m.

For full information apply to A. T. CORTON, 20 Donegal Quay, Belfast; W. F. COPELAND, (L. & Y. Rly.), Irish Traffic Superintendent's Office, 122 Royal Avenue, Belfast; C. W. LODGE (L. & N.-W. Rly.), 26 Royal Avenue, Belfast; Capt. J. E. JACKSON, Marine Superintendent, Fleetwood; S. WHITEHALL, District Superintendent, Fleetwood; JOHN CARTER, Goods Department, Fleetwood; WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Londonderry, or at any Lancashire and Yorkshire or London and North-Western Railway Station.

LONDON AND DUBLIN, AND THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

The best route for Cornwall, Devon, Wilts, Sussex, Kent, Essex, Hants, and Surrey and for the Scilly Islands, the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands and France.

The British and Irish Steam Packet Company's large and powerful Steam-Ships fitted with electric light, and with superior passenger accommodation, and carrying goods, horses, carriages, &c. at moderate rates, leave LONDON and DUBLIN Twice a Week (unless prevented by unforeseen occurrences), calling both ways at

PORTSMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, PLYMOUTH AND FALMOUTH SAILING DAYS

From **LONDON: Sundays and Wednesdays.**

From **DUBLIN: Wednesdays and Saturdays.**

Passengers from London can embark the evening before sailing day without extra charge, but must be on board not later than 10.0 P.M.

FARES FROM LONDON	1st CABIN.		2nd CABIN.		DECK.	
	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.
To Portsmouth	s. d. 10 6	s. d. 16 6	s. d. 6 6	s. d. 10 0	s. d. 4 0	s. d. 6 0
„ Southampton	11 0	17 0	7 0	10 6	4 6	6 6
„ Plymouth	15 0	24 0	11 0	17 6	7 0	11 0
„ Falmouth	20 0	32 0	15 0	24 0	10 0	15 0
„ Dublin	25 0	38 6	17 6	27 0	11 0	17 0

Children from 3 to 12 years of age half fare. Return Tickets are available for two months, and passengers are allowed to break the journey at intermediate ports. Provisions are supplied on board at moderate rates. Private cabins can be reserved on payment of extra charge, on early application being made for same.

London Offices:—19 Leadenhall Street, E.C. JAMES HARTLEY & Co., Agents.
Berth: North Quay, Eastern Basin, London Dock, near the Shadwell Stations, Great Eastern and Metropolitan Railways. Chief Offices, Dublin; 3 North Wall. Telegraphic address; Awe, Dublin.
A. W. EGAN, Secretary.

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND. ROYAL MAIL LINE.

QUICKEST, Cheapest, and Best Route between all parts of Scotland and the North of Ireland.

MAIL SERVICE twice every evening (Sundays excepted) to and from all parts of Ireland *via Belfast*; and all parts of Scotland, *via Glasgow via Greenock*, and *via Ardrossan*.

DAYLIGHT SERVICE DURING SUMMER SEASON.

Glasgow to Belfast and back same day, by "Adder" from Ardrossan.

Also Steamers between—

Glasgow and Manchester, three times weekly.

Glasgow and Liverpool (calling at Greenock). Fast and commodious new steamers "Spaniel" and "Pointer." Cheap Excursion Fares. Five sailings in the fortnight. See newspaper advertisements.

Glasgow and Londonderry (calling at Greenock). Twice weekly.

For full details see Advertisements and Sailing Bills, or apply to

G. & J. BURNS,

Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, Manchester, and Liverpool

British & Irish Steam Packet Co., Ltd.

GRAND HOLIDAY SEA TRIPS.

 (Magnificent Coast Scenery)

BETWEEN

LONDON AND DUBLIN

AND THE

SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

The best route for Cornwall, Devon, Wilts, Sussex, Kent, Essex, Hants, and Surrey and for the Scilly Islands, the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands and France.

THE COMPANY'S LARGE AND POWERFUL STEAM-SHIPS

Fitted with electric light, and with superior accommodation for Passengers, leave London and Dublin twice a week, calling both ways at Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth, and Falmouth.

FLEET:

LADY ROBERTS (New Steamer) 1462 Tons.

LADY WOLSELEY	1450 Tons	LADY MARTIN	1352 Tons
LADY HUDSON-KINAHAN	1375 „	LADY OLIVE	1103 „

SAILING } From London—Sundays and Wednesdays.

DAYS } From Dublin—Wednesdays and Saturdays.

PASSENGER FARES (STEWARDS' FEES INCLUDED) BETWEEN	1st Cabin.		2nd Cabin.		Deck.	
	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.
LONDON and PORTSMOUTH	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
„ SOUTHAMPTON	10 6	16 6	6 6	10 0	4 0	6 0
„ PLYMOUTH	11 0	17 0	7 0	10 6	4 6	6 6
„ FALMOUTH	15 0	24 0	11 0	17 6	7 0	11 0
„ DUBLIN	20 0	32 0	15 0	24 0	10 0	15 0
DUBLIN and FALMOUTH	25 0	38 6	17 6	27 0	11 0	17 0
„ PLYMOUTH	20 0	32 0	15 0	24 0	9 0	14 0
„ SOUTHAMPTON	23 0	35 0	16 0	25 0	10 0	16 0
„ PORTSMOUTH	24 0	37 6	16 6	26 0	10 6	16 6
FALMOUTH and PLYMOUTH	24 0	37 6	16 6	26 0	10 6	16 6
„ SOUTHAMPTON	5 0	8 0	4 0	6 6	3 0	4 6
„ PORTSMOUTH	18 0	28 0	14 0	22 0	9 0	14 0
PLYMOUTH and SOUTHAMPTON	18 0	28 0	14 0	22 0	9 0	14 0
„ PORTSMOUTH	13 0	20 0	10 0	16 0	6 0	9 6
	13 0	20 0	10 0	16 0	6 0	9 6

Children from 3 to 12 years old, half fare. RETURN TICKETS are available for two months, and Passengers are allowed to break the journey at intermediate ports. Provisions supplied on board at moderate rates.

Private Cabins can be reserved on payment of extra charge, on early application being made for same.

Tourists will find much interesting information in Longley's Holiday Guides, entitled *A Run to Dublin*, and *Four Channel Ports*, abundantly illustrated. Sent post free from any of the Company's Offices, or obtainable on board the Steamers.

Passengers from London can embark the evening before sailing day without extra charge, but must be on board not later than 10 P.M.

Special Cheap Excursion Tickets, 1st and 2nd Cabin, available for 14 days, are issued from Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth, and Falmouth to Dublin at a single fare and a quarter, from 1st May to end of September.

Full information as to Sailings, etc., can be obtained from JAMES HARTLEY & Co., 19 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., and North Quay, Eastern Basin, London Docks, Shadwell, E. (where the vessels lie), or from any of the following Agents: R. CLARK & Son, or H. J. WARING & Co., Millbay Pier, Plymouth; W. & E. C. CARNE, Market Street, Falmouth; LE FEUVRE & Son, 8 Gloucester Square, Southampton; J. M. HARRIS, 10 Broad Street, Portsmouth; CAROLIN & EGAN, 30 Eden Quay, Dublin. Chief Offices—3 North Wall, Dublin. Telegraphic Addresses—"AWE," Dublin; "EMERALD," London.

A. W. EGAN, Secretary.

BRISTOL CHANNEL PORTS WITH BELFAST & GLASGOW,

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER STEAMERS

Bristol to Belfast and Glasgow every *Monday* and *Thursday* evening

From Cardiff via Swansea every *Monday* and *Thursday* P.M. tide.

From Swansea every *Wednesday* and *Friday* P.M. tide.

GLASGOW TO BRISTOL CHANNEL PORTS,

Every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY,

Affording opportunities for Splendid Coasting Trips.

CABIN FARE—Single . 20/ Return (available during Season) . 30/

SPECIAL SUMMER RETURN FARES.

Between BRISTOL and BELFAST, 20/ (available for One Month).

Between BRISTOL and GLASGOW, 25/ (available for Fourteen Days).

East and West Coast Circular Tours by this route, connecting with London to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Dundee; also splendid Sea Tours between Bristol, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; Bristol, Dublin, and Isle of Man; and London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, particulars of all which may be had in the Company's Guide Book to be obtained on application to MARK WHITWILL & SON, BRISTOL, or

May 1897.

WILLIAM SLOAN & CO., 8 Gordon Street, Glasgow.

FAMOUS RIVER BOYNE SCENERY (Ireland).

TRAVEL BY DIRECT STEAMER BETWEEN

ENGLAND AND IRELAND, VIA DROGHEDA.

THE DROGHEDA STEAM PACKET COMPANY'S Splendid Fleet of First-Class Saloon Paddle Steamships—"Iverna," "The Kathleen Mavourneen," "Nera Creina," "Tredagh," "Colleen Bawn," etc., etc., sail regularly between Collingwood Dock, Liverpool, and Drogheda, with or without pilots.

These ships are fitted up with the most modern improvements (electric light included), and are enabled to make the passage in about 9 hours. Express Trains run at frequent intervals during the day from Drogheda. For the convenience and comfort of Lady Passengers a Stewardess is carried.

The Company has made Through Booking arrangements with the Lancashire and Yorkshire, Great Western, London and North-Western, Great Northern, Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and Midland Railways, for the conveyance of Goods and Live Stock, at Moderate Rates, to all the principal Towns in England. CABIN FARE, including Steward's Fee, 10s. RETURN CABIN TICKETS, available for Two Months, 15s. DECK FARE, 4s.

A. W. ARCHER, Secretary.

I. JANDRELL, Drury Buildings, 23 Water Street, and Collingwood Dock, Liverpool.

CITY OF CORK STEAM PACKET COMPANY, LIMITED.

TOURISTS for the South of Ireland, Lakes of Kilarney, Glengarriff, etc., should travel by the Steamers running between Cork and Liverpool, Milford, Bristol, Plymouth, Southampton, London, Cardiff, and Newport. Sailing Book on application to the Company, Penrose Quay, Cork.

W. DE FOUBERT, *Secretary*.

DELIGHTFUL STEAMER TRIPS ON THE THAMES.



SALOON STEAMERS run daily between **OXFORD, HENLEY, and KINGSTON**, from 17th May to end of September 1897.

DOWN TRIP.
 OXFORD to HENLEY. } Daily (Sundays
 HENLEY to KINGSTON. } excepted).

UP TRIP.
 KINGSTON to HENLEY. } Daily (Sundays
 HENLEY to OXFORD. } excepted).

SPECIAL TRIP Windsor to Henley and back daily (Sundays excepted).

The through journey occupies two days each way, but passengers can join or leave the boat at any of the locks, or regular stopping places. Circular Tickets for Combined Railway and Steamer Trips are issued at most of the principal G.W.R. Stations, and at Waterloo Station L. & S.W.R. Time Table giving full particulars of arrangements, fares, etc., post free, 1d.

Rowing Boats of all kinds for **Excursions** down the River
 at Charges which include Cartage back to Oxford.

Full Particulars on application.

Steam Launches for **Hire** by the day or Week, and also
 for the Trip.

Boats of every description, **Canoes, Punts, etc., built to Order.**

A large selection, both New and Second-hand, kept in readiness for Sale or Hire.

Illustrated Price Lists may be had on application.

House Boats for Sale or Hire, and also built to Order.

SALTER BROTHERS,
 Boat Builders,
 FOLLY BRIDGE, OXFORD.

ULLSWATER

"The English Lucerne."

The Royal Mail Steam Yachts

Of the Ullswater Steam Navigation Co., Limited, will ply on Lake Ullswater (weather permitting and Sundays excepted), from April 15th to September 30th, 1897.

STEAMBOAT FARES.

	Single Fare.		Return.	
	1st C.	2d C.	1st C.	2d C.
Pooley Bridge to Howtown	1 0	0 9	1 6	1 3
Howtown to Patterdale	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 6
Pooley Bridge to Patterdale	2 0	1 6	3 0	2 0
Patterdale to Howtown	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 6
Howtown to Pooley Bridge	1 0	0 9	1 6	1 3
Patterdale to Pooley Bridge	2 0	1 6	3 0	2 0

Children under 12, half price.

COACH FARES.

From Penrith to Pooley Bridge and *vice versa*:
Single Tickets, 2s.; Return Tickets, 2s. 6d. To Ullswater from Ambleside, Single, 3s. 6d.; Return, 5s. From Bowness and Windermere, Single, 6s.; Return, 8s. 6d. (Coachman's Fee included).

EXPRESS TRAINS on the L. & N. W. Ry., G. N. Ry. (*via* Darlington), N. E. Ry., and Midland Ry. (*via* Appleby), on the direct main line run to Penrith (the station for Ullswater).

TOURIST AND WEEK-END TICKETS to PENRITH

are issued at the principal stations of the above lines. The holders of Tourist Tickets to Scotland on the L. & N. W. System are allowed to break their journey (either way) at Penrith, in order to visit Ullswater.

For further information see the Company's Time Tables and Sailings Bill, or apply to **WILLIAM SCOTT**, *Secretary*, Public Offices, Penrith.

PLYMOUTH, CHANNEL ISLANDS, & BRITTANY STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED).

THE new Twin Screw Steamship "Channel Queen" runs regularly between Plymouth, Guernsey, Jersey, and St. Brieuc (Brittany).

1st and 2nd Class Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saloons, Dining and Smoking Rooms, Sleeping Apartments. Electric Light throughout.

For Time Tables, Rates, etc., apply to J. G. MILLMAN, Sutton Wharf, Plymouth; G. T. BRYANT, Jersey; A. I. BIRD, St. Brieuc; or to ONESIMUS DOREY, Manager, Guernsey.

SUMMER TRIPS ROUND SCOTLAND

By M. LANGLANDS & SONS'

WELL-KNOWN Steamers "Princess Victoria," "Princess Beatrice," "Princess Louise," "Princess Helena," and "Princess Irene," which leave Liverpool twice a week *via* Oban, and West and Northern Highlands of Scotland, to Aberdeen, Leith, and Dundee, calling occasionally at Kyleakin, Broadford, Gairloch, Badcall, Loch Eriboll, Inverness, or Newcastle-on-Tyne. Also regular sailings between Liverpool and Glasgow. Full particulars from

M. LANGLANDS & SONS, 10 Ramford Place, Liverpool.

CARRON LINE.

SCOTLAND AND LONDON.

INCREASED AND ACCELERATED SERVICE.

Notice.—The new twin-screw steamer "Avon" is expected to be on the station in May. The service will then be increased and accelerated. For further particulars see daily papers.

Carron Company's splendid steamers "GRANGE," "FORTH," and "THAMES" (which have been specially built for the service, and are all lighted by electricity), or other steamers, are expected to sail, unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances,

From Grangemouth—Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. From Carron and London and Continental Steam Wharves. London—Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Average Passage 30 Hours. Trains run alongside the Steamers at Grangemouth. The only Route by which Passengers can obtain a Perfect View of the Forth Bridge—the Steamers of this Line sailing underneath.

Fares: Glasgow and London.

First Cabin, including 1st Class Rail	26s.	39s.
Second " Cabin " 3rd " "	24s.	35s.
Soldiers and Sailors on Deck, and 3rd Class Rail	17s. 6d.	26s. 6d.
First Cabin	12s.	..
Grangemouth and London.		
First Cabin	22s.	34s.
Second Cabin	16s.	24s.
Soldiers and Sailors on Deck	10s.	..

Return Tickets available for Two Months.

Circular Tours, Glasgow to London returning by Clyde Shipping Co.'s Steamers; also to Bristol, Dublin, Belfast, and Isle of Man, etc. Each steamer carries a Stewardess.

For Berths, Guide-books (free), and all information apply in LONDON at Carron and London and Continental Wharves, 87-93 Lower East Smithfield, E.; City Office, 73 Great Tower Street; in GLASGOW, at Carron Company's Offices, 125 Buchanan Street; in Greenock, at City Buildings; in EDINBURGH, to T. COOK & SON, 9 Princes Street, or J. & H. LINDSAY, 7 Waterloo Place; and at Carron Company's Offices, GRANGEMOUTH.

THE LAIRD LINE.

Glasgow to Dublin—Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.	} FARES—Cabin, Single, 12s. 6d. Steerage, 5s.; Return, 20s. and 8s.
Dublin to Glasgow—Every Tues., Thurs., and Sat.	
Glasgow to Londonderry—Every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday.	} FARES—Cabin, Single, 12s. 6d.; Steerage, 4s.; Return, 20s.
Londonderry to Glasgow—Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.	
Glasgow to Portrush.—See Monthly Sailing Bills.	} FARES. Cabin, Single, 10s.; Steerage, 3s. 6d.; Return, 15s. and 6s.
Portrush to Glasgow.	
Glasgow to Coleraine (with liberty to call at or off Portrush) Every Monday and Thursday.	
Coleraine to Glasgow (with liberty to call at or off Portrush) Every Tuesday and Saturday.	
Glasgow to Sligo—Every Wednesday and Friday. See Monthly Sailing Bills.	} EXCURSION FARES. (One month)—Cabin, 15s.; Steerage, 6s.
Sligo to Glasgow—Every Tuesday and Saturday, at afternoon tide.	
Glasgow to Ballina.—See Monthly Bills.	} Glasgow to Westport.—See Monthly Bills. Westport to Glasgow. " "
Ballina to Glasgow. " "	
Fleetwood to Londonderry—Every Sat. at 8.45 aftern.	} EXCURSION FARES. (One month)—Cabin, 15s.; Steerage, 6s.
Londonderry to Fleetwood—Every Friday at 5 aftern.	
Morecambe to Dublin—Every Mon., Wed., and Friday.	
Dublin to Morecambe—Every Tues., Thurs., and Sat.	
Morecambe to Londonderry—Every Tues. and Sat.	} Liverpool to Larne, Portrush, or Coleraine, and Westport.—See Monthly Bills. Westport, Coleraine, Portrush, or Larne to Liverpool. " "
Londonderry to Morecambe—Every Mon. and Thurs.	

For further particulars apply to ALEX. A. LAIRD & Co., 52 Robertson St., Glasgow; Custom House Quay, Greenock; 2 Upper Fountains St., Leeds; Quay, Ballina and Larne Harbour; O. CARR, Morecambe Harbour; M. LANGLANDS & SONS, Liverpool; WELLS & HOLOHAN, Dublin; ALEX. A. LAIRD & Co., Londonderry; D. FELL & SON, or J. CALDWELL & SON, Portrush and Coleraine; JAS. HARPER & Co., Sligo; A. M. O'MALLEY, Westport.

LOCH-LOMOND.

"QUEEN OF SCOTTISH LAKES."

THE Dumbarton and Balloch Joint Line Committees' First-Class Saloon Steamers sail from Balloch Pier, calling frequently at all Loch-Lomond Piers, also in connection with Trossachs Tours, Loch - Lomond and Loch - Long Tours. Trossachs and Aberfoyle Tours, &c. &c.

The most direct and picturesque route to Oban and Fort-William, *via* Loch Lomond, Ardlui, and Crianlarich.

For Train and Steamboat hours see North British and Caledonian Railway Time Tables, or apply to both Companies' Stationmasters, and to WM. J. FRASER, 21 Hope Street, Glasgow.

WEEKLY CIRCULAR TOURS.

GLASGOW & THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

ONE Week's Pleasure Sailing by the splendid sea-going Steamer "Hebridean," sailing from Glasgow and Greenock, every MONDAY for Islay, Colonsay, Oban, Mull, Coll, Tiree, Skye, Uist, Barra, etc., affords the Tourist a splendid opportunity of viewing the magnificent scenery of the West of Skye and the Outer Hebrides.

Cabin for the Round 35s., Board included 65s.

ISLAND OF ST. KILDA—During the Season special trips are made to this famous Island, when passengers are given facilities for landing.

Cabin on St. Kilda Trips 50s., Board included 84s.

Time Bills, Maps of Route, Cabin Plans, and Berths secured at

JOHN M'CALLUM & CO., 10 Ann St., City, Glasgow.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

WEEKLY CIRCULAR TOUR.

THE Favourite Steamer DUNARA CASTLE sails from Glasgow every Thursday at 2 P.M., and from Greenock, West Quay, at 7 P.M., for Colonsay, Iona, Bunessan, Tyree, Barra, Uist, Skye, and Harris, returning to Glasgow on Wednesdays. Affords to Tourists the opportunity of about a week's comfortable Sea Voyage, and at the same time a Panoramic View of the magnificent scenery of the Outer Hebrides.

CABIN FARE, £1:15s., INCLUDING MEALS, £3:5s.

Occasional Trips during Season to the Island of St. Kilda. Return Cabin Fare, including Meals, £4:4s.

Time Bills (with Maps) and Berths secured on application to

MARTIN ORME, 20 Robertson Street, Glasgow.

Berths may also be booked at the London Offices of the Clyde Shipping Company, 138 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and Carron Company, 87 Lower East Smithfield, E.C., and 73 Great Tower Street, E.C.

Regular Sailings between

GLASGOW, GREENOCK, AND LIVERPOOL.

The First-Class Passenger Steamer "Princess Royal," fitted throughout with electric light, and having saloon and state-rooms amidships, or other Steamer, maintains a regular and frequent service between these ports. Ordinary Fares.—Cabin, single, including Steward's Fee, 10s.; Return, 15s., available for 2 months; Steerage, single, 5s. Special Return Fares (valid for 10 days), Cabin, 12s. 6d.; Steerage, 7s. 6d.

GLASGOW AND MANCHESTER.

The s.s. "Princess Helena," or other Steamer, sails from Manchester every Wednesday, and from Glasgow every Friday with passengers and cargo.
Fares.—Cabin, single, 11s.; Return, available for 2 months, 17s.; Steerage, single, 6s. Special Return Fares (valid for 10 days), Cabin, 14s. 6d.; Steerage, 9s. 6d.

SPLENDID TOURS ROUND SCOTLAND

between MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL and ABERDEEN, LEITH, and DUNDEE, calling at Stornoway and Stromness, giving passengers a splendid opportunity of viewing *en route* some of the finest of Scottish scenery.

The First-Class full-powered passenger Steamers "Princess Victoria," "Princess Beatrice," "Princess Louise," and "Princess Irene" maintain a complete and regular Service between the above ports.

For full and detailed particulars regarding above-mentioned and other tours see the Company's General Sailing Bills for the month, or apply to D. McPherson, Union Street, Inverness; J. M. Morison, Stornoway; J. Johnson Brown, Newcastle; James Crombie, Trinity Buildings, Aberdeen; R. K. Christie, 46 Castle Street, Dundee; or M. LANGLANDS AND SONS, at the Wharf, Stromness; 80 Constitution Street, Leith; 3 Brymner Street, Greenock; 14 St. Mary's Gate, Manchester; 10 Rumford Place, Liverpool; 123 Hope Street, Glasgow.

**ABERDEEN AND LONDON.
THE ABERDEEN STEAM NAVIGATION CO.'S STEAMSHIPS**

HOGARTH, BAN-RIGH, CITY OF LONDON, or CITY OF ABERDEEN,
will be despatched (weather, etc., permitting)—

From ABERDEEN, 87 Waterloo Quay, every Wednesday and Saturday.

From LONDON, Aberdeen Wharf, Limehouse, every Wednesday and Saturday.

The Steamers are fitted up in First-Class style—Ladies' Saloon, and Smoking Room on Deck—Electric Light throughout—Time on Passage 36 hours.

The Company's steam tender 'ICH DIEN' attends the Steamers on their arrival in London for the purpose of conveying Passengers to the Temple Pier, Thames Embankment; she also leaves that Pier with Passengers for the Steamers one hour before the advertised time of sailing from Limehouse.

FARES—*Private Cabins* accommodating four passengers £6.

Private Cabins, if occupied by fewer than four passengers £5.

Single Tickets—1st Cabin, 30s.; 2nd Cabin, 15s.; Children under 14 years, 15s. and 10s.

Return Tickets—available for six months—45s. and 25s.; Children, 25s. and 15s.

A Stewardess carried in both First and Second Cabins.

Berths secured and further information obtained on application to GEORGE MURCH, Agent, The Aberdeen Steam Navigation Co.'s Wharf, Limehouse; and at 102 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., London; or to

WILLIAM A. MALCOLM,
Manager, Aberdeen.

GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

55 GREAT TOWER STREET, E.C.

HAMBURG.—Greatly accelerated service. Express Route from Liverpool Street Station, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8.35 p.m. The s.s. "Seamew," 3500 tons measurement capacity, 2600 horse-power, "Peregrine," 3000 tons, 3000 horse-power, both lighted with electricity, and having splendid passenger accommodation, have been placed on the route. Fares, 1st Class and Saloon, £1 17s. 6d.; 2nd Class and Fore Cabin, £1, 5s. 9d.; Return, £2, 16s. 3d. and £1, 18s. 9d.

From Irongate and St. Katharine's Wharf.

OSTEND, as per Time Table, 7s. 6d. or 6s. Return, 10s. 6d. or 9s.

EDINBURGH, Weds. and Sats., 22s. or 16s. Return, 34s. or 24s. 6d.

BORDEAUX.—Leaving London on Saturdays and Bordeaux early Sunday mornings (passengers embarking in Bordeaux on Saturday evenings).

FARES—(no Steward's Fees): **Chief Cabin, £2, 10s.; Fore Cabin, £1, 15s.** Return Tickets, (available for Two Months), **Chief Cabin, £4; Fore Cabin £3.** Children under 12 years half-price. Bicycles, at owners' risk 5s. each.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS to the **PYRENEES** and **BACK** (Cook's Tours) Including food on board Steamer and Hotel Accommodation, carriage drives, etc.

18 Day Tour for THIRTEEN GUINEAS, 12 day do. 11 GUINEAS.

LEITH AND LONDON.



THE LONDON & EDINBURGH SHIPPING COMPANY'S First-Class Steamships, **FINGAL** (new steamer), **IONA, MALVINA, MARMION** (all lighted by Electricity), or other of the Company's Vessels, are intended to Sail (until further notice) from **VICTORIA DOCK, LEITH**, every **WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY**, and from **HERMITAGE STEAM WHARF, WAPPING, E.**, every **TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY.**

FARES.—First Cabin, including Steward's Fee, 22s.; Second Cabin, 16s.; Deck (Soldiers and Sailors only), 10s. Return Tickets, available for 12 months (including Steward's Fee both ways)—First Cabin, 34s.; Second Cabin, 24s. 6d.

Provisions, &c., may be had from the Steward on moderate terms.

Not responsible for Passengers' Luggage, unless booked and paid for.

CHEAP CIRCULAR TOURS round the Land's End in connection with Clyde Shipping Company's Steamers—Fare, 1st Cabin, 47s. 6d.; and by Bristol Channel, in connection with Messrs. Sloan & Co.'s Steamers—Fare, 1st Cabin, 35s. (Railway Fares extra.) By British and Irish Steam Packet Company's Steamer to Dublin. Steamer "Yarrow" to Silloth, and rail to Edinburgh. Fare, Saloon, and first class rail, 52s. Saloon and third class rail, 47s.

Apply in London to **LONDON & EDINBURGH SHIPPING COMPANY, Hermitage Steam Wharf, Wapping; ABERDEEN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 102 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; M'DOUGALL & BENTHON, 72 Mark Lane, E.C.; G. W. WHEATLEY & Co., 23 Regent Street; or to SEAWARD BROTHERS, LIMITED, Carting Agents, 7 Eastcheap, E.C. Edinburgh—COWAN & Co., 5 Princes Street. Glasgow—COWAN & Co., 23 St. Vincent Place. Greenock—D. MACDOUGALL, 1 Cross Shore Street; and to**

THOMAS AITKEN, 8 & 9 COMMERCIAL STREET, LEITH.

1897.

Telegraphic Addresses: Leith—'Aitken'; London—'Edina.'

Commercial St. Office, Leith: Telephone No. 408.—Hermitage Wharf, London: Telephone No. 2394

ANCHOR LINE.

AMERICA, INDIA, and MEDITERRANEAN.

GLASGOW to NEW YORK,

Every THURSDAY.

S.S. CITY OF ROME, 8453 Tons.	S.S. FURNESSIA, 5495 Tons.
S.S. ANCHORIA, : : 4167 "	S.S. ETHIOPIA, : : 4004 "
S.S. CIRCASSIA, : : 4272 "	S.S. DEVONIA, : : 4270 "

NEW YORK TO GLASGOW,

Every SATURDAY.

To New York, Boston, or Philadelphia—Saloon Fares up to Twenty-One Guineas. Second Cabin and Steerage at Reduced Rates.

Special Terms to Tourists and Parties.

The "CITY OF ROME," "FURNESSIA," and "ANCHORIA" are fitted throughout with Electric Light, and have excellent accommodation for all classes of passengers.

MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.

GLASGOW for GIBRALTAR, GENOA, LEGHORN, NAPLES, MESSINA, PALERMO, and TRIESTE Fortnightly.

GLASGOW AND LIVERPOOL TO BOMBAY AND CALCUTTA.

Via SUEZ CANAL, FORTNIGHTLY.

Unsurpassed Accommodation for Saloon Passengers.

EGYPT and the HOLY LAND.

Fortnightly Sailings—PORT SAID, ISMAILIA, SUEZ, and CAIRO.

SALOON—Port Said, £12, Return, £21 : 12s.; Ismailia, £13, Return, £23 : 8s.; Suez, £14, Return, £25 : 4s.

To Cairo and Back, £26 : 5s.; or Returning from Cairo *via* Marseilles and Rail to London, £27 : 6s.; or Liverpool to Cairo and Back by Steamer to Marseilles only, £21.

MARSEILLES to LIVERPOOL and GLASGOW.

Steamers of the "ANCHOR" LINE leave MARSEILLES regularly for LIVERPOOL and GLASGOW.

Cabin Fare to Liverpool, £11; to Glasgow, £11 by direct Steamer.

Apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, 17 Water Street, Liverpool; Equitable Buildings, 13 St. Ann Street, Manchester; 25 Albert Square, Dundee; 18 Leadenhall Street, E.C., London; 20 Foyle Street, Londonderry; Gibraltar; 7 Bowling Green, New York; and 47 Union Street, Glasgow.

LOCH TAY STEAMERS.

STEAMERS sail daily on Loch Tay from Killin Pier on arrival of principal trains from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Oban, Fort-William *via* Crianlarich, &c., and from Kenmore in connection with Highland Railway trains at Aberfeldy, thus maintaining regular through transit between both Railways.

Tickets for the grand Circular Tour of Loch Tay sold at all the principal Railway Stations in the kingdom.

For further information see Time Tables and Monthly Sailing Bills, or apply to

JOHN. P. STEWART, Manager,

Loch Tay Steam-Boat Company, Limited.

KENMORE, PERTHSHIRE.

LEITH to ABERDEEN, BUCKIE, LOSSIEMOUTH (for Elgin), BURGHEAD (for Forres), CROMARTY, INVERGORDON (for Strathpeffer), and INVERNESS.

S.S. EARNHOLM leaves **Leith** every Monday, and **Aberdeen** every Tuesday, for **Buckie, Lossiemouth, Cromarty, Invergordon, and Inverness**: leaves **Inverness** every Thursday for **Cromarty, Invergordon, Aberdeen, and Leith**. **S.S. JAMES HALL** leaves **Leith** every Thursday (and every Tuesday to **Aberdeen** only), and **Aberdeen** every Friday for **Burghead, Cromarty, Invergordon, and Inverness**: leaves **Inverness** every Monday for **Cromarty, Invergordon, Aberdeen, and Leith**. **S.S. EARNHOLM** or **S.S. JAMES HALL** leaves **Aberdeen** for **Leith** every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. **FARES MODERATE.**

For further particulars apply to the Manager of The Aberdeen, Leith, and Moray Firth Steam Shipping Co., Limited, **JAMES CROMBIE**, Trinity Buildings, Aberdeen; or to **M. LANGLANDS & SONS**, 80 Constitution Street, Leith.

CRANTON TO FAROE ISLES & ICELAND.

THE Royal Danish Mail Steamers "Laura," "Thyra," and "Botnia" will sail as under during 1897:—

LEITH TO FAROE AND ICELAND.—25th April, 20th May, 5th June, 22nd June, 13th July, 22nd July, 2nd August, 21st August, 15th September, 25th September, 13th November.

ICELAND TO FAROE AND LEITH.—13th May, 13th June, 20th June, 13th July, 30th July, 14th August, 15th August, 2nd September, 11th October, 20th October, 30th November.

For Freight or Passage apply to **GEO. V. TURNBULL & CO., Leith,**

Agents for the United Steamship Co. of Copenhagen.

BAGGAGE FORWARDED TO AND FROM ALL PARTS OF CONTINENT!!

DAILY DISPATCHES by "GOODS" and "EXPRESS" Services, at cheap fixed through rates per 112 lb., *saving trouble and expense.*

Full instructions, adhesive labels, tariffs of rates, and lists of Correspondents, sent post free.

PITT & SCOTT, Foreign Carriers,

25 CANNON STREET, E.C., and 25 REGENT STREET, S.W., LONDON.

7 South John Street, LIVERPOOL; 7 Rue Scribe, PARIS; 39 Broadway, NEW YORK.

N.B.—Secure Storage, 1/ per Trunk per month. **PASSAGE TICKETS** for all Steamship Lines.

INTERESTING TO TOURISTS.

PLEASURE EXCURSIONS BY COACH, STEAMER, & TRAIN,

During June, July, August, and September 1897.

OBAN to OBAN and LOCHAWA to LOCHAWA.

**Via Pass of Melfort, Lochawe, and Pass of Brander,
at the base of Ben Cruachan.**

BY Coach leaving M'Gregor's Coach Office *every lawful day* at 9.45 A.M. by way of Lochfeochan, Pass of Melfort, Loch Craignish, Carnasary Castle, and Ford, where Passengers join the Steamer "Countess of Breadalbane" for Lochawe Station; thence per Train due to arrive in Oban at or about 6.30 P.M.; or *vice versa* by Train leaving Oban about 9.40 A.M. for Lochawe Station, thence per Steamer "Countess of Breadalbane" to Ford, and from Ford by Coach due to reach Oban about 6.30 P.M.

Fares for the Round:—First Class, 17s.; Third Class, 15s. 6d. Coach-driver's and Guard's Fees not included.

**Passengers Booked at Lochawe Hotel, and at Coach Office and
Railway Station, Oban.**

SCENERY SURPASSING GRAND.

THE GOOLE STEAM SHIPPING COMPANY, LIMITED,

FIRST-CLASS FAST STEAMERS ARE DISPATCHED (Weather, etc., permitting).

FROM GOOLE

To ROTTERDAM, Wed. and Sat.; returning Tues. and Sat. Passenger's Fares to Rotterdam: Saloon, 15s., Return Ticket, 25s.: **Return Tourist Ticket, 20s.**

To AMSTERDAM, Wed. and Sat.; returning Tues. Evening and Sat. Passenger's Fares to Amsterdam: Saloon, 15s., Return Ticket, 25s.: **Return Tourist Ticket, 20s.**

To HARLINGEN, Wed. and Sat.; returning Tues. Evening and Sat. Passenger's Fares to Harlingen: Saloon, 15s., Return Ticket, 25s.: **Return Tourist Ticket, 20s.**

To ANTWERP, Wednesday and Saturday; returning Wednesday and Saturday. Passenger's Fares to Antwerp: Saloon, 15s., Return Ticket, 20s.

To GHENT (*Direct*), Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday; returning Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Passenger's Fares to Ghent: Saloon, 15s., Return Ticket, 20s.

To DUNKIRK, Wednesday; returning Saturday. Passenger's Fares to Dunkirk: Saloon, 15s., Return Ticket, 20s.

Tourist tickets issued from April 10 to October 31, available for return by either of above ports.

To BRUGES Weekly.

To HAMBURG, Tues., Wed., Thur., and Sat.; returning Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat. Passenger's Fares to Hamburg: Saloon, 30s., Return Ticket, 45s. **Return Tourist ticket, 30s.**

To DELFZIEL. Passenger's Fares to Delfziel: Saloon, 15s., Return Ticket, 25s.

To Jersey, Splendid Service during the Potato Season.

GOOLE being the most Inland Port on the East Coast, the Railway Fares to and from the various towns are necessarily less than in connection with other Ports. *For further particulars apply to*

THE GOOLE STEAM SHIPPING COMPANY, LIMITED, GOOLE.

J. MASON, *General Manager*.

CUNARD LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.



ESTABLISHED 1840.

SAILING FROM LIVERPOOL

(VIA QUEENSTOWN),

For NEW YORK and BOSTON—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

NOTICE.—The Steamers of this Line come alongside the Liverpool Landing-stage, and London Passengers depart from or arrive at the Riverside Station on the Quay adjoining.

SALOON Passage, £12 and upwards. **SECOND CABIN** Passage, £8 and upwards. **STEERAGE** Passage at Low Rates.

Passengers booked to all parts of the United States and Canada; also *via* San Francisco and Vancouver to Honolulu, China, Japan, New Zealand, and Australia.

MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE—Frequent freight Steamers to Italy, the Adriatic, and the Levant.

FRENCH SERVICE—Steamers from Liverpool to Havre every week.

For Freight or Passage apply at the Company's Offices—in New York, at 4 Bowling Green; in Boston, at 99 State Street; in Havre, at 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris, at 38 Avenue de l'Opera; in London, at 13 Pall Mall, S.W., and 93 Bishopsgate Street, E.C.; in Manchester, at 18 Brazennose Street, Albert Square, in Glasgow, at 30 Jamaica Street; in Leith, at Exchange Buildings; in Queenstown, at Cunard Wharf, or to

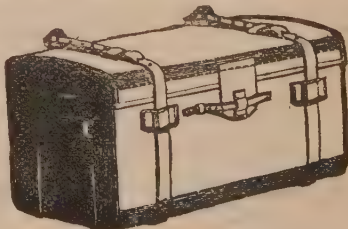
THE CUNARD STEAM SHIP COMPANY LIMITED, 8 Water Street, Liverpool.
LIVERPOOL, 1897.

JAMES BENSON,

Trunk, Portmanteau, and Leather Bag Manufacturer.

LADIES' DRESS TRUNKS, from 7s. 6d.

Waterproof Coats.
Portmanteaus.
Railway Rugs.
Elastic Stockings.
Waterproof Beds.
Driving Aprons.
Overland trunks for India and all parts of the world.
India-Rubber Toys.
Overshoes, Leggings, etc.



Travelling Bags.
Leather Bags.
Ladies' Bags.
Ladies' Boxes.
Ladies' Dress Imperials.
Waterproof Sheetings.
Ladies' Waterproof Capes.
All kinds of leather Straps.

STRONG AND USEFUL PORTMANTEAUS, from 8s. 6d.

PRICE LIST FREE.

A large number of Second-hand Travelling Bags, Ladies' Dress Baskets, Portmanteaus, and Trunks.

3, 4, & 263 Tottenham Court Road, & 1 Great Russell Street, London.

By Appointment to



Her Majesty the Queen.

MODERN MOURNING.

Messrs. JAY

SEND ASSISTANTS to any part of the Kingdom,
FREE OF EXPENSE to PURCHASERS, with a
FULL SELECTION of MOURNING, the PRICES
being the SAME as if purchased at the Warehouse in
Regent Street.

SKIRTS, MANTLES, TEAGOWNS, AND MILLINERY

Are READY for IMMEDIATE WEAR, and BODICES are COMPLETED
to measure in the SHORTEST POSSIBLE TIME.

MOURNING AND HALF MOURNING
MATERIALS A SPÉCIALITÉ

JAY'S, LTD.,

MOURNING HOUSE,

REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

WATERPROOF REQUISITES

FISHING

FISHING

FISHING

FISHING

ALL KINDS OF



TROUSERS.

STOCKINGS.

BOOTS.

BROGUES.

COATS & CAPE

For SHOOTING, FISHING, DRIVING, &c.

S. MATTHEWS & SON, 58 Charing Cross, London, S.W.
Illustrated Price List post free on application.
By Special Royal Appointment.

SPEARMAN'S SERGES AND FANCY WEAVINGS

PURE WOOL ONLY. FOR ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

PLAIN COLOURS, CHECKS, AND MIXTURES. STRONG! USEFUL! DURABLE

For Ladies' Wear . . . 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. the yard.

For Gentlemen's Suits . . . 2s. 11d. to 10s. 6d. the yard.

On Receipt of Instructions Samples will be sent Post Free.
N.B.—Any length cut and carriage paid to principal stations, or by Parcels Post in the United Kingdom.

ONLY ADDRESS—NO AGENTS: SPEARMAN. SPEARMAN.

PLYMOUTH.

 THE WANT OF
THE DAY.

 MAKES STARCHED
LINEN LIKE NEW


REGISTERED NO. 40876

*The Greatest Boon
ever offered to the
Laundries for im-
parting an Ivory
Finish to Starched
Linen, Laces, etc*

It does not stick to Spider-Web-like materials. Once tried always wanted. Used the Royal Laundries. Should be used in every House. Sold by most Starch Sellers, packets, 1d., 3d., and 6d. each. Prepared only by T. CRITCHLEY, Chemist, Blackbu

Telegrams :

"SHETLANDS," EDINBURGH

Shetland Goods

John White & Co.,
10 Frederick Street,
Edinburgh.

Illustrated Price List free.

Cantrell & Cochrane's

PURVEYORS TO
HER MAJESTY'S HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

CLUB SODA
(SPECIALLY PREPARED)
CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S
CARBONATED
MANUFACTURED BY H. M. ROYAL LETTERS PATENT
20 GOLD & PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED
DUBLIN & BELFAST

GINGER ALE
AROMATIZED
DUBLIN & BELFAST
CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S
MANUFACTURED BY H. M. ROYAL LETTERS PATENT

31 GOLD & PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED

NASSAU WORKS
DUBLIN.

CROMAC BUILDINGS
BELFAST.

WOODSTOCK ST OXFORD ST
LONDON.

"CLUB ALE" and "CLUB KOLA" New Specialities.

CANTRELL & COCHRANE were awarded a GOLD MEDAL for ALL their products at Liverpool Exhibition, 1886.

CANTRELL & COCHRANE are the only Manufacturers who were awarded a MEDAL for their products at Paris Exhibition 1889, GOLD MEDAL at Kingston Jamaica Exhibition 1891, making a grand total of

THIRTY-TWO GOLD AND PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

LONDON DEPOTS—

Wyndham Place, and Crawford Street, W.

GLASGOW DEPOT—53 Surrey Street.

Works: BELFAST AND DUBLIN.

MEDICAL REPORTS.

"This is one of the purest Waters which has ever come under my notice or of which I have seen any record."

FRANCIS SUTTON,
F.C.S., F.I.C.

"For gouty people the Cwm Spring Water is specially suited, owing to its peculiar freedom from lime and other dissolved mineral matters."

W.N. THURSFIELD,
M.D., C.S., &c.

DRINK ONLY

THE PUREST WATER IN THE WORLD.

SPECIALITY.

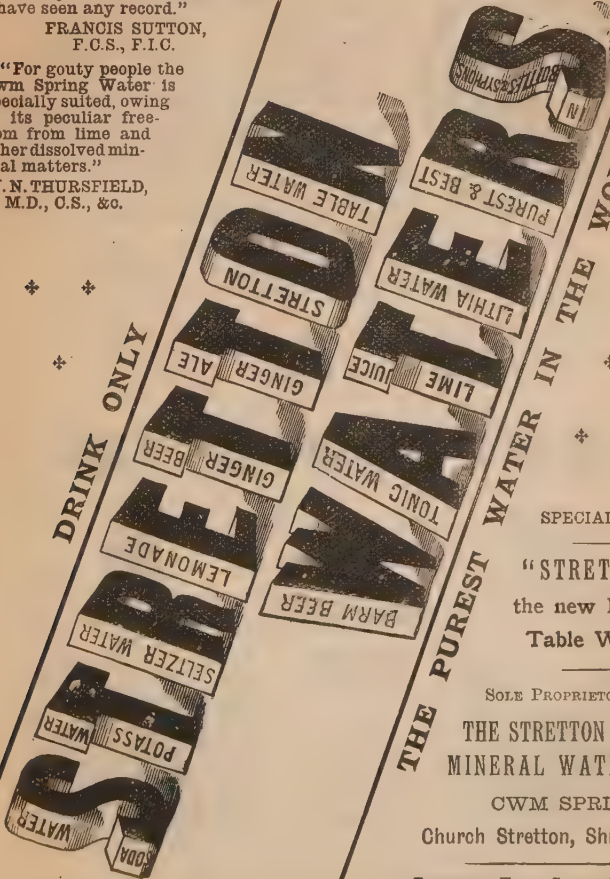
"STRETTON,"
the new English
Table Water.

SOLE PROPRIETORS:

THE STRETTON HILLS
MINERAL WATER CO.,

CWM SPRING,
Church Stretton, Shropshire.

TELEGRAMS—HINCE, CHURCH STRETTON.



CAMBRIAN MINERAL WATERS.

RUTHIN.—Best Soda Water Sold.



UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

By Dr. C. R. FRANCIS, late Principal of the Medical College in Calcutta—an entire stranger to the Company. See "*The Indian Magazine*," September 1888, "On the best mode of preserving health in India," page 487 :

"Among **THE BEST SODA WATER SOLD** is that supplied by the Ruth Soda Water Company—the Water being obtained from an Artesian Spring in Vale of Clwyd, North Wales."

Send for Price List and Reports of Analysis

Soda Water
Seltzer Water

Potass Water
Lithia Water
Lime Juice and other Cordials

Lemonade
Ginger Ale

Ginger Beer
Hop Bitters

MANUFACTURED BY

The Ruthin Soda Water Co., Limited,
CAMBRIAN WORKS, RUTHIN, N.W.

SAMPSON & CO.

THE
SURPLICE
SHIRT.

Six for
45s.



268, 270 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

MAPS FOR TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS.

ENGLAND—JOHNSTON'S MODERN MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

In Four Sheets. Size of each Sheet 35 by 29½ inches, scale 7 miles to 1 inch. Shows all Towns, Railways (with Stations marked), Roads, Rivers, Canals, etc. Price of each Sheet, folded in cloth case, 2s.; mounted on cloth and in cloth case, price 3s. 6d. The four Sheets mounted as one Map on rollers and varnished, 21s.

ENGLAND—JOHNSTON'S POPULAR MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

Size 36 by 25 inches, scale 14 miles to 1 inch. Shows all Railways, Towns, Villages, Country Seats, and the Principal Roads; also a Plan of the Environs of London. Total number of Names given is over 12,000. Price, folded in cloth case, 1s.; mounted on cloth and in cloth case, 2s.

SCOTLAND—JOHNSTON'S POPULAR MAP OF SCOTLAND.

Size 36 by 25 inches, scale 10 miles to 1 inch. Showing New County Boundaries, Railways, Towns, Villages, and Principal Roads. Over 10,000 Names given. Price, folded in cloth case, 1s.; mounted on cloth and folded in cloth case, 2s.

SCOTLAND—JOHNSTON'S NEW "THREE MILES TO INCH" MAP.

Seven Sheets already Published. Please apply for Index Map with full details and prices.

IRELAND—JOHNSTON'S ROYAL ATLAS MAP OF IRELAND.

Size 22 by 25 inches, scale 12½ miles to 1 inch. Mounted to fold in cloth case, with complete Index, price 4s. 6d.

(Maps Selected from the "Royal Atlas," giving the most recent information.)

Mounted on Canvas, and bound in a Pocket-case.

			s.	d.
Africa, South	1 Sheet, with index of	2,793 Names,	4	6
America, U.S.	4 " " "	16,062 " "	15	0
America, South	2 " " "	6,558 " "	8	0
Australia	1 " " "	4,817 " "	4	6
Australia, South, etc.	1 " " "	4,416 " "	4	6
Austro-Hungary	2 " " "	6,816 " "	8	0
Belgium and the Netherlands	1 " " "	4,226 " "	4	6
Canada, Central and East	2 " " "	4,537 " "	8	0
Canada, West	1 " " "	2,877 " "	4	6
China and Japan	1 " " "	3,218 " "	4	6
France	1 " " "	4,643 " "	4	6
Germany, N.	1 " " "	3,560 " "	4	6
Germany, S.W.	1 " " "	5,628 " "	4	6
India	2 " " "	8,335 " "	8	0
Italy	2 " " "	6,187 " "	8	0
Mediterranean Shores	1 " " "	2,318 " "	4	6
New Zealand and New Guinea	1 " " "	2,146 " "	4	6
Palestine	1 " " "	2,502 " "	4	6
Spain and Portugal	1 " " "	4,040 " "	4	6
Sweden and Norway	1 " " "	2,259 " "	4	6
Switzerland	1 " " "	4,572 " "	4	6

*Complete Catalogue of Maps, Atlases, Globes, Wall Illustrations,
Post free to any address.*

W. & A. K. JOHNSTON,

GEOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN,

EDINA WORKS, EASTER ROAD, EDINBURGH; AND
5 WHITE HART STREET, WARWICK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

44 Prize Medals,
Diplomas, and
Royal Appointments
Awarded.

SLY'S

44 Prize Medals,
Diplomas, and
Royal Appointments
Awarded.

IMPROVED PATENT TRUSS SUPERSEDES ALL OTHERS.

Worn by Sir A. CLARK, late President of the Royal
College of Physicians.

Recommended by Sir BENJAMIN WARD
RICHARDSON.

44 PRIZE MEDALS, DIPLOMAS, AND ROYAL APPOINTMENTS AWARDED.

Write for Particulars and Prices,

SLY BROS., OXFORD.

G. W. WILSON & CO. LTD.'S

SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF

ENGLAND and SCOTLAND

IS THE LARGEST AND BEST EXTANT.

To be had in all sizes and styles and also as Lantern Slides.

2 ST. SWITHIN STREET, ABERDEEN.

'Congratulations from DUNLOP.'

W. & A. "SAFE" TYRES,

Fitted to Dunlop or similar rims, are **SPEEDY** and **COMFORTABLE** as
Pneumatics, **WITHOUT SKIDDING or PUNCTURE Troubles.**

INFLATORS, REPAIR OUTFITS, &c., DISCARDED.

IDEAL TYRE for LADIES and TOURISTS.

Cycles of any maker supplied complete with "Safe" Tyres.

C.T.C. Consul.—"Strongly recommend to fellow Members, as comfortable, as speedy,
and far safer than any Pneumatics."

"**ECLIPSE**" and "**DAMON**" Pneumatic Tyres for **CYCLES, CARRIAGES, and
MOTOR-CARS.**

Write immediately for Pamphlet, free.

L. BROUGHTON WOOD, Agent, "Guide" Department, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

ORIGINAL AND



PATENTED

IS
THE GREAT
SPECIFIC
FOR
CHOLERA,

**COUGHS,
COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.**

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne *must be false*.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 18th, 1864.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY. GENERAL BOARD of HEALTH, London, REPORTS that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient.

Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME of DIARRHŒA."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in

NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

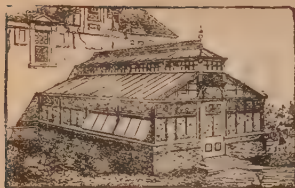
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER,
J. T. DAVENPORT,
33 Great Russell Street, W.C.

CONSERVATORIES.



Greenhouses, Stove Houses, Vineries,
Peach Houses, &c.

NEW CATALOGUE FREE.

The most artistic and complete ever
issued.

HEATING BY STEAM & HOT WATER
of Churches, Public Buildings, and Resi-
dences. Efficiency guaranteed.

W. RICHARDSON & CO., DARLINGTON.

MUSHET'S LIMITED, IRON WORKS.

HEAD OFFICES . . . **DALKEITH, MIDLOTHIAN.**
Works . . . **AT DALKEITH AND GRANTON.**

Makers of the celebrated "PREMIER" and Champion
Convertible Open and Close Fire Kitchen Ranges.

MANTEL PIECES, OVER-MANTELS.

Tile and Register Grates suitable for all classes of buildings.

RAILINGS, ENTRANCE GATES, VERANDAHs, ETC.

ALL SUITABLE FOR EXPORT TRADE.

BUMSTED'S **FOR THE TABLE.**
FOR THE BATH.

AS SUPPLIED TO **SALT** **FOR THE GARDEN.**
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

D. BUMSTED & CO., 36 King William Street, E.C.

TENTS! TENTS!!

SUITABLE for Gardens, Cricket or Camping-Out purposes, 40 feet in circumference, with pegs, poles, mallet, and lines complete (with tent bag included). These tents are white, and have only been used a little by Her Majesty's Government, and originally cost over £6 each. I will send one complete for 25s. Can be sent on approval.

N.B.—I have a quantity of tents from 10s. to 20s. each, but the tents which please my customers best are those I send out at 25s. each.

Price List of Marquees (any size) post free.

HENRY JOHN GASSON,
GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR, RYE, SUSSEX.

TO ANGLING TOURISTS.

THE HIGHEST CLASS OF

RODS, REELS,
LINES, FLIES,
and
GENERAL
TACKLE



ADAPTED
for the
UNITED
KINGDOM
and

Manufactured for the
SALMON, TROUT, AND GRAYLING FISHER.

W. J. CUMMINS,

Fishing Tackle Manufactory,
BISHOP AUCKLAND (County Durham).

*The Finest and most complete Angling Guide and Catalogue
sent to any Address for 4d. to cover postage.*

A. S. LLOYD'S EUXESIS.

EUXESIS, versus SOAP.



A DELIGHTFUL CREAM.

*For Shaving without Soap,
Water, or Brush.*

And in one-half the ordinary time

**Tube of EUXESIS and a
Sharp Razor being the
only necessaries.**

The genuine bears two signatures,
"A. S. Lloyd" in black, and "Aimée
Lloyd" in red ink. Refuse any other.
Sold by Chemists and Stores; or
post free for 1/6 from—

LLOYD & CO., 3 SPUR STREET, LEICESTER SQ., LONDON.

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878 : 1889.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

Of Highest Quality, and having
Greatest Durability, are therefore
CHEAPEST.

PENS

Commercial Union Assurance Company, Limited.

FIRE—LIFE—MARINE.

Capital fully Subscribed £2,500,000

Life Fund in Special Trust for Life Policyholders £1,763,291

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED FOUR MILLIONS.

Total Annual Income £1,600,000

HEAD OFFICE:—24, 25, & 26 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

WEST END OFFICE:—8 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

NEW BRIDGE STREET OFFICE:—20 NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

HOME BRANCHES:—Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leeds, Nottingham, Birmingham, Leicester, Norwich, Bristol, Exeter, Bradford, Gloucester, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

DIRECTORS.

W. REIERSON ARBUTHNOT, Esq.
ROBERT BARCLAY, Esq., of Barclay & Co., Ltd.
W. MIDDLETON CAMPBELL, Esq., of Hogg, Curtis, Campbell, & Co.
JEREMIAH COLMAN, Esq., of J. & J. Colman.
The Right Hon. L. H. COURTNEY, M.P.
WILLIAM C. DAWES (J. B. Westray & Co.).
SIR JAMES F. GARRICK, Q.C., K.C.M.G.
FREDERICK W. HARRIS, Esq., of Harris & Dixon.
F. LARKWORTHY, Esq.
CHARLES J. LEAF, Esq.
JOHN H. LEY, Esq.

The Right Hon. A. J. MUNDELLA, M.P.
SIR HENRY W. NORMAN, G.C.B.
SIR HENRY W. PEEK, Bart.
SIR HENRY WYLLIE NORMAN, G.C.B.
P. P. RODOCANACHI, Esq., of P. P. Rodocanachi & Co.
THOMAS RUDD, Esq., Rudd & Co.
SIR ANDREW R. SCOBLE, K.C.S.I., Q.C., M.P.
P. G. SECHIARI, Esq., of Sechiari Bros. & Co.
ALEXANDER B. SIM, Esq., of Churchill & Sim.
JOHN TROTTER, Esq., of John Trotter & Co.
HENRY TROWER, Esq., of Trower & Sons.

Secretary—HENRY MANN.

PROSPECTUSES and all information needful for effecting Assurances may be obtained at any of the Company's Offices or Agencies throughout the World.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Manager—E. ROGER OWEN.

Assistant Manager—GEO. C. MORANT.

Undoubted Security guaranteed by the fully subscribed Capital and large invested funds and income.

Moderate Rates of Premium, Special terms for long period insurances. Rates quoted and Surveys made free of charge.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Actuary—T. E. YOUNG, B.A.

The Life Funds invested in the names of Special Trustees. The Assured wholly free from liability.

Four-Fifths of the Entire Life Profits belong to Policyholders.

Interim Bonuses are paid.

The Expenses of Management limited by Deed of Settlement.

Liberal Surrender Values guaranteed; and Claims paid immediately on proof of death and title.

Married Women's Property Act (1882)—Policies are issued to husbands for the benefit of their wives and children, thus creating, without trouble, expense, stamp duty, or legal assistance, a Family Settlement which creditors cannot touch.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Underwriter—J. CARR SAUNDERS.

Rates for Marine Risks on application.

EDINBURGH BRANCH . . . 37 Hanover Street.

GLASGOW BRANCH . . . 19 St. Vincent Place.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

CAPITAL, SIX MILLIONS STERLING.

Total Funds, £4,473,300

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON: 3 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

GLASGOW: 150 WEST GEORGE STREET.

HEAD OFFICE: 35 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Secretary: J. K. MACDONALD. Actuary: COLIN M'CUAIG, F.F.A.

General Manager: A. DUNCAN.

EARLY BONUS SCHEME (E.B.)

The following among other special advantages apply to ordinary Policies issued under this Scheme. Besides being payable immediately on proof of death and title, they are, at the end of Three years from their date,

Entitled to rank for Bonus Additions;

Indisputable on the ground of Errors or Omissions;

World-Wide without Extra Charge; and

Liable only to Reduction in Amount on Non-payment of the Premiums.

At the Division of Profits for the Five years ending 31st December 1894, Ordinary Life Policies under this Scheme received a Bonus Addition of £1:10s. per cent. for each year since they were entitled to rank.

SPECIAL BONUS SCHEME (D.B.)

Under this Scheme PROFIT POLICIES are issued at Rates, which do not exceed, and in many cases fall short of the Non-Profit Rates of other Offices.

They share in the profits when the Premiums received, accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest, amount to the sum assured.

Policies issued at these very economical Rates practically receive a Large Bonus at the outset.

At age 30, £1200 with right to Profits can be insured for the same Premium as would be charged for £1000 under the usual Profit Schemes of most Offices.

Policies of this class which for the first time became entitled to rank for Bonus, received Additions at the rate of £10 per cent, besides a further progressive addition of £1 per cent per annum, and Policies which participated at last division received a further addition of £2:10s. per cent, and to those which then received a contingent addition a Bonus at the rate of 10s. per cent in respect of each year which elapsed since the date of their commencing to rank was added.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Almost all descriptions of Property insured on the most favourable conditions.

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

ESTABLISHED 1832.

ACCUMULATED FUND	£2,500.000
ANNUAL INCOME	£300 000

This Institution is the Life Assurance Office established by the Society of Friends (Quakers), and is under the management of Members of that Society.

The Scale of Premiums charged is below the average; but owing to careful selection of lives and economical management very satisfactory Bonuses have been realised.

THE NEXT DIVISION OF PROFIT WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE CLOSE OF 1897.

The advantages of the Institution are open to those persons who are or have been Friends; and to others also who are of Quaker descent, or are related to Friends by ties of kinship or marriage.

Full Information may be obtained at the
Head Office—BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE;

Or at the

London Office—17 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

WILLIAM H. GREGORY,
London Branch Manager.

JOHN BELL TENNANT,
Secretary and Actuary.

INSURE YOUR HORSES AND CATTLE

WITH THE

IMPERIAL LIVE STOCK INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, LTD.

(Established 1878.)

The oldest Company in the Kingdom confining its business to the Insurance of Live Stock.

Head Offices—PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.
Carriage, Saddle, Farm, and Trade Horses, Hunters, Stallions, and In-Foal Mares
Insured against Death from Accident or Disease.

CLAIMS PAID EXCEED £100,000.

This Office numbers amongst its insurers Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Fife, Lord Belper, &c. **Prospectuses, Proposal Forms, and all information post free.**

AGENTS WANTED.

B. S. ESSEX, *Manager.*

THE TEMPERANCE
PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY,
4 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.,

Has upwards of

£75,000

ready for immediate Advances on Instalment or Ordinary Mortgages.

BUSINESS TRANSACTED QUICKLY AND CHEAPLY.

Deposits received at 3 per cent Interest.

Apply to **EDWARD WOOD, Secretary.**



THE SHEPHERD'S PLAID OR MAUD.

Travelling Coats.
 Ulsters and Capes.
 Shooting Coats.
 Fishing Suits.
 Golf Suits and Capes.
 Hand Knit Stockings.
 Railway Rugs.
 Highland Jewellery.

Travelling Gowns.
 Ulsters and Jackets.
 Cawdor Capes.
 Waterproof Cloaks.
 Carriage Cloaks.
 Scotch Shawls.
 Dust Rugs.
 Tartan Silks & Ribbons

Patterns and Price List post free.

SCOTT ADIE,
 THE ROYAL SCOTCH WAREHOUSE,
 115, 115a REGENT STREET,
 LONDON, W.

Best is Cheapest & Lasts Longest
Fixed, moderate prices.

Permanent Protection from Chill.

JAEGER

PURE
 WOOL UNDERWEAR.
 HOSE, PYJAMAS,
 RUGS, BLANKETS,
 CASHMERE SHEETS,
 DRESSING GOWNS,
 SHAWLS, CORSETS,
 CYCLING OUTFITS,
 BOOTS AND SHOES,
 etc etc

"Health Culture" & Jaeger Coy.'s Price List sent free.

JAEGER DEPOTS:—

3 and 4, PRINCES-ST., CAVENDISH-SQ. (near Regent-circus).
 126, REGENT-STREET (near the Quadrant).
 30, SLOANE-STREET (adjoining McPherson's Gymnasium).
 456, STRAND (near Trafalgar-square).
 85 and 86, CHEAPSIDE (near King-street)

TAILORING (only):—

42, CONDUIT-STREET, NEW BOND STREET, W.
*The "Jaeger" goods are sold in many Towns. Address sent from
 Jaeger Co.'s Head Office, 95, Milton Street, E.C.*

TRADE MARK
 ON EACH
 GARMENT



The "Jaeger" goods
 are tested for
 purity and
 durability.

NOTE.—The JAEGER Pure Wool Underwear does not chill or become "clammy," even when damp. Cotton and linen are ready heat-conductors, and therefore quickly chill. The JAEGER clothing is also porous throughout, in order to facilitate the evaporation of the watery vapour which is continually exhaled from the skin, and which conveys from the body matters which are highly injurious if repressed or retained. Linen and cotton underclothing and linings retain the perspiration and throw it back, and are therefore unhealthy. The Porous Woollen JAEGER Clothing encourages and maintains the full activity of the skin, while protecting from chill. The JAEGER name and trade mark are a GUARANTEE OF PURE WOOL.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

AUTHOR'S EDITIONS.

COMPLETE SETS at the following prices :

1. Price £1 : 1s. **Four Volume Edition**, Royal 8vo, half French morocco.
2. Price £1 : 4s. **Five Volume Edition**, Royal 8vo, half Cape morocco.
3. Price £1 : 17s. **Pocket Edition**, Illustrated with 125 Wood Engravings, in 25 vols., 12mo, cloth. The same in limp Cape morocco, price £3 : 3s.
4. Price £2 : 8s. **Twelve Volume Edition**, reprinted from the Plates of the Centenary Edition. Illustrated with Steel Frontispieces and Woodcuts. 12 vols., crown 8vo, cloth.
5. Price £2 : 10s. **Two Shilling Edition**, reprinted from the Plates of the Centenary Edition. Illustrated with Frontispieces and Vignettes. 25 vols., crown 8vo, cloth.
6. Price £3 : 3s. **Half-Crown Edition**, printed from the Plates of the Centenary Edition. Illustrated with Steel Frontispieces and Vignettes. 25 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. The same may be had in half ruby Persian calf, or in half blue morocco.
7. Price £4 : 4s. **Centenary Edition**, with Additional Notes. Illustrated with 158 Steel Plates, in 25 vols., crown 8vo, cloth. The same may be had in half calf.
8. Price £6. **Roxburghe Edition**, Illustrated with 1600 Woodcuts and 96 Steel Plates, in 48 vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth, paper label ; or in half French morocco, price £8 : 8s.
9. Price £6 : 5s. **Dryburgh Edition**. Illustrated with 250 page Illustrations by eminent Artists. 25 vols., large crown 8vo, cloth. The same may be had in half calf or half morocco.

LONDON : ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, SOHO SQUARE.



BLACK'S GUIDE-BOOKS

- Bath and Cheltenham, 1s
Belfast and the North of Ireland, 1s (cloth 1s 6d)
Bournemouth, 1s
Brighton, 1s
Buxton, 1s
Canterbury and Rochester, 1s
Channel Islands, 1s (cloth, with extra maps,
2s 6d)
Clyde, 1s
Cornwall and Scilly Islands, 2s 6d
Derbyshire (Buxton, Matlock, Chatsworth), 2s 6d
Devonshire (Torquay, Plymouth, Exeter), 2s 6d
Dorsetshire (Swanage, Weymouth), 2s 6d
Dublin and the East of Ireland, 1s (cloth 1s 6d)
Edinburgh, 1s
English Lakes, 3s 6d
Do. Cheap Edition, 1s
Galway and West of Ireland, 1s (cloth 1s 6d)

